

VOL. X. (XXIX.)
1877.

[THIRD SERIES.]

A. K. Ward
No. XXXVII. (CLI).
JANUARY.

THE MONTH

AND

CATHOLIC REVIEW.



LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
BURNS AND OATES.

DUBLIN: W. H. SMITH AND SON; W. B. KELLY; M. H. GILL AND SON.

GLASGOW: H. MARGEY. PARIS: A. XAVIER.

BALTIMORE: KELLY AND PIET. NEW YORK: P. O'SHEA.

NEW YORK AND MONTREAL: D. AND J. SADLIER.

Price Two Shillings.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

**TO FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS TO THE MONTH AND
CATHOLIC REVIEW.**

THE Subscription to *The Month and Catholic Review* for all countries included in the Postal Union is the same as in England and Ireland, *i.e.* 24/- a year *paid in advance*. Foreign Subscribers can receive the numbers at this rate by sending their addresses and subscriptions to the Office, 50, South Street, Grosvenor Square. Cheques to be drawn upon any London Bank, and Money Orders upon the Post Office, London, payable to Mr. JOSEPH HAGUE.

**ST. JOSEPH'S
CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY,
50, South Street, Grosvenor Square.**

OPEN DAILY FROM HALF-PAST TEN TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

TERMS.

I. For Subscribers who pay in advance :

For a Month.....	1 Vol.	at a time...	<i>Two Shillings.</i>
For One Quarter	3 Vols.	"	<i>..... Six Shillings.</i>
For Half a Year	1 Vol.	"	<i>..... Six Shillings.</i>
For Half a Year	3 Vols.	"	<i>... Half a Guinea.</i>
For a Year	1 Vol.	"	<i>... Half a Guinea.</i>
For a Year	3 Vols.	"	<i>..... One Guinea.</i>
" In the Country	4 Vols.	"	<i>..... One Guinea.</i>

II. For Families in the Country and for Book Clubs.

For a Year	25 Vols.	"	<i>..... Five Guineas.</i>
------------------	----------	---	----------------------------

Special arrangements can be made for Book Clubs where recent publications are not required.

III. For Casual Readers who pay in advance :

Threepence—1 Vol. at a time, which may be kept a week.

IV. For all who do not pay in advance :

Sixpence for 1 Vol. at a time, and Postage Expenses incurred in recovering Arrears.

**REGISTERS FOR GOVERNESSES, AND OTHERS
REQUIRING SITUATIONS.**

The Managers of St. Joseph's Library have also for some time opened a Register for Catholic Governesses, and are in constant communication with families seeking the services of such ladies. They also receive the names of servants wanting employment, and keep a list of vacant situations. *No fees whatever are charged, except for postage.*

TH

and
(on
acc
a C
for
the

2

2

2

Immediately.

The Life of our Life,

THE HARMONY OF THE GOSPELS ARRANGED WITH INTRODUCTORY
AND EXPLANATORY CHAPTERS, NOTES, AND INDICES.

BY THE REV. HENRY J. COLERIDGE,

Of the Society of Jesus.

[This work is the English version of the *Vita Vitæ Nostræ meditantibus proposita*, and is the foundation of the volumes of commentary of which three are already published (on *The Public Life of our Lord*). Each part of the seven parts of the *Vita Vitæ* is given according to the arrangement of that work, in parallel columns, and to each are prefixed a Chapter on the general history and another on the part borne by each Evangelist in the formation of that history. Notes are added at the end of each part shortly explaining the Harmonistic questions.]

Two Vols., 15s.

These form the Michaelmas and Christmas numbers of the Quarterly Series.

Now ready.

An English Carmelite.

THE LIFE OF CATHARINE BURTON,

MOTHER MARY XAVERIA OF THE ANGELS,

Of the English Tercian Convent at Antwerp.

COLLECTED FROM HER OWN WRITINGS AND OTHER SOURCES BY

FATHER THOMAS HUNTER,

Of the Society of Jesus.

THE MIDSUMMER NUMBER OF THE QUARTERLY SERIES.

Quarterly Series.

The following Volumes are in preparation—

The Expulsion of the Society of Jesus from Portugal and the Portuguese dominions. From documents hitherto unpublished By the Rev. ALFRED WELD. (This volume will form the First Part of the General History of the Suppression of the Society.)

The Lives of Lady Falkland and Lady Buckingham. By Lady GEORGINA FULLERTON.

The Life and Letters of St. Teresa.

BURNS & OATES, PORTMAN STREET & PATERNOSTER ROW.

Quarterly Series.

1872.

1. *The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier.* By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Vol. I. Third edition. Price 7s. 6d.
2. *The Life of St. Jane Frances Fremyot de Chantal.* By Emily Bowles. With Preface by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Second edition. Price 5s. 6d.
3. *The History of the Sacred Passion.* By Father Luis de la Palma, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the Spanish. With Preface by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Third edition. Price 7s. 6d.
4. *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier.* By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Vol. II. Third edition. Price 10s. 6d.

1873.

5. *Jérme of Armorica: A Tale of the Time of Chlovis.* By J. C. Bateman. 6s. 6d.
6. *The Life of Doña Luisa de Carvajal.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 6s.
7. *The Life of the Blessed John Berchmans.* By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J. 6s.
8. *The Life of the Blessed Peter Favre,* First Companion of St. Ignatius Loyola. From the Italian of Father Boero. With Preface by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 6s. 6d.

1874.

9. *The Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great.* An Old English version. Edited by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 6s.

10. *The Life of Anne Catharine Emmerich.* By Helen Ram. With Preface by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 5s.
11. *The Prisoners of the Temple; or, Discrowned and Crowned.* By M. O'C. Morris. With Preface by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 4s. 6d.
12. *The Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Vol. I. "The Ministry of St. John Baptist." By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Second edition. 6s. 6d.

1875.

13. *The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka.* Edited by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. 3s. 6d.
14. *The Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Vol. II. "The Preaching of the Beatitudes." By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Price 6s. 6d.
15. *The Chronicle of St. Antony of Padua,* "The Eldest Son of St. Francis." Edited by the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. In Four Books. Price 5s. 6d.
16. *The Life of Pope Pius the Seventh.* By M. Allies. 6s. 6d.

1876.

17. *The Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Vol. III. "The Sermon on the Mount." By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. Price 6s. 6d.
18. *An English Carmelite.* By Father Thomas Hunter, S.J. Price 6s.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

ST. STANISLAUS,

43a, HAMPSTEAD HILL GARDENS.

MISS FLON,

A native of England, of French Catholic parentage, educated at the Convent de l'Intérieur de Marie, at Montrouge, Paris, possessing her diplomas from the Hotel de Ville, and for several years engaged in tuition in England, Receives and Educates a few Little Boys, whom she instructs in English, Latin, and French, and prepares for the lower forms of the Catholic public schools in England.

TERMS—FIFTY GUINEAS A YEAR.

Miss FLON is permitted to refer to—

The Lady Superior of the Convent de l'Intérieur de Marie	... Montrouge, Paris.
The Most Honourable the Marchioness Dowager of Lothian	... 15, Bruton Street.
The Most Honourable the Marchioness of Londonderry	... 25, Upper Brook Street.
Lady Alexander Lennox	... 12, Charles St., Berkeley Sq.
The Lady G. Fullerton...	... 21, Chapel Street, Park Lane.
The Honourable Mrs. Stonor	... 78, South Audley Street.
The Rev. Superioress, Convent of La Sainte Union des Sacrés Cœurs,	Highgate Road.
The Very Rev. B. Wilberforce, late Prior St. Dominic's, Haverstock Hill, N.W.	
The Very Rev. Fr. Gordon, late Superior of the Oratory, Brompton.	
The Rev. Fr. Christie, S.J.	... 111, Mount Street.
The Rev. A. D. Purcell,	... St. Mary's Hampstead, N.W.
Dr. H. Gueneau de Mussy	... 15, Rue de Cirque, Paris.
Dr. Tebay	... 37, Belgrave Road.
Dr. West	... 61, Wimpole Street.

Holidays at Midsummer, Christmas, and Easter.

The Year is divided into Three Terms, each of which is payable in advance.

EDITED BY FATHER MORRIS, S.J.

Now ready. Demy 8vo, cloth, price 14s.

THE TROUBLES OF OUR CATHOLIC FORE-FATHERS, related by themselves; from the Original Manuscripts.

Third Series.

Relating to the persecution in the North of England, and chiefly at York.

CONTENTS:

- I. AN ANCIENT EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.
- II. A YORKSHIRE RECUSANT'S RELATION.
- III. FATHER RICHARD HOLTBY, ON PERSECUTION IN THE NORTH.
- IV. NOTES BY A PRISONER IN OUSEBRIDGE KIDCOTE.
- V. MR. JOHN MUSH'S LIFE OF MARGARET CLITHEROW.
- VI. FATHER POLLARD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YORKSHIRE MISSION.

THE TROUBLES OF OUR CATHOLIC FORE-FATHERS, related by themselves; from hitherto unpublished Manuscripts. FIRST SERIES, 1873. *Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.*

CONTENTS:

1. MOTHER MARGARET CLEMENT AND THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS.
2. THE IMPRISONMENT OF FRANCIS TREGIAN.
3. FATHER TESIMOND'S LANDING IN ENGLAND.
4. FATHER RICHARD BLOUNT AND SCOTNEY CASTLE.
5. THE BATHORPES OF BATHORPE.
6. ST. MONICA'S CONVENT IN WAR, PESTILENCE, AND POVERTY.
7. THE VENETIAN AMBASSADOR'S CHAPLAIN.
8. THE SOUTHCOTE FAMILY.
9. THE TICHBORNES OF TICHBORNE HOUSE.

Father Morris is doing really good work by his researches among the records in public archives and in private hands, and his *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers* promises to contain matter valuable to the historian of the future, while it shows him to be a man of no ordinary literary skill and power.
—*Athenæum*.

THE TROUBLES OF OUR CATHOLIC FORE-FATHERS, related by themselves; from hitherto unpublished Manuscripts. SECOND SERIES, 1875. *Demy 8vo, cloth, 14s.*

This volume consists of two parts.

- I. THE LIFE OF FATHER WILLIAM WESTON, S.J., in which is embodied the translation of the whole of his Latin Autobiography. The original manuscript, and the copy of it taken by Father

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES, 17, PORTMAN STREET, W.

Laurenson nearly a century ago, both belong to Stonyhurst. Father Weston was for seventeen years in English prisons in the time of Queen Elizabeth, after two years had been spent by him in the active duties of the mission. His Life may be regarded as an instalment of the history of the days of persecution, into the details of which it enters with much minuteness.

2. THE FALL OF ANTHONY TYRRELL was prepared for the Press by Father Parsons in the words of the narrative drawn up by Tyrrell himself. It is thus the autobiographical account of the singular life of a man who three times fell from the Church and who lived among Catholics as a spy. From it the fullest insight may be obtained into the manner in which pressure was brought to bear upon wavering Catholics by Elizabeth's Ministers of State, and into the use that was made of such instruments. The original is preserved in the English College at Rome.

The two volumes before us are an important contribution to our knowledge of Elizabethan history, and introduce the reader to a phase of the conflict between the Crown of England and the Papacy in the sixteenth century, which has been strangely kept out of view hitherto by historians. . . . The mass of documents which Mr. Morris has printed constitute a body of evidence which no historian of the sixteenth century can hereafter ignore. If they do not prove that the Catholics were right, they, at any rate, go far to prove that the treatment they endured at the hands of the stronger party was immensely more cruel than was heretofore believed. They reveal a system of the most elaborate espionage that could well be conceived—a truculent barbarity which had hardly been suspected, and an organized persecution, which, as it lasted much longer, so during its course was more crushing and inquisitorial than the previous persecution of Protestants in Queen Mary's days. All this is forcibly illustrated in the *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*; and if it be true that the History of England during the Middle Ages will have to be re-written in consequence of the huge mass of evidence which the researches of modern scholars have brought to light, not less true is it that Elizabethan history, from the social and religious point of view, will hereafter receive quite a novel colouring as the result of Mr. Morris's labours. . . . Mr. Morris assures us that he has abundance of material for future volumes in hand, and, if this last publication only receives half the attention and encouragement it deserves, we may look for fresh contributions to the history of the sixteenth century such as Mr. Froude and his worshippers little expected to hear of. As long as Jesuit Fathers content themselves with this style of literature, they will always meet with respectful attention. Give us the facts and we can make our own comments.—*The Athenæum*.

Father Morris's second series of *The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, related by themselves*, contains two very interesting biographies. The first is the Life of Father William Weston, *alias* Edmunds, taken chiefly from a later autobiography, and carefully completed from two other MS. sources, namely, Grene's collections of Father Parsons' unpublished works at Stonyhurst, and a Spanish Life of Weston by Father de Peralta, a MS. from the Gesù at Rome. Wherever they serve the purpose, the State Papers in the Public Record Office have also been quoted. . . . The second part of Father Morris's book is an autobiographical narrative of the fall of Tyrrell, a Catholic priest who became a hired spy of Elizabeth's Government, and who several times repented and relapsed. . . . The confession was prepared for publication by Father Parsons, who prefixed a preface to it, in which he gives his reasons for making known so unedifying a narrative:—"Albeit those foul facts of themselves in respect of those that commit them be very loathsome and abominable, and worthy to be suppressed, yet in respect of God's most sweet and holy providence that permitteth and directeth them ever, though never so evil of themselves, to some good end for the profit of many, beyond the intention of the doers or procurers, they are most profitable and to be conserved in memory." This is his main reason: another follows; that those who have heard of English martyrdoms may understand also of their falls, "to the end

they may perceive that we deal plainly and sincerely in this cause, confessing as well our wounds, hurts, and losses as our victories, as all true and grave historiographers do in describing of any war," and that posterity "may truly know what passed with us in these our days of new reformation." Father Morris needs no stronger encouragement or justification of his most interesting and important publications than these weighty words of his famous predecessor. . . . What Father Morris—and I must add Brother Foley—have already given us from the treasures of Stonyhurst makes us all the more desirous of further instalments.—Mr. R. SIMPSON, in the *Academy*.

THE CONDITION OF CATHOLICS UNDER

JAMES I. Second Edition. 1872. Demy 8vo, cloth, 14s.

London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

This work consists of two parts:

1. THE LIFE OF FATHER JOHN GERARD, S.J., chiefly translated from the narrative of his missionary career in England, written by him in Latin for his Superiors.

2. A NARRATIVE OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT, written in English by Father Gerard, and now first published from the original manuscript at Stonyhurst.

Of the two portions of Mr. Morris's volume we prefer the life to the narrative. It is full of the most interesting details of personal adventure and suffering, recounted in the simplest, and therefore in the most telling manner, and setting before us the life of a man who was willing, for the sake of the spiritual welfare of others, to carry his life in his hand, to be hunted from hiding-place to hiding-place, and to count it his highest privilege to be butchered upon the scaffold amidst the derisive shouts of a pitiless mob. If any one wants to know what was the life of a Seminary Priest in England in the days of Elizabeth, or to visit in imagination the torture-chamber of the Tower, or the secret labyrinth of Henlip, he cannot find a better guide than in Mr. Morris's volume. . . . We cannot conclude without thanking Mr. Morris for his book. . . . His own part of the work, so far as he has seen fit to work at all, is well done, and we can only hope that he will some day be able to tell us still more of the contents of the Stonyhurst Library.—*Athenæum*.

We have been able to give within our necessary limits but a very imperfect and faint idea of the interest and value of the volume before us, though we have, perhaps, said enough to send our readers to the work itself for a more particular knowledge of its contents; but we cannot conclude without thanking Mr. Morris for his intelligent and unobtrusive editorship, or without speaking highly of the moderate and candid tone of his remarks.—*Spectator*.

Father Gerard's narrative not only carries on its face all the appearance of artlessness, but its details are so minutely confirmed from contemporary documents, now in the Public Record Office, that a defence of his veracity is wholly unnecessary. . . . The Life is full of interesting particulars, both as regards the writer and many other Jesuits who were employed on the English mission during the reign of Elizabeth. . . . His account of his arrival in England, and of the shifts to which he was obliged to have recourse to escape detection, has all the interest of a romance. . . . One of the most remarkable features of the narrative is the large number of conversions to the Roman Catholic faith made by him in various parts of the country, where he was from time to time domiciled. But, besides this there is an immense amount of information about different persons, which is not to be met with in any other printed work. . . . Here he gives an anecdote of the highest interest, as throwing light on the already considerably damaged character of Dr. Perne, Master of Peterhouse. . . . Amongst other very curious pieces of information with which this book abounds, we may mention the account of the death of Esser's sister, Lady Penelope Devereux. . . . We can scarcely, within our limits, give even a faint idea of the interest of the narrative, which details so many hair-breadth escapes of the writer. . . . In our previous notice of this volume, we confined our attention to the Autobiography of Father John Gerard; but the Narrative of the Plot is in some respects even more full of interest than the Life.—*Saturday Review* (two notices).

THE LETTER-BOOKS OF SIR AMIAS POULET,
Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots. 1874. *Demy 8vo,*
cloth, 10s. 6d.

Sir Amias Poulet had charge of the Queen of Scots from April, 1585, to the time of her death, February 8, 1587. His correspondence with the Lord Treasurer Burghley and Sir Francis Walsingham enters into the details of her life in captivity at Tutbury, Chartley, and Fotheringay. Many of the letters now published are entirely unknown, being printed from a recently discovered Manuscript. The others have been taken from the originals at the Public Record Office and the British Museum. The letters are strung together by a running commentary, in the course of which several of Mr. Froude's statements are examined, and the question of Mary's complicity in the plot against Elizabeth's life is discussed.

We close reluctantly the pages of an interesting and instructive book, of which we can only say that were there more such upon this and kindred historical topics, our history would not labour, as it too frequently does now, under the disadvantage of incomplete or incorrect materials.—*Athenæum*.

In the volume before us are published for the first time a number of letters of Sir Amias which were preserved by his descendants, and are now deposited in the Bodleian Library. Many of these are highly interesting, and Mr. Morris has done good service to the cause of historical truth in placing them before the public. . . . Mr. Morris has both ably and honestly performed his duty as editor of these interesting letters. He is thoroughly acquainted with the history of the period, and in addition to the correspondence of Poulet, he has printed a number of original papers from the Record office.—Mr. Hosack in the *Academy*.

These interesting letters, many of which have been hitherto unknown, throw much light on that part of the captivity of Mary Stuart which was passed under the rigorous keeping of Sir Amias Poulet. . . . Mr. Morris deserves the thanks of those students of history who prefer plain facts to picturesque fiction for publishing these very important letters. In editing them he has done his work with great exactness and impartiality.—*Saturday Review*.

In this most interesting volume there is more to be learned of the house life of Mary, during her last years in England, than in any detailed history of her career.—*Notes and Queries*.

The valuable volume of Father Morris on the Letter-Book of Sir Amias Poulet, keeper of Mary Queen of Scots, for extent and originality of research, acuteness of criticism, and breadth and comprehensiveness of view, may claim the very highest rank in the long array of literature, Latin, French, Italian, and English, devoted to the vindication of this ill-fated lady.—*Dublin Review*.

A HUNDRED MEDITATIONS ON THE LOVE
OF GOD. By Father ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J., the Poet
and Martyr. Now first published. 1873. *Fcap. 8vo, cloth,*
6s. 6d.

THE DEVOTIONS OF THE LADY LUCY
HERBERT OF POWIS, formerly Prioress of the
Augustinian Nuns at Bruges, 1873. *Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.*

A REMEMBRANCE FOR THE LIVING TO PRAY
FOR THE DEAD. By Father JAMES MUMFORD, S.J.
Reprinted from the Author's improved edition, published
in Paris, 1661; with an Appendix on the Heroic Act. 1874.
Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. Third Edition.

R. WASHBOURNE'S LIST.

JANUARY.

The Feasts of Camelot, with the Tales that were told there, at Christmas and Whitsuntide. By ELEANORA LOUISA HERVEY. 3s. 6d.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

Athenæum.—"Elegant and imaginative invention, well-selected language, and picturesque epithet."

Court Journal.—"Full of chivalry and knightly deeds, not unmixed with touches of quaint humour."

Examiner.—"The substance and spirit of Arthurian romance. We are grateful to the lady who seeks to bring tints of romance into the child's work-a-day life."

Daily News.—"A grateful and pleasing collection of stories."

Notes and Queries.—"Quaint and graceful little stories."

Guardian.—"To those who wish to go back to the prehistoric days, and indulge themselves in the old dream-land of romance, this is just the book."

Morning Post.—"There is a high purpose in this charming book, one which is steadily pursued—it is the setting forth of the true meaning of chivalry."

By the same Authoress.

My Godmother's Stories from many Lands. 3s. 6d.

"An hundred and twenty stories, enchanting to youth, and interesting to a degree to those of more mature age."

"Without doubt the most engaging tales that we have had placed before us for many years."

"Children, aye mothers, and those interested in the early years of childhood, will hail with delight so rich a treasure as Mrs. Hervey has placed before us."

Sanctuary Meditations for Priests and frequent Communicants.

Translated from the original Spanish of Father BALTASAR GRACIAN, S.J., by MARIANA MONTEIRO. 4s.

Sketch of the Life and Letters of Countess Adelstan. Translated from the French of Rev. PERE MARGUIGNY, S.J., by E. A. M. 2s. 6d.

Devotion to our Lady in North America. By Rev. Father XAVIER D. MACLEOD. 7s. 6d.

Heaven opened by the practice of frequent Confession and Communion. By the Abbé FAVRE, S.J. 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition, 2s.

Conferences on the Spiritual Life. By PÈRE DE RAVIGNAN, S.J. Translated by Mrs. ABEL RAM. 5s.

Filiola. A Drama in Four Acts for Girls. 6d.

Sir William of York. A Drama in Two Acts for Boys. 6d.

Major John André. An Historical Drama in Five Acts for Boys. 2s.

He would be a Lord. A Comedy in Three Acts for Boys. 2s.

St. Louis in Chains. A Drama in Five Acts for Boys. 2s.

The Expiation. A Drama in Three Acts for Boys. 2s.

Shandy Maguire. A Farce in Two Acts for Boys. 1s.

The Reverse of the Medal. A Drama in Four Acts for Girls. 6d.

Road to Heaven. A Game for family parties. 3s. 6d.

LONDON: R. WASHBOURNE, 18, PATERNOSTER ROW.

BURNS & OATES' NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Why are We Roman Catholics? Because We are Reasonable Men.

By HERMANN JOSEPH GRAF FUGGER GLÖTT, Priest of the Society of Jesus. From the German. Price 1s. 6d.

The Consolation of the Devout Soul. By the Very Rev. JOSEPH FRASSINETTI, Prior of St. Sabina in Genoa. With an Appendix on the Holy Fear of God. Translated by Georgiana Lady Chatterton. (*Just ready*).

The Lady of Neville Court; a Tale of the Times. By the Authoress of *Maggie's Rosary*; Marion Howard, &c. (*Just ready*). Price 5s.

Legends of the Blessed Sacrament; gathered from the history of the Early Church, and the Lives of the Saints. Compiled by EMILY MARY SHAPCOTE. With Illustrations. (*Just ready*).

The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. Demy 8vo. Price 6s.

This Work is the first of a Series of Lives of Irish and other Saints. The next volume will contain the "Life of St. Bridget and St. Columba."

Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. Historic

Facts illustrative of the labours and sufferings of its Members in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Second, Third, and Fourth Series. With Portrait of Father Edmund Arrowsmith, Martyr, and Pedigrees of the Families of Worthington, Fitzherbert of Swinnerton, Walpole of Norfolk, the Lords Montague of Cowdray, Forster of Copdoke, and of three branches of the Petre family, showing members S.J. of that family. By a Member of the same Society. In One Vol., Demy 8vo., nearly 700 pages. Price 21s.

Also "First Series," viz.

Jesuits in Conflict; or, Historic Facts illustrative of the Labours and Sufferings of the English Mission and Province of the Society of Jesus, in the Times of Queen Elizabeth and her Successors. With Illustrations in Photographed etching. One Vol., Crown 8vo. Price 5s.

The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, related by themselves.

From the Original Manuscripts. Edited by Rev. JOHN MORRIS, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Demy 8vo.

THIRD SERIES,

Relating to the Persecutions in the North of England, and chiefly at York. Price 14s.

Heads of Sections.—1. An Ancient Editor's Note Book. 2. A Yorkshire Recusant's Relation. 3. Father Richard Holtby on Persecution in the North. 4. Notes by a Prisoner in Ousebridge Kidcote. 5. Mr. John Mush's Life of Margaret Clitherow: A True Report of the Life and Martyrdom of Mrs. Margaret Clitherow. 6. Father Pollard's Recollections of the Yorkshire Mission. (*Just ready*.)

Also by the same Author, uniformly printed.

First Series of above, 10s. 6d.

Second Series of above, 14s.

Condition of Catholics under James the First. Second Edition. 14s.

Letter Books of Sir Amias Poulet, Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots. 10s. 6d.

A Thought for Each Day of the Year. By Père de BOYLESVE, S.J.

Translated from the French by WILFRIDUS. (*Just ready*).

Paradise of the Christian Soul. By HORSTIUS. A new Edition.

The only complete translation in English of the admirable and well known *Paradisus Animæ Christianæ*. Beautifully printed in a pocket size, double columns, cloth. Or with six beautiful engravings by J. L. HALLEZ (a pupil of Overbeck). (*Just ready*).

This is unquestionably the most copious Manual of Meditative Devotion extant, and is a necessary companion to such books as the *Golden Manual* and others which are more distinctively collections of prayers.

BURNS & OATES, PORTMAN STREET & PATERNOSTER ROW.

Le Français,

A DAILY CONSERVATIVE PARIS PAPER,

Enjoying a high reputation amongst papers of similar political views. It defends the interests of order, society, and religion upon every ground and under all forms. It is an authority, and is famous for the accuracy and the variety of its news. During the eight years of its establishment its circulation has uninterruptedly increased.

When, in consequence of the sittings of Parliament, political discussions have assumed an increased importance, *Le Français* has been enabled to extend its editorial capacity, with new sources of information, and an increase in the number of its editors, by the enlistment of the most experienced political writers of the day. *Le Français* publishes—

On MONDAYS, Agricultural and Commercial Chronicles.

On TUESDAYS, A Chronicle and Treatise of the "Fine Arts" or Geographical Sciences.

On WEDNESDAYS, A Scientific Courier (Series of Science Gossip, &c.).

On THURSDAYS, Military Bulletins.

On FRIDAYS, Letters upon Religious Questions.

On SATURDAYS, Literary Chit-chat and Reviews.

On SUNDAYS, Theatrical or Musical Reviews, also a Financial Review.

TWICE A WEEK, A Chronicle of Parisian Society, &c., by Bernadille.

Subscriptions to be made at No. 20, Rue Bergère, Paris.
Price for one month, by way of trial, frs. 6, or frs. 17 for three months.

The Messenger

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS,

Organ of the Apostleship of Prayer.

NEW & ENLARGED SERIES.

In the January Number will commence

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

ENTITLED

The Problem Solved.

*Monthly, Price Sixpence, or Six Shillings per annum,
payable in advance.*

LONDON :

BURNS AND OATES, 17 PORTMAN STREET, W.,
AND 63 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

THE LIVING ROSARY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Twopence per Sheet (see Specimen inclosed).

HOLY LEAGUE SHEET OF INTENTIONS.

2s. 6d. per Annum.

BURNS & OATES, PORTMAN ST. & PATERNOSTER ROW.

Hints on Mental Cultivation.

AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS.¹

HAVING been invited to deliver an Inaugural Address to the members of this Academia, it seems to me that I shall best fulfil the task which I have undertaken if I ask you to consider with me for a short time what are the objects of this Institution, and in what manner the advantages which it affords may be turned to the best account by those who belong to it.

The general object of this Academia is, I imagine, to afford means for further mental cultivation to the Catholics of this city whose school and college education is over, and to enable them to continue their studies after they have entered upon the business of life. To do this is to supply one of the greatest educational wants of our time, and one with which it is most difficult to deal.

Young men now-a-days who are intended for business leave school or college early, and enter upon active life so soon, that their schooling can do little more for them than prepare them for afterwards acquiring knowledge for themselves. It can give them means of doing this; it can afford them some guidance in the task; but it can, at the utmost, only lead them to the threshold of the palace of knowledge, and give them a first glimpse of the treasures which it contains. It can, that is to say, only prepare them for the after work of self-education.

That work must be carried on elsewhere, and the first object of this Academia, which it shares in common with many other similar institutions throughout the country, is to assist its members in so doing. No one can doubt that this is a great and important end; for it is nothing less than the turning to good account and the rendering really fruitful the instruction of early years and the labours of boyhood, the

¹ This address was delivered in October last at the Manchester Academia.

ingathering of the harvest sown with so much of our own and of others' toil, which would otherwise be almost thrown away. We have done of late, and are, I rejoice to think, still doing much among all classes of the community to extend and improve the education of children and of youths; but we have hitherto made comparatively little progress in bringing within the reach of any, except the highest and wealthiest class, opportunities for combining with the business of life the work of self-culture. Such, then, is the purpose of this and of similar institutions. Of its excellence none can doubt; but its attainment is beset with some special difficulties, to one of which I am particularly anxious to call your attention now.

When a young man leaves school or college, ardent in the pursuit of learning, and determined to cultivate to the utmost of his power the mental faculties with which God has endowed him, he finds the field of knowledge opened before him, vast and varied; history, science, and literature lay their stores at his feet; he longs to know everything, and is tempted to dip, first into one subject, and then into another, to pick up smatterings of many things, and to learn none well. And this temptation is peculiarly strong in these days, when the circle of human knowledge has so much increased in some directions, and when modern facilities of intercourse have opened to us, to an extent formerly unknown, the riches of foreign literature. In such circumstances, it is well ever to bear in mind that there is such a thing as literary, nay, as studious dissipation, as frittering away one's time and one's mind itself by reading many books, but fathoming none; by never pausing to inquire whether one really understands the author one is reading, or the lecturer who is speaking; by giving just as much attention to study as is pleasurable, and none that is toilsome, although without toil nothing can be really mastered or made one's own.

Here, then, is a danger to which self-education is peculiarly liable; for self-education is of necessity education without superior control or superior guidance. How is this danger to be met? By following, as it seems to me, three rules: First, strive constantly to ascertain the real extent of your knowledge; that is, of what you truly know, of what in your study you have made your own. You do not know a thing merely because you have read about it; you know it only when your mind has an independent grasp of it, when you can recognize it under other aspects than

that in which it has been presented to you in your reading. And, then, secondly, keep ever before you the greatness of your ignorance; the more knowledge you acquire, the more deeply you ought to feel how small it is as compared with your ignorance, how cautiously, therefore, you ought to use it, and how little inclined you ought to be to rest in it. And, lastly, never forget that as a training for the mind, and as a foundation for other studies, it is far better to know one thing well and thoroughly than a hundred things superficially. To be superficial is the tendency of the day; avoid it as a dire poison. Be your own examiner, for you have now unhappily no other; bring your acquirements continually to the test, and let nothing shallow, nothing vague, nothing which is not solid, pass muster with you.

But this Academia, if its general object be such as I have described, has also a second and characteristic end, to which I must now call your attention. It is intended to afford to the Catholics of this district means of self-education upon a distinctly Catholic basis. Now what does this mean? It is often supposed, when people speak of the spread of definite and distinct Catholic educational institutions in this day, that the object of those who establish them is to teach some view of science or of history different from that which is taught in the other educational institutions of the country; in other words—to put plainly what people think of us—to distort or conceal the facts of history or science for the supposed advantage of Catholic interests. I distinctly deny that this is in the slightest degree a true description of this or of any other Catholic institution. And I would say further, that it cannot be so, because if I am not mistaken, Catholics before all men ought to be most scrupulous in their respect for every fact, whether of nature or of history. The outward world of nature is to the Catholic, in all its parts, the creation of God, and a part of God's method of teaching men. Its facts are no more to be tampered with than the text of Scripture or the doctrines of the Church. History, also, is a chronicle of the dealings of God's providence with men, the *Gesta Dei*, as the old mediæval chroniclers loved to call them, to be faithfully recorded, and reverently studied, with the belief, in the words of Mr. Tennyson, that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs," however difficult it may be at any particular period, either of the past or of the present, to trace the course of that purpose amidst the conflicting perturbations

of men's free will, or to read in the light of our limited reason the infinite purpose of the Eternal Ruler of the world. It is not, therefore, that we may conceal facts or distort them that we are establishing—and I rejoice to think, more and more widely establishing—distinctly Catholic educational institutions for the Catholic population of this country. It is because, amongst other reasons, we desire that the education of Catholics, whether at school or college, or at a later period of life, should be as full, complete, and perfect as it can be made. Anyone who has in any real and living sense a belief in God, the Creator of heaven and earth, will study the laws and facts of nature and of the outer world with a reverence and an honesty, which will be to him a duty which he owes to Him from Whom they spring; and will feel that the whole of this beautiful and wondrous world would appear to him under a totally different aspect if he saw the laws and not the Lawgiver, if he were acquainted with the outward facts of nature, and were ignorant of Him in Whom all things live, and move, and have their being. So with regard to history. How different must its aspect be to one who looks upon its pages as, indeed, the records of the deeds of God, and whose main interest in its study is—

By the light God's words disclose
To watch time's river as it flows,
Scanning His gracious providence
Where not too deep for mortal sense,

from that which it presents to a person who looks at it only, as, what no doubt to a great extent it is, the jarring conflict of human wills! How different is all life, whether in the past or in the present, to one who looks upon the life and death of our Lord on earth as the central fact of human story and the key to all its puzzles, from what it would be if that fact had no existence, or if it were for the future to be kept altogether out of sight! This being so, we are entitled to say that we promote distinctly and definitely Catholic institutions, not that we may attempt the hopeless task of keeping out of sight the facts which thousands around us are proclaiming every hour, but because to us it seems impossible to separate truth into little parcels, and to treat as the only facts which we are carefully to conceal and systematically to ignore those supreme facts which, to us who believe them, are the foundation of all knowledge and the essence of all wisdom. But when I thus venture to lay before you what seems to me to be an answer to the misunderstanding

which often exists upon this subject, and when I say, as I have said distinctly, that I rejoice in the spirit of these definitely Catholic institutions, I do not say so at all in ignorance of the many and indisputable advantages which are possessed by the great educational establishments of the country, or of the disabilities under which the institutions of a small fraction of the nation must necessarily lie. These disabilities are great indeed, but to say nothing of other, and in some sense, higher considerations, we may, I think, justly feel that great as these evils are, they are counterbalanced by the freedom of our separate Catholic institutions from that exclusion of all allusion to the great facts and principles on which the Christian faith rests, which is a necessary part of every system of mixed education.

But there is another charge which is sometimes made against these institutions. It is said, "We will concede to you that you do not desire to pervert or to conceal the truth in any of the branches of study to which you invite your members to devote themselves; but at least the spirit of such institutions must of necessity be narrow and prejudiced." Well, I do not deny that there may be narrow and prejudiced institutions of this kind, just as there are, I have no doubt, and indeed I know, prejudiced and narrow institutions established for other purposes and in other directions. But I most distinctly deny that such institutions as this ought to be marked by that character. As an illustration, I will take one great branch of study, which I rejoice to see has been and will be again specially brought by your lecturers under the notice of the members of the Academia, namely, the study of English literature. It might be supposed by some persons that because most of our great English writers had not been Catholics, the members of a strictly Catholic institution would be inclined to underrate their merits and to decry their writings. But this ought not to be so. A Catholic would doubtless claim a high place among English classics for the exquisite prose and refined verse of Dr. Newman, or for the poems of Southwell, the youthful martyr who died for the faith at the early age of thirty-three, just as a Nonconformist would feel a peculiar and personal share in the glories of Milton, or an Anglican would feel a just pride in the sweet song of Mr. Keble, or the great work of Bishop Butler. This is natural, and will doubtless be the case in this institution as in institutions connected with other religious bodies. But the Catholic ought especially to have a just appreciation of every product of human genius, because he is assured that genius in

every one of its developments is the gift of God, and that its triumphs are due to Him from Whom it came, far more than to those to whom it has been intrusted to use on earth. Shakespeare and Bacon, Milton and Spenser, Scott and Wordsworth, in all that is great and high and noble in their writings, in all the flashes of their genius, and the perfection of their art, are but exercising the wondrous powers which were given them by Him from Whom cometh down every best and perfect gift, and not to love and admire their beauties is to disregard the Giver rather than the gift. It is true indeed that the standard by which we are bound always to judge of the character of men, whatever may be their intellectual powers, is a moral one, and that no eminence in literature, in science, in politics, or in history can atone for a bad life or a hard heart; and that, to take an instance from English literature, the beauty of Childe Harold must never for a moment mislead us as to the falseness of its morality or the real littleness of Lord Byron's character. What is evil in the writings or the deeds of great men is to be rejected and condemned, however great in other respects the men may be, and the power of their intellect or the magic of their words must never mislead us as to the nature of moral evil. But every real manifestation of intellectual power, every conquest over nature, every sweet and mighty word, as such, is to be hailed as a proof of man's high origin, and as the setting forth of powers received from on high. If this be true—as true it undoubtedly is—of purely natural powers, powers which we find so richly and admire so justly in those great Greek and Roman writers on whom the light of Christianity had not dawned, it is truer still of English literature, which, like the character of our nation, is steeped in Christian ideas and coloured in every page with the tints of Christian thought; and this not only in the more general sense of the word Christian, but in the sense of Catholic thought and Catholic ideas, until it is a matter of dispute, even at the present day whether the greatest of English writers, whether Shakespeare himself, was or was not a Catholic. To every Catholic, then, it must surely give a fresh interest to the study of English literature, to find that so many of its highest thoughts and sweetest passages come, often half unconsciously, from the lingering memories of Catholic times. I venture then to say that it was not a narrow spirit which induced those who undertook to found this institution to give it its frankly Catholic character. It was not a desire to bring students up in unreason-

able prejudice, or to conceal from them the facts of science or of history. It was rather from a desire to open wide to them the portals of knowledge, and to give their studies greater scope.

And now that we have considered for a while the objects of this institution, and the motives of its founders, let us pass on to inquire how best you, who are its members, may make use of it. You may regard it from either of two points of view, as a place of wholesome recreation, where you may spend an agreeable hour once a week or once a fortnight, or as a place of study, where you may obtain help in the work of self-culture. I have nothing to say against the first of these modes of looking at it, for those who so consider it, it has an useful office; but it is not an office on which I will dwell now, because higher results may, as it seems to me, be attained here, and it is to them that I desire particularly to direct your attention.

We will assume, then, that you come here for aid in self-education, and that you wish to make the most of the advantages afforded you. How can this be done? In order to answer this question we must first briefly examine the means of instruction which this Academia affords, and then consider the spirit in which your studies should be conducted. With respect to the first point, it is to be observed that the chief instrument of instruction here is the lecture, and our inquiry therefore should naturally be how are lectures to be turned to the best account. The chief suggestion which I would make to you on this head is that you should bear in mind that the great use of a lecture is not so much to provide you with a certain amount of knowledge as to set you thinking about the subject of which the lecturer treats, to point out to you its general characteristics and the special modes of its study, and to show you how you may best work at it for yourselves. The duration of a lecture is generally too short to do more than this; it may, indeed, give you a superficial acquaintance with a subject which you may use, if you are unhappily so minded, to impose upon your companions, and to induce them to believe that you are a very learned person, but which will break down and leave you covered with shame the moment you meet any one who has a real knowledge of the matter; but by itself an isolated lecture can seldom do much more, and if you are attracted by what the lecturer tells you of his subject, and desire really to learn

about it, you must first ascertain by accurate reflection how much of what you have heard you really understand, and then starting from that basis and pursuing the methods which the lecturer may have suggested to you, you must work out the matter for yourself by reading, by attending further lectures, and by such other means as may be in your power, always striving to make sure of your ground at every fresh step, and not attempting to advance until you have done so.

And now it remains for us to examine in what spirit your studies should be pursued. It appears to me that there are three qualities which ought to distinguish all real students, and certainly and very specially all Catholic students: they are modesty, honesty, and reverence.

Of modesty I have in fact already spoken. I am convinced that it is the only spirit in which we can hope to study with success. If I am right in having said that one of the disadvantages to which students are now-a-days exposed is the great existing temptations to be superficial, then a modest estimate of the extent of our knowledge is the great remedy for this evil. The elements of knowledge on so many subjects are brought now within the reach of almost every one; there are so many books and magazines and newspaper articles which will enable a quick youth with a ready tongue to talk glibly about the topics of the hour, the latest discoveries of science, or the newest historical theory, that it is not difficult before persons more ignorant than ourselves to make parade of a learning to which we have not the shadow of a claim. But this sort of thing is not merely a wretched vanity, it is the very temper of mind most adverse, I will venture to say, to all real study, most sure to lead us to take up with every crude theory and passing fancy of the day, most certain to turn what ought to be the wholesome food of our minds into a destructive poison. You, then, who wish to be true students, be first modest, be ashamed as of a moral fault, for such surely it is, to pretend to know more of any subject than you really do; be distrustful of yourselves, chary of displaying what you know, loving learning for its own sake, or for the good it may enable you to do, never using it to gratify your own vanity or to win applause for yourselves.

And, secondly, be honest in your study, reject no proved facts, for all facts are part of God's teaching of men, keep ever before your minds the immeasurable distance between

fact and theory. I am almost tempted to say that facts are Divine and theories human. Hold, then, to facts. Nothing justifies your tampering with them. You may test them as much as you will, you may often doubt—it may be your duty to doubt—what their true meaning is. They may sometimes seem to contradict each other, whether they are facts of the outer world or of history, or facts of faith and of reason. In all such cases be patient; be sure that there can be no real contradiction. The explanation may come quickly, or it may be delayed. It may come to you in this world, or it may not; but if you are true to God, if you bear patiently with difficulties which try you, if you wait God's time for their unravelling, you will, if not here, then in that other world which faith makes our own, find at length the explanation of all enigmas, and the reconciliation of all contradictions. Believe me that in honesty on the one hand and patience on the other is to be found the true mode of dealing with all such difficulties. It is that impatient spirit which is so characteristic of the times in which we live, which makes difficulties of this kind so distasteful to most men, that instead of waiting for the knot to be untied, they cut it at whatever cost, and rejoice to have freed themselves from its pressure, even if it be at the price of truth.

But there is one branch of study, in which this quality of honesty is especially required, and on which I am glad to have an opportunity of saying a few words to you. History is a great field of study for Catholics. In this country, and indeed abroad also, the principal historical works of modern times have generally speaking been written in an un-Catholic, very often in an anti-Catholic spirit. A great part at least of the historical literature of the eighteenth century is instinct with this animus against everything Catholic, and it was sufficient for an historical personage to have been a bishop, monk, or Pope, to make it almost a matter of course that his motives should be assumed to have been always the most unworthy, and his conduct judged in the harshest spirit. It is happily true that at the beginning of the present century a fairer spirit sprang up, and a juster mode of dealing with historical facts prevailed, and it is pleasant to be able to point out, that eminent among those who inaugurated this better and juster school we may place the name of the great Protestant writer, Monsieur Guizot. But I very much fear that of late years we had been returning again to

something of the less impartial and truth-loving spirit which animated, as I have said, a great portion of the writings of the eighteenth century. Old calumnies are raked up; old misrepresentations refurbished—whether it be in the furious onslaughts of Germany, or in the ribaldry of infidel Frenchmen; or, on the other hand, in those distorted pictures which mar the beauty and detract from the historic value of Mr. Froude's artistic pages. If this be so, how is it to be met by Catholics? By an earnest devotion to the study of history, and to a study of it in the very opposite spirit to that of which I have been complaining—in a spirit of honest fairness and with a simple desire to record the truth. I rejoice to think that this is already being done in these days, and that works are coming forth from time to time which tend to correct misrepresentations and to put the facts of history as they relate to Catholics in their true light. But if you address yourselves to this work either as writers or as students of history, if you hope to make an impression upon those around you who are not Catholics, if you mean faithfully to fulfil the duty which lies upon you in this respect, the first quality which you must cultivate in your historical studies is an accurate and honest spirit. Doubtless when all is done, when misrepresentations and misunderstandings have been cleared away, the pages of real history will still contain many a record which Catholics will blush to read, records of weakness and of wickedness in those who ought to have been the light of the world, or who were in their day the champions of the Catholic cause. But what is this but to say that the Church on earth is made up of men full of human passions, of men with all their imperfections upon them, of men often exposed to temptations strong just in proportion to the greatness of the positions which they fill? The cause which they defended, the Church to which they belonged, are not touched or tainted by their shortcomings. The virtues of the saints are the harvest of the Church—the vices of her servants are of their own sowing. If you will devote yourselves to these studies you will doubtless scrutinize very closely every story which tells against any one who has occupied a high place in Catholic history, and if you do so, you will find many a rumour, and many a calumny, fade away like the morning mist. But you will admit what is proved to you upon good evidence, sorrowfully indeed and reverently, but honestly and in good faith.

And lastly, you should ever pursue your studies of all kinds in a spirit of reverence—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul according well
May make one music.

These words of Mr. Tennyson contain the true principle of study and the true test by which we may try the spirit of our work. If the result of increased knowledge is to make us flippant and conceited, proud of what we know, and boastful of our own powers, we may be sure that we have missed the deepest lessons which our studies ought to have taught us, and are on the high road to become narrow and little; but if we find that the more we know the more humble we become; if, as we come to understand more fully the wondrous structure of the world around us, and catch glimpses of the mighty forces which are at work within it, we bow more reverently before Him, by Whose will the whole fabric is sustained and at Whose command those forces work; if, amidst all the complications of human history, we ever watch for the traces of that Providence of God which controls to its own ends even the unruly wills of men, then we may hope to hear some distant echoes of that true music which springs from the concord of mind and soul, but of which the full tones in all their beauty can only be recognized,

When these dull ears shall scan aright
Strains, that outring earth's drowsy chime
As heaven outshines the taper's light.

And now a few words more, and I have done. We often hear men speak as if they thought that cultivation of the intellectual powers alone would of itself make men virtuous. I do not think that any of you will suspect me of undervaluing intellectual cultivation, or of being blind to the importance of education in the times in which we live; but if I urge their necessity upon you, it is not because I believe that intellectual studies, however ardently pursued, will keep you from sin. The sins of cultivated men are doubtless different from those of the rough and the ignorant; temptations will not present themselves in the same forms to the two classes; but the knowledge of the one class will give them no more power than the ignorance of the other, to resist what are real temptations to either.

If I urge you, then, to study, it is first because in these days

of wide-spread mental cultivation, if you fail to keep yourselves up to the standard of knowledge of those around you, you will fall behind in the race of life, and be overthrown and trodden down by your eager competitors; and while you suffer yourselves, the Catholic name will suffer through your neglect, and men will point to you as living proofs of the truth of the current calumny that the Catholic Church is the enemy of human knowledge.

But I have another motive to put before you. Look round on the vast field of knowledge, which God has laid, as it were, at your feet, and from which you can in these days reap the fruits with a facility unknown to former generations; look at it as it lies before you, illuminated by the light of the Catholic faith, which makes clear so many of its obscurities and reads for you so many of its riddles, and then say whether you of all men are not called, each according to his opportunities, to make its harvests your own, that you may offer them all to Him from Whom they spring, and may be enabled to employ the intellectual powers which He has given you, enriched by your industry and strengthened by your toil, for His service among men.

R.

Highways and Byways.

CHAPTER II.

NUREMBERG.

A RAILWAY journey of seven hours carries us from Amsterdam to Bonn. We have so often been cautioned against taking the steamer on the Rhine, along this lower part of its course, that we are almost glad to see next to nothing of the great river in this its unromantic way; and yet somehow or other we are not quite satisfied at this shirking of what has prevented a complete knowledge of the Rhine. We are to see it in its earliest struggles into life, as we have so often seen it in its mid-career—why not linger over its decay, as we have seen it dead in Holland, and buried near Leiden in its swampy grave? So, after all, it is with rather a shamed face that we catch glimpses of it on our iron way, and once more quarter ourselves in our pleasant hotel on its banks at Bonn. An American steamer, which of course means a large and fast vessel, carries us the next day to Bingen, and there we are glad to escape its noise and crowd—which is American too, we suppose—and rest for a Sunday in this comparatively quiet retreat; for though we are somewhat alarmed at the numbers who land with us, we are soon relieved by the sight of their hasty march to the railway station, for it seems that Bingen, like Rotterdam, is but a landing-place to those who are “going ahead,” and who find that they may get on beyond Mayence to-night by quitting the hurrying steamer for the still more rapid rail. And so they triumph in that they have done the Rhine, in more senses than one.

The Victoria Hotel is very comfortable in 1876, however different Mr. Murray's correspondent may have found it to be in 1870, while the hills which shut it in behind, undulate in forms which will win us to-morrow to a closer investigation. Moreover, the pretty Nahe winds its course from distant and

now historic Saarbrück, past Kreuznach, to this spot, where it pours its tributary waters into the German Rhine. And if we are not just now in the warlike spirit which would lead us to the earlier scenes of the great struggle of 1870, we are quite in the humour to enjoy the pleasures of Kreuznach. Thus we lounge along the beautiful shore and look across upon the Niederwald and the vineyards of Rüdesheim until the evening closes in, when the lights which flicker and flash from the passing tugs and their train of trading vessels, kindle a momentary smile upon the rushing waters, that sing the blithe and ceaseless song which charms the weary traveller to rest.

A bright Sunday morning—what a summer of bright, warm weather is this!—calls us early to Mass. The grand old church is rich in sunlight and in scarcely less beautiful shadow. But it has a charm far beyond this in its crowded and devout congregation, and the rich harmonies which rise and fall with a grandeur that distinguishes German congregational singing. The deep religious feeling which shows itself within, does not pass away when the church itself is quitted. Our mountain ramble is by the Way of the Cross, to the pilgrimage Church of St. Roch. A month hence the mountain path will be crowded with thousands of pilgrims: even now it is not deserted. There high above, crowning the mountain to which it has given its name, the Rochusberg, stands the white chapel of the patron saint. Beautiful is the Way, in its many windings and the varied views it affords both up and down the Rhine; while holy thoughts are suggested by wayside oratory and sacred symbols, which just now are new to us, but which will grow familiar enough when we wander in the holy land of Tirol.

The relics of St. Roch share the shrine with those of St. Rupert; and amid the votive offerings which deck the walls hangs, strangely enough, the gift of a Protestant poet, whose heart was touched by the scene which he witnessed at one of these annual gatherings, and which he has so beautifully described. Let us hope that the good work was not without its reward, and that the prayers which rise in this simple but holy spot may profit the soul of Göthe.

And now our after-dinner journey brings us in brief time along the banks of the Nahe to Kreuznach. This is daily growing into more prominence among the spas of Germany: and this speaks no little for its attractions, which can enable it not only to hold its own amid such a swarm of competitors,

but can raise it above the crowd and make itself distinguished. Kreuznach is a small town, with a very picturesque bridge across the Nahe, which here is very irregular and disorderly in its course, giving the bridge (or at least its builders) infinite trouble in adapting it to the varied requirements of the spot. Indeed, the river just above becomes so altogether irrational, that it splits itself up and goes off doggedly in two distinct courses. In time the quarrel is made up, and the waters, somewhat ungraciously, reunite, but not until their little difference has bred a large result in the shape of an island. And this island it is which is the home of the spa, and out of it springs into life a stream with great powers of iodine and bromine, which the medical godfathers of the place have pronounced to be "singularly efficacious in female complaints." Wise and far-seeing physicians: for what loving husband can refuse to take his wife to a place so obviously the right one for her restoration and recreation. Here indeed we find them in large numbers. The morning drinking has long past, and perhaps the time for the evening waters has not yet come. Be that as it may, the attraction when we arrive is the cheerful music of an excellent orchestra, and the waters are, for a time at least, superseded by coffee, tea, and the light wine of the country, which doubtless is also "singularly efficacious" for all—husbands, wives, and children. If the very sick have come, we trust they have been cured, for there is no token of them here; and few of those complaints under which touring humanity suffers can withstand the regular, quiet, and yet pleasant life which pretty Kreuznach affords.

The next morning we feel bound in conscience to make what Murray calls "the favourite excursion." It does not seem at all an optional thing at Bingen, whether you will make it or not; the only question allowed is, how you will make it. So Murray says, with a gentle rebuke of the go-ahead people, "It may be made in two and a half or three hours," and then he lays down his plan with due solemnity, premising that, "having been already tried, it may be considered worth adopting by others." It begins like a chapter from Mrs. Glasse's cookery book. "Take a boat from Bingen and descend the Rhine in twenty minutes to the Castle of Rheinstein. After seeing the Castle, cross the Rhine to Assmannshausen"—Let the man take an ass—we beg pardon, the long name suggested the words, but the guide treats the matter with more dignity

of style—he says, with a kind of historical introduction, and, as it were to prevent all suggestions of a poor pun, “This wine-producing village supports a troop of donkeys for the express purpose of transporting visitors to the top of the heights of the Niederwald.” And then, to help of course the trade of the place, he adds an encouragement and a warning—it is not expensive to be “transported,” and it is dangerous to go donkeyless. “The charge for the donkey to Rüdesheim is 1fl. 15kr. (22 s. gr.). Those who prefer walking may experience some difficulty in finding their way among the numerous paths through the woods without a guide.” If Assmannshausen and its inhabitants, biped and quadruped, have not erected a monument to their champion, so much the worse for the well named but ungrateful place. Well, we did the favourite excursion according to the well considered plan. Pleasant is the sail over the bright, rapid waters; grandly does the ancient Castle of Rheinstein hang over the river on a jutting precipice, on which it stands above the surrounding trees: a giant in antique armour looking down with fierce aspect upon the watery way below. Its fierceness, however, is but a thing of the past, as is its dangerous reputation. Its owner is indeed as stern a warrior as any who lorded it over this once wild district; but the “Red Prince Karl” of Prussia has made of the famous robber-stronghold a domestic museum of ancient art, wherein the well chosen specimens of painting, armour, furniture, and arms, occupy their proper places, and in their natural surroundings of well restored architecture, have a meaning which elsewhere they too often want. At Assmannshausen we rejected the donkeys, and climbing up the rugged front of the Neiderwald, lost our way (as we had been forewarned) in the woods above, after exhausting ourselves in what proved to be the stiffest bit of climbing we encountered in all our wanderings. However, the German mind is considerate, and provides for the climber by rude ways as well as for the rider by more gentle ascents. And if the Red Prince had feasted our eyes and mind in his picturesque castle, his Imperial uncle not less thoughtfully provided for other pressing wants at the *Jagd Schloss*, where the guide says, and says truly, “refreshments may be had.” So, resting from our toils, we drank, of course in red Assmannshausen, to the health of the great Emperor-King, whose Empire we are so soon to quit for that of another whose name and title are more ancient on the imperial roll.

The rail carries us from Bingen to Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, where we visit a few familiar spots and linger out a pleasant evening in the wonderfully beautiful Palmengarten. Nowhere else do we remember to have seen such fantastic and yet charming flower-beds: the very gravel walks are laid out in coloured designs, while the orchestra and the usual accessories of such places are excellent indeed. Scarcely a town through which we passed was without its evening music in pleasant and cheerful gardens; but none could show one so beautiful as this Palm Garden of Frankfurt.

Any one who returns to this city after some years, as we have done, will be much struck with its increase at once in size and beauty. Perhaps one of the most marked improvements is in the decoration of the Town Hall (*Römer*). Well do we remember those terrible daubs which were called the portraits of the Emperors, and which would hardly pass muster as signs for country inns. We shuddered as we entered the Kaisersaal. What was our surprise to find the painted horrors replaced by works of high art from the hands of such men as Lessing and Bendemann, with a noble "Judgment of Solomon" by Steinle. The series concludes with a portrait of the Emperor William, in full robes of state, crowned, and with orb and sceptre in hand.

But we must hasten on to less (to us) familiar scenes. So the next morning we are once more on the rail, and arrive at Nuremberg in five hours.

And now at last we have reached this free Imperial city—at last, that is to say, after many unrealized intentions and oft-repeated upbraidings of enthusiastic Gothic friends, who have never ceased to urge us to the visit we are now making. Free and imperial we have called it, for so indeed it is, in spite of what time has done to rob it of these high titles; for like its noble buildings, its aspect must be unchanged, and this has freedom and self-rule plainly enough written upon it. The first view of Nuremberg is very striking. A city with its walls and gates uninjured, and these inclosed, moreover, by a wide trench, is no common sight in days when ramparts are everywhere thrown down and gardens laid out upon their ruins. It seems as though it would not be long before Nuremberg will undergo the same peaceful change: for already suspicious signs are not wanting to show what is designed; but as yet the old character remains, and very striking it is. One never seems to grow

weary of this outer walk. The elements which compose the view are simple, and yet there is endless variety in the scene. Lofty walls, curving to fit themselves to the requirements of the place and the plan of defence, numberless turrets rising at every vantage-coigne, and several gates of noble yet simple design, combine into pictures which call for an artist's pencil, or at least for the instrument of the photographer; though strangely enough the few pictures to be met with seem altogether to have missed these most striking characteristics of the place. But here, as indeed throughout the city itself, is another feature which comes most effectively into prominence and crowns, in every sense, the outdoor pictures in which the old city is so rich—and this is the wonderful roofs. Not only do they terminate in beautiful gables, but they are themselves enormous masses; full of architectural beauties and rich in never-ending variety of designs. The buildings which are perched upon the lofty walls, are thus crowned with a diadem that at once gives grandeur and variety to each portion as it comes into view. Here is what one may call a play of roof which is as much remarkable for its boldness as for its success. What grasp must the men who built such places as these have had of their works, who could fashion even tiles into such noble outlines and graceful forms; artists indeed were they who could thus turn the simplest necessities of life into lasting features, of which the eye never tires. We can hardly appreciate what they have done, unless we contrast it with what we see in modern cities. But this contrast is really difficult to make, simply because we care not to look at the flat walls and square window-holes cut in them, which would lead our eyes up to the roofs above. But here at Nuremberg the eye can hardly be kept from the noble roof, even by the rich and varied beauties of the fronts which they crown. We dwell on this picture, for in truth it impressed us more than anything else we saw, and thus left a very vivid impression upon our memory.

The walled and moated city is still able to keep out its enemies: at least if we may so call the adjacent railway with its belongings. Here the symbol of modern ideas stands at the gate; and though it hurls its shells, in the form of an omnibus, into the fortress, it does seemingly but little damage, for the contents—the explosive tourists—are quickly caught up and buried in the dungeons to which they are directed. Nor indeed did the figure seem exaggerated when we found our-

selves captured by the authorities of the *Bayerischer Hof* in the dark cavern in which we drew up—not that the house is at all uncomfortable; but it has a miserable look of gloom about it which corresponds better with the idea of a prison than of an hotel. Our bedroom windows look out upon a stern quadrangle; at one corner is a heavy turret with iron-bound door, while on the walls, below a mullioned oriel window, are faded frescoes with Latin legends. We get lost in the low passages and the many staircases, but in time find ourselves pleasantly seated in the oriel, a snug recess in a dining-room in which Emperors might—and we believe the legend said, did—hold high festival. We quickly grow to like what novelists of the James' school would call "our ancient hostelry"—for it is in keeping with the old world sights around; so when we come home to rest and think over the churches and other wonderful buildings of Nuremberg, there is a congruity in the whole which the characteristics of a modern hotel would have terribly disturbed.

Nuremberg has its river, the Pegnitz, which, though neither large nor beautiful, plays a very important part in the form and character of the city. Plays, we say emphatically; for the erratic nature of its course, and its inordinate love of island-making, can hardly be described by any more serious verb. Nothing less than four openings in the walls will suffice for its passage, for at both ends it divides itself into two branches, and moreover it manages to wind itself round some half-dozen islands in its meanderings. Hence it may be at once understood how many bridges are required; and as these bridges are of great diversity of character, from the slightest plank and hand-rail to the ponderous constructions which past ages thought necessary, no little of the character and attraction of Nuremberg is brought about by the little Pegnitz. Among other things it has split up the city into two great divisions, which naturally enough take their names from the great churches which adorn them; so we have St. Sebald's side and St. Laurence side: and we may be sure much party spirit has raged at times within, which the stout walls and fortifications found it hard enough to put down.

But here we are wandering about the streets, as before we were without the walls, while we should be speaking of the great architectural treasures of this wonderful city. In truth, so we should, but, equally in truth, so we acted as we have written. We

found a charm out of doors which kept us there, and we remarked profoundly to ourselves, by way of excuse if not of justification, that we could see Gothic churches elsewhere but not such a Gothic city as this. So up one steep hill and down another we stroll through the narrow, picturesque streets: now pausing at a quaint doorway, and then passing into the middle of the road to admire the multitudinous gables which crop up on all sides. And then the names attached to these queer old houses—names which would bring a reputation to the most unnoticeable of dwellings, here seem almost wasted on what are so attractive in themselves. Here dwelt that irrepressible cobbler and poet, Hans Sachs, who with his six thousand works surpassed Lope de Vega in fecundity. He it was who popularized the anti-Catholic movement, and ruled his fellow-townsmen by writing their witty and audacious songs. One could almost feel it in one's heart to pardon much that he did for the very indirect good which came of it; for if it helped on the popular movement, which nothing seemingly could stay, it at any rate saved the glorious churches by completing the work before the Iconoclasts could do their wonted mischief. Few cities have escaped as well as Nuremberg from their destructive hands. Then passing from Hans Sachs' Street to that called after Albert Durer, we think reverentially of the great painter who took his place and held it successfully beside Raphael and Lionardo da Vinci. Other great names there are, but of a more local fame. To understand and estimate men like Adam Krafft and Peter Vischer, we must enter the churches, and chief of these, St. Sebald's. Here is the celebrated shrine which is Vischer's masterpiece, while within and without, at altars and over porches, Krafft has wrought with a skill and feeling which solemnize the quaintest fancies and turn the veriest realism into religious abstractions.

There in its place of honour, in what has long been a Lutheran temple, stands untouched and uninjured the shrine of the patron saint. For twelve years (from 1508 to 1519) did the great sculptor and his five sons work at this labour of love—for such indeed he meant it, and such in truth his townsmen by their small contributions suffered it to be. He could with an honest pride put on it the simple but touching inscription—"Peter Vischer did it for the praise of Almighty God alone, and the honour of St. Sebald, prince of heaven, by the aid of pious persons, paid by their voluntary contributions."

It is indeed a glorious work. The shrine of oak, incased in plates of elaborately chased silver, stands on a broad pedestal of bronze, and over it rises a Gothic canopy of noble proportions of the same material. The twelve slender columns which support it have niches and brackets for twelve figures of the Apostles; above these rise, on a smaller scale, the Fathers of the Church, while scattered with a lavish hand over all the crown itself, amid fruits and flowers, are cupids, animals of various kinds, and mermaids. Below the shrine, on the pedestal, are bas-reliefs of the miracles of the Saint. There is a quaint figure of Vischer himself, chisel in hand and in his working dress, in a niche facing the altar. Not the least curious part of the design is the base which sustains all; it consists of twelve snails, with four dolphins to help, at the corners. No description can convey any adequate idea of the work, which is considered to be the finest in Germany. The figures of the Apostles especially are full of life and character, while the graceful fancy which has so wildly and yet so deliciously mingled and half-hidden among the beautiful foliage the ideal figures which are peculiarly its own, shows a boldness of conception and a facility of execution, the materials used and the date of its construction considered, which places Peter Vischer in the foremost ranks of really great artists.

The church itself is worthy of this shrine, which stands in the midst of its noblest part, the choir. Through its lofty windows, some fifty feet high, streams down the coloured light, broken again into strange shadows by the grand and elaborate tracery which makes those windows so noble in themselves. Some of the glass is of great beauty. There is a very ancient font of bronze in a large western chapel, in which the Emperor Wenzel was baptized in 1361. Of course he was not Emperor at that time, though one would hardly have been surprised had Charles the Fourth made him such at his birth, seeing that he was created King of Bohemia when he was but two years old, and King of the Romans at sixteen. Charles, with a dry humour which perhaps the so-called Electors hardly relished, explained that royal personages had more brains than ordinary people, and so Wenzel was up to the required mark at sixteen, if not at two. In less than a year this promising youth succeeded to the Empire, and quickly earned for himself the surnames of the Slothful and the Drunkard, and had scarcely come of age when he added murderer to his titles, and made

a martyr of St. John Nepomuc. So the old font owes the veneration which is attached to it, rather to its antiquity than to him who was baptized therein.

It does not take long to go from the now Lutheran Church of St. Sebald to the Church of our Lady, which just sixty years ago (1816) was given back to its ancient use. It is, indeed, the only church which the fourteen thousand Catholics of Nuremberg possess, and so has an especial interest as being, in the best sense of the word, a restoration.

But short as is the distance between St. Sebald's and this *Frauenkirche*, there are many objects to stay our footsteps, especially as at the time we were indulging a favourite whim, of wandering without guide or guide-book, and so did not know the especial attraction of the church. Coming out of St. Sebald's, the eye is at once caught by what is now called the "Parsonage House," with its beautiful oriel corner window, rising like a fair lily upon its slender stem. Evidently it was intended for an outdoor pulpit, and has held many strange preachers, and given forth much variety of doctrine in its time. Surely Melancthon must have put forth here his moderate views, which Luther so fiercely reprobated, and who knows but that Erasmus, the future Lady Margaret Professor of Cambridge, may have ventured with unusual courage to utter from this pulpit the caustic things that flowed so freely from his pen. If Hans Sachs was not permitted to give forth his poems from the spot, the Monk Erasmus at least might speak if his courage failed him not, as alas! it did in many emergencies. But while we speculate upon the preachers who may have used this beautiful pulpit in those troubled times, our eyes are drawn away by another ancient edifice, which hardly tells its own character, however it may hint its history. On the door is inscribed "Museum," yet it seems something else. We are told it was a wood store for many years, but before that, for at least five centuries, it was the Chapel of St. Maurice. Here, then, has been another restoration, at least in part. The wood has been cleared out and a picture gallery has been formed, which in time, let us hope, may give place to a complete restoration to the service of God. It is now, however, closed, and we pass on towards the *Rathhaus*, or Town Hall, as we should call it. Its long façade is not much in harmony with the Gothic buildings around, for it is Italian, of the seventeenth century. But luckily

we enter by its wide portal, which is, indeed, a public thoroughfare, and find the Italian work is but a shell, and that within is the older building of 1332. Of course there are the usual grim staircases and large, dull, empty halls, with faded frescoes and oil paintings, which, if once Albert Durer's, have long since ceased to be his, and belong to the wall decorators, who have repainted them. Again we resume our wanderings, and find ourselves in the chief market (*Hauptmarkt*), and near us what is called the Beautiful Fountain (*der schöne Brunnen*), and well does it deserve its name. It is bringing us to the Church of Our Lady, and was, indeed, designed by the same architect, and decorated by the same sculptor as the church itself. It rises a beautiful Gothic spire to a height of fifty-six feet with very delicate tracery, and is supported on eight pillars, on each of which are two figures. The sixteen persons selected for this honour are the seven Electors, and what they call the nine stout-hearted heroes, to translate freely the *neun starken Helden*. And who are these? the reader may ask. To prevent all jealousy, three heroes are selected from three different classes, Christian, Jewish, and Pagan, and they are Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and Clovis; Judas Macabæus, Josue, and David; Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, and Hector. These sixteen heroes crown the eight supporting columns, while above them tower the forms of Moses and the seven Prophets. Many of Schonhofer's statues have decayed in time, and were renewed in 1821-4; and strange to say the effect does not seem to have been injured by the restoration.

And here, close at hand, stands what is emphatically called the Catholic Church, being, as we have said, the only one in Nuremberg which is not in the hands of the Protestants. However, perhaps we should not complain, but be content to accept it as an instalment of a greater restoration. For surely we may well hope that the reverence which preserved all the houses of God from mutilation as well as from destruction, will in time be rewarded by the gift of faith, and then the glorious churches will come back, and with them their restorers, a far more noble offering than any other which could be made.

Our Lady's Church was the gift of the Emperor Charles the Fourth, of whom we have already spoken. There he sits in state in a niche over the porch, and again inside he presides over one of those elaborate clocks, of which the Germans are so

fond, and which, were it not hopelessly out of order, would, when the hour strikes, send forth the seven Electors to pass in procession before their lord and master. We wonder if the living Electors, when first they saw the mechanism, thought of the imperial dictum about royal brains, and felt, as well they might, that in the exercise of their nominal power they were as mere puppets as the figures the Emperor directed to march around his clock.

The porch is richly decorated by Schonhofer with numerous statues, and within this entrance the same skilful hand has wrought groups of Scripture subjects, which are worthy of all admiration. There are many monuments within, more, indeed, than properly belong to the Church, and which were brought here for protection when some churches were destroyed.

Here are paintings by Wohlgemuth, a name which is not unknown to students of the early German school, and who, indeed, is to us more than this, for who can forget that venerable and thoughtful face which his pupil, Albert Durer, painted, and which is one of the treasures of the great gallery at Munich? Perhaps it is as much for the sake of his illustrious pupil as for his own that Wohlgemuth's works are much sought after, and especially here in his native city. There is of course a considerable quaintness and no little stiffness about his productions, but there is that love of truth for its own sake which has stamped itself upon the pupil's mind, and which makes itself felt in the smallest and largest works alike of both master and scholar. In this church also is an excellent work by Adam Krafft; indeed, it is one of his best. It represents the enthronement of our Blessed Lady, and abounds with minute, and yet life-like figures of Popes, Emperors, Cardinals, &c. There are several windows with grand old glass, with which the modern work strives its best, and yet strives in vain to compete.

Some attempts, which are more to be commended for their intention than success, were made at colour decoration when the Catholics received back the old church into their keeping. But sixty years since, this difficult department of art was but little understood. We have advanced in knowledge, but in truth we have not even yet much to boast of. Munich has led the way, and now Berlin is following. Our national disuse of this great power in decoration for several centuries has quite unfitted our eyes for the appreciation of anything of the

kind. The very elements of the combinations of colours is only now beginning to be studied even by those who are supposed to be our masters herein; so we shall need much patience in waiting for the time when the public will be educated up to the mark. We must expect many failures and much disappointment, but let us hope that the end will crown the work.

So knowing and feeling all this, we must not be too hard upon the Catholics, who showed their joy and reverence when the *Frauenkirche* came into their hands, by a free, if not a very successful use of colour in their decorations. Rather let us look with sympathy and respect upon the somewhat tawdry work, which, time and circumstances considered, is perhaps quite as good in its way as what our longer experience can show.

We are perverse enough to remember nothing in the State Picture Gallery but the following extraordinary note in the catalogue, for which in justice we should mention we are indebted to Murray, who says, "*Stadamus* :—Death visiting a family; an artist whose works are rarely seen out of Italy." Of course *Stadamus*, and not Death is the artist meant; but then it seems a pity that what is meant is not also said.

The Church of St. Laurence is the glory of the other side of the river, and indeed of all Nuremberg; not only for its size, but for its decorations, both within and without. The nave, with its west portal, towers, and aisles, was built at the latter end of the thirteenth century, the choir nearly two centuries later. The lofty towers have a certain quaintness about the upper stories, due to the gridiron form of its windows: St. Laurence's peculiar form of martyrdom seeming here, as still more in the Escorial in Spain, to have an especial fascination over the architect. But the eyes are quickly brought down from these heights to what is perhaps the most glorious portal in Europe. Its dimensions are grand, but its decorations are grander. The broad span, twenty-four feet broad by forty feet in height, was not a whit too large for the skill and imagination of the great sculptor, who has filled without crowding it, and has massed his groups and interspersed his single figures with a skill and freedom which at once satisfy and instruct the observer. A gigantic rose window, some thirty feet in diameter, crowns this portal and leads the eyes up to the fine towers between which it stands. The nave rises seventy feet in height, and, with its

aisles of half its height and width, forms a group worthy of such a portal. But beyond this rises a still loftier choir, which is indeed a blaze of glorious and rainbow light; and thus its vastness has an especial significance, in that its brightness seems, as it were, heaven's glory coming down and pouring in on all sides to encourage those who have entered by the glorious portals to the solemn nave, with a vision of what is beyond. The glass, which has to play so important a part in this grand design, is indeed as worthy as glass can be of its position. We may excuse the noble families of Nuremberg whatever vanity there may be in the armorial bearings which distinguish their several gifts, for the glory of the colour in which the human weakness is portrayed. And after all, was it not a good way of recording their devotion to Holy Church, by dedicating thus their families and their riches; that in succeeding ages these windows may stand for posterity as a testimony of what was done in their name by those whose honour they have inherited. And who knows but that as time goes on, and St. Laurence follows in the march of restoration the good fortune of the Frauenkirche, those whose arms are emblazoned may listen to the same call, and once more worship in this grand old church the God of their fathers as those had done who so worthily went before them.

But not even the glories of the west front can surpass in grace of design and boldness, and yet delicacy of execution, the chief treasure which the church now contains. Close to the noble arch which opens from the nave into the choir, stands the usual *Sacramentshäuslein*; but of unusual grandeur. And this indeed is saying no little, when we remember what very great sculptors have done in similar works in so many other parts of Germany. It is, as its names implies, the ciborium in which the Blessed Sacrament was, in better days, reserved. The simple idea of a secure case in which so holy a gift could be secured, had grown and developed under pious and skilful hands into these noble and elaborate tabernacles, which seem as though they would do their best to become worthy of the Divine Treasure they were to contain. Here Adam Krafft—we might have guessed as much, for what hands but his could have wrought the work, what courage but his could have dared it?—has raised a tall spire of Gothic open work, more than sixty feet high; so delicate in its tracery, and so tapering in its seeming fragile form, that as the eye follows its beauty upwards, the mind forgets the hard stone out of which it is carved, and so is

not at all surprised that, as it nears the roof, the top bends over, like a tender plant, which has been drawn upwards by the light, and droops as it reaches the overpowering attraction. It was a bold stroke of art, thus to anticipate the effect of the design upon the observer's mind and to work up to it; for had the realization fallen short of the intention, the result would have been simply ludicrous. He is indeed a great artist who can conceive boldly and carry out his conceptions: and such a one was Adam Krafft. This is but the general outline of this noble work: its details are numerous and equally well executed. About the ciborium are groups of the scenes of our Blessed Lord's Passion, culminating in the Resurrection, the former in relief, the latter in complete figures. Quaintly enough—and something quaint is sure to occur in the most solemn works of this period, as though the feelings, which have been wrought to a high pitch by labour of this character, seek and find relief, as it were, in a stone laugh,—the whole massive tower is supported on the shoulders of three kneeling figures, which, we are told, represent Adam and the two apprentices who helped him in his ill-requited labour of five years.

After a diligent search for a particular tower in a city where towers and turrets abound, we found the *Froschthurm*, famous for the Iron Virgin (*Eiserne Jungfrau*), and paid our trembling respects to that stern maiden. It stands in its original position in one of a series of underground dungeons, and as we have seen nothing like it elsewhere, we will mention it now, reserving for our next chapter and Ratisbon what we have to tell of dungeons and instruments of torture in general.

It is a grim figure seven feet high, of wood, carved rudely into female form, and might be easily passed unnoticed in the dim candle-light under which our guide showed it. But while we pause and look, the front opens, like two heavy doors, and discloses a narrow space within, studded with iron spikes, as are the insides of the folding doors. In this narrow space the victim was placed amid the spikes, and as the doors closed in upon him the spikes thrust themselves deeper and deeper into his vainly struggling form, and then an iron bar was fixed in a rest in front, and turned by a wrench until the whole was closed, and the spikes penetrated the hapless victim from head to foot. After a while the bar is withdrawn, the doors open once more, a shapeless mass falls forwards and disappears into a deep well which gapes in front, and whose mouth has been uncovered to

receive the victim, and closed again when all is over, and then the Iron Virgin awaits in stern silence her next victim. The story is ineffective enough in the telling: but to stand in that narrow prison, to look upon the grim figure in that flickering and uncertain light which seems at times to flash intelligence across those swarthy features and to light those fixed eyes; to see so much and to hear still more, all these combine to realize the scene to the mind, and to make one feel as though it were not a thing of the past, but what has been yesterday and may be again to-morrow.

H. B.

"Let the Dead bury their Dead."

'Tis gone, with its joys and sorrows;
 Its sunshine and storms of rain:
 Look not away in the distance,
 On relics of grief and pain;
 Look up, dear friends, instead:
 Let the dead year bury its dead!

What if our pride have suffered?
 What if the hour of need
 Have shown that the friend we trusted
 Was worse than a broken reed?
 Look up, though our hearts have bled:
 Let the dead year bury its dead.

Let us count the abundant mercies
 Our One great Friend has sent;
 The days of our light and darkness,—
 All gifts of one sweet intent.
 No matter the tears we shed:
 Let the dead year bury its dead.

Ah, youth has been taught stern lessons,
 And we of maturer years
 Have learned a yet keener knowledge
 Of life's vain hopes and fears.
 How surely God's Hand hath led!
 Let the dead year bury its dead.

And the new born year shall find us
 Courageous, alert, and strong;
 Girt up for the strife before us,
 Though sharp the trial and long.
 On, on, with a firmer tread,
 While the dead year buries its dead!

C. P.

Christopher Columbus.

PART THE FOURTH.

ISABELLA'S kind reception of Columbus somewhat deranged the plans of his calumniators. Fonseca saw that it was necessary to proceed cautiously, for though his unforgiven foe was going down the hill, he was not quite near enough to the precipice yet, and a premature attempt to push him over might be dangerous to the assailant. No amount of royal favour could remove the disagreeable impression produced by the fallow faces and wasted frames of the unsuccessful Argonauts, and even when the sovereigns were at leisure at last to give all requisite orders for a new expedition much remained to be done before the orders were carried out ; and the state of things sadly resembled what we have already described in speaking of the preparations for the first voyage, when sailors hung back in dismay, and shipowners put all obstacles in the way of departure. Fonseca did not dare to disobey Isabella, but he could and did devise delays and impediments in the execution of unwelcome commands. The wedding of Prince Juan was followed exactly six months later by his death. Columbus could not break in upon the deep grief of his benefactress.

He employed part of his forced leisure in executing a deed of entail, the terms of which reveal to us his inmost soul, and explain much that would otherwise want explaining.

He begins in the name of the Blessed Trinity, to Whom he refers the first idea, and the complete conviction which succeeded it, that a passage to the Indies by sailing westward was possible. He recalls with gratitude that by the grace of our Lord he had discovered the land of the Indies and numerous islands, and, as great revenues are sure to come to him therefrom, he therefore founds this "Majoratus."

He places the deed under the protection of the Holy See,¹ because his only object in framing it is the service of Almighty

¹ *Coleccion Diplomática*, docum. 126.

God. He appoints his son Diego his heir, and the property is to descend by primogeniture. He requires those who succeed him to use in their signature no other title than that of Admiral, and to add always the formula which he had invented, and which was a prayer in itself, namely, "S. S. A. S. X. M. J. XPO Ferens,"² the letters being arranged in four lines.

The first stipulation is in behalf of the poor, to whom a tenth of all the revenues is to be assigned, "for the honour of God Eternal and Almighty." Among the poor, any destitute members of the family are to have a prior claim. In this last clause we may recognize the Christian virtues of humility and well-ordered charity.

Then the Admiral proceeds at once to the thought which lay nearest to his heart, the long-cherished purpose of recovering the Holy Sepulchre. He bids his son and heir remember that when he was planning the voyage to the Indies, he had designed to petition the sovereigns to devote all the profits to the conquest of Jerusalem, and requires him accordingly to strive to amass much treasure, in order to be able to assist the King if he would undertake the enterprize, or, if he would not, then to fit out a large army and go without him; in which case he hoped that the help, refused for the commencement, would be conceded for the prosecution of the crusade.

After having "liberated his soul" with regard to the Holy Sepulchre, he shows his solicitude next for the temporal power of the Pope :

Item, I ordain that, if for the chastisement of our sins any schism should come to be in the Church of God, and any person of any rank or nation whatsoever should endeavour by violence to deprive it of its privileges and possessions, the said Don Diego, or whosoever shall possess the said Majoratus, do immediately under pain of disinheritance put himself at the feet of the Holy Father (unless, indeed, the latter should have turned heretic, a thing which God will not permit), and offer himself and his dependents to do him service with all their

² "Servus Supplex Altissimi Salvatoris, Christus, Maria, Joseph, Christo Ferens" (*Christophe Colomb*, i. p. 585). Irving says: "It (his signature) partook of the pedantic and bigoted character of the age, and perhaps of the peculiar character of the man, who, considering himself mysteriously elected and set apart from among men for certain great purposes, adopted a correspondent formality and solemnity in all his concerns." A pious signature scarcely deserves such harsh censure. A little lower he says: "Don Fernando, son to Columbus, says that his father, when he took his pen in hand, usually commenced by writing, 'Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via'" (*Life of Columbus*, Appendix, n. 34).

resources, with arms and money, interest and principal, to crush the schism and prevent the spoliation of the Church.³

That nothing may be wanting to the "ultramontane" character of this interesting document, another obligation is imposed of building in the Vega-Real in Hispaniola a church under the invocation of "St. Mary of the Conception," a mode of honouring our Blessed Lady, which supposes the doctrine of her "Immaculate Conception."

Then a hospital is to be founded, and chairs of theology established for the instruction of those who shall devote themselves to the conversion of the Indians.

Isabella during this interval of delay tried to induce Columbus to accept a large tract in Hispaniola for his private property, with the title of duke or marquis, but he resolutely refused. Perhaps he thought it inconsistent with his sublime vocation to accept a reward, which, while it injured his position by making him in a manner *primus inter pares*, might tempt him in his old age, under the specious pretext of attending to the interests of his children, to make a home for himself and them, and sinking into dignified ease to give up the further prosecution of his grand, but self-sacrificing and eminently "uncomfortable," designs. It seems scarcely likely that his sole motive in refusing Isabella's generous proposal was a prudent fear of increasing his unpopularity. Nor, on the other hand, was he guilty of foolish inconsistency in rejecting a new source of revenue; since the wealth which he desired for crusading purposes was sure to come sooner or later, he thought, from "the eighth" guaranteed to him in the capitulation drawn up at Santa Fé, if there was faith in a royal word and gold in the Indies. It was long in coming, for we find him saying in 1504, in a letter to his son Diego: "I receive nothing of the revenue due to me; I live by borrowing." And in another place: "Little have I profited by twenty years of service with such toils and perils, since at present I do not own a roof in Spain. If I desire to eat or sleep, I have no resort but an inn, and for the most times have not wherewithal to pay my bill."⁴

Fresh causes of delay arose. Ferdinand was much distressed for money, but Isabella had actually set aside certain funds for the new expedition, when, in October, 1497, Pedro Alonzo Niño returned from Hispaniola, and by his foolish boast

³ *Coleccion Diplomática*, docum. 126.

⁴ Irving's *Life of Columbus*, bk. xviii. c. 2.

that he brought much gold caused the immediate revocation of the royal grant, for it was supposed that this valuable freight would more than suffice to meet the demands of the Admiral. When the unfortunate captain, who had gone to visit his family before forwarding his despatches, came to confess that his gold was in the shape of three hundred Indian prisoners of war, to be sold, Isabella and Ferdinand, for different reasons, were equally disgusted. Although the letter of the royal instructions ordained that Indians concerned in the death of Spaniards should be enslaved, yet Isabella was shocked at the number. Arrangements had to be recommenced. Orders and counter-orders wasted much time. The anxiety of Columbus increased with every fresh delay, for he knew by sad experience how much the colony depended upon imported food, and how scarcity of provisions increased the difficulty of governing selfish and discontented and seditious men. Yet even his sagacious mind could not easily have conjectured the extent of the evils which tried to the utmost all the grand qualities, the high courage, the strong endurance, the vigilance, the practical wisdom, the mingled severity and mercy of the good Adelantado. The more he displayed his anxiety to hurry forward the preparations, the more "his cold-blooded enemy Fonseca"⁵ tried to interpose vexatious obstacles. In his despair, when volunteers could not be found, he proposed a measure which, though it met with the eager approval of the sovereigns, must be allowed to have been even in that dire extremity a grievous error of judgment. This was to commute the imprisonment of lesser criminals into a term of service in the colony. *Hinc lacrymæ!* There were bad men enough, and "basely bad," in Hispaniola already without turning loose into the island men convicted of multiform villainy. Columbus who to the end could never fully realize the deep wickedness of which the human heart is capable, no doubt thought that this plan might be regarded as the lesser of two evils, inasmuch as to send no ships at all was to consign the colony to certain destruction, while to send out men who had misdemeaned themselves at home was to give them a chance of becoming honest men, a chance which many of them, under the combined inducement of gratitude and interest, might be glad to seize. It was a melancholy mistake, and one which brought its own punishment.

⁵ Irving, *Life of Columbus*, bk. ix. c. iii.

By the most strenuous exertions, Columbus succeeded at last in fitting out two caravels early in 1498; but to accomplish this it was necessary for him, Viceroy as he was, to take much of the actual drudgery of the work upon himself, to go round to the storehouses and deal personally with the tradesmen. He speaks feelingly in a letter written long afterwards of his laborious quest of provisions on this occasion. The two vessels arrived in Hispaniola at the beginning of February, bearing to Bartholomew the royal confirmation of his appointment, which gave strength to his government at such a critical conjuncture, that perhaps a few weeks of additional delay would have made reconstruction impossible.

Six more caravels, by assiduous toil, were ready at the end of May. Columbus was just about to set sail, when a contemptible underling of Fonseca's colonial office, hoping to please his patron, ventured to crown a long series of petty annoyances by personal insolence. The Admiral, forgetting old age and shattered health, chastised him on the spot. It may have been another error of judgment, for the wretched man had an official character, and Fonseca would be sure to take the retribution as an insult to himself; but even if this infliction of well-merited punishment was a grave fault in diplomacy, the moral offence was surely a very venial one, and perhaps to Columbus it seemed more important to vindicate his honour, and assert his power before his own retainers than to consider very nicely the effect of his act upon one who could scarcely become more bitterly hostile than he then was. Fonseca was certainly not the man to let slip such a golden opportunity, and Las Casas attributes the decline of the influence of Columbus at Court to this incident, which was represented in dark colours when he was not present to defend himself.

The third voyage began on the 30th of May, 1498, under the invocation of the Blessed Trinity,⁶ and with a vow to give to the first new land the name of Trinidad. The avowed object from the first was to arrive at the mainland. Islands enough had been found already; it was time to think of continents, and Columbus, still irrepressible, was dreaming of discoveries which should throw into the shade every exploit except the imperishable glory of the first landing. From

⁶ "Partí en nombre de la Santísima Trinidad, miercoles, 30 de mayo, de la villa de San Lucar" (Letter to the King and Queen. Navarrete, tom i.).

the Canary Islands he despatched three of the caravels straight to Hispaniola, under the command of Alonzo de Carvajal, an excellent officer, Pedro de Araña, uncle of the unfortunate Diego de Araña, and brother to Beatrix, and Juan Colombo, a kinsman from Genoa. He himself sailed for the Cape de Verde Islands, to take in fresh supplies, intending thence to steer south-west till he had crossed the line, and then strike boldly west for any land which Providence might yield to his scrutiny. But a calm of eight days' duration, under an insufferable sun, which melted the tar, opened the seams, burst the casks, spoiled the provisions, and very nearly stifled the sailors, made it necessary to shorten the voyage, and to forego for that occasion the design of crossing the equator. When a breeze was given to their prayers, they ran before it due west; but it soon became clear that the provisions would not last even for that shorter voyage, and that it was expedient to make for the nearest known land with all convenient haste. Columbus turned north for the Caribbee Islands, and on his way saw to the west three mountains united at the base, which he promptly christened Trinidad, according to his vow. He discerned in this coincidence a miraculous approval.⁷ At the "hour of Compline," on the 31st of July, they reached the island, but found no anchorage till they had coasted some leagues. To the great delight of all, for they had reached their last cask in each of the ships, they met with abundance of pure water where first they went ashore. Footsteps and fishing implements showed that the land was inhabited, but the natives kept carefully out of sight on shore. When the coasting was resumed, twenty-four young men, armed with arrows and shields followed the ships in a canoe. Columbus tried to encourage them, but they could not be induced to come closer, and some music which was meant to allure them was understood by them as a signal of battle. They immediately discharged their arrows. Two cross-bow shots dispersed them.

In these first days of August land was descried to the south. It was the first sight of "America." The part first seen was the delta of the Orinoco, the part first touched was the coast of Paria. The caravels were in the greatest

⁷ "El presente atribuyó á un señalado beneficio de Dios; mirando como milagroso el tiempo, el modo y la vista de tres cumbres" (Munoz, *Historia del Nuevo Mundo*, l. vi. § 23).

danger of foundering as they passed through the terrible strait of the Serpent's Mouth, between Trinidad and the mainland. The natives of Paria were friendly, and the Spaniards obtained a great quantity of pearls from them. Very reluctantly Columbus abandoned this favoured coast, but his eyesight was failing, and he was suffering intensely from the gout, so that he says of himself, that he was more exhausted than even after his Cuban exploration. The men too were eager to reach the colony, and he felt that his absence had been already dangerously prolonged. He had sought in vain an opening to the west, and found himself compelled to encounter the foaming waters of the northern strait, more formidable even than the Serpent's Mouth had been, and named by him accordingly the Dragon's Mouth. It was the time of the river floods and the contest between the fresh water and the ocean tide, seen for the first time, was truly appalling. However, the frail vessels passed safely through on the great river-wave, and "Columbus gave infinite thanks to the Lord." He saw the northern coast of Paria, stretching away to the west, and mountains on the far horizon, which almost seemed to his imagination to beckon him forward, but he turned from the seductive shore, and shaped his course resolutely for Hispaniola, meeting some new islands on the way.

Nothing had surprised him more in the recent explorations than the prevalence of fresh water, fit to drink, in the Gulf of Paria, and when he found leisure to consider the phenomenon, he seized upon the grand truth by a simple induction. No islands could hold rivers large enough to pour into the sea so vast a volume of water. Therefore some portion at least of the land which they had seen⁸ to the south and west of Trinidad belonged to the mainland. It has been received as an ascertained fact that Columbus died in the belief that he had

⁸ Irving says: "In 1498, Columbus in his third voyage discovered the coast of Paria, on *terra firma*, which he at that time imagined to be a great island, but that a vast continent lay immediately adjacent" (Appendix to *Life of Columbus*, n. ix.). He seems to have been misled by a name, which he gives erroneously, without mentioning his authority; for he observes: "Here he beheld two lofty capes of land opposite to each other, one on the island of Trinidad, the other to the west, on the long promontory of Paria, which stretches from the main land and forms the northern side of the Gulf, but which Columbus mistook for an island, and gave it the name of Isla de Gracia" (*Life of Columbus*, bk. x. c. ii.). Irving fails to remark that Columbus tried in vain to find an opening between this cape and the coast of Paria, and that he in his own account invariably says, *Tierra de Gracia*, not *Isla de Gracia*. See Martin Fernandez Navarrete, *Tercer Viage de Cristóbal Colon*.

discovered only the eastern extremity of Asia. Whether his later voyages in any way altered his earlier notions about Cuba, it is not easy to determine, but we have his own words that this southern continent, whence flowed the great mass of water that sweetened the surrounding sea, was a land hitherto unheard of.⁹ He certainly would not have used such an expression of the Asiatic continent. One of two things should follow: either this southern continent, in his opinion, stood to Asia in much the same relation as Australia is now known to do, or all his previous ideas of Asia were revolutionized by finding this new continent.

Humboldt is severe upon the ridiculous notion that the earth was shaped like a pear; but Columbus takes some trouble to explain that he does not mean a pear of irregular shape, and if the illustration, even with his explanation, must still be deemed a little grotesque, he ought to receive credit notwithstanding for having detected the protuberance of the equator. Some other speculations which he made will be considered childish by all to whom the first chapters of Genesis are as a fairy-tale. He thought that this more elevated region of the earth, with its serene sky and fruitful soil and mighty rivers contained the lost earthly Paradise, "to which no man could ever arrive without the Divine permission."

In the passage to Hispaniola he did not make sufficient allowance for the force of the Gulf Stream, and to his exceeding surprise he struck the island fifty leagues west of the point for which he was steering. Having sent a messenger overland, he sailed along the coast towards the new settlement which he had told Bartholomew to found on the southern coast near the mines of Hayna. Columbus was by this time quite wasted away with pain and anxiety, nearly blind, and yearning for comparative repose. He found only fresh cares and deeper sorrow, "the bread of bitterness," of which Jacques Ferrer had spoken.

Bartholomew hastened to meet him at sea. A strong affection united the two brothers. Writing a little before his death to his son Diego, Columbus says: "To thy brother conduct

⁹ "Torno á mi propósito de la tierra de Gracia y rio y lago que allí fallé, atan grande que mas se le puede llamar mar que lago . . . y digo que sino procede del Paraiso terrenal que viene este rio y procede de tierra infinita pues al Austro de la cual fasta agora no se habido noticia" (Navarrete, *Tercer Viage*). These words of Columbus himself seem to prove that he recognized some years before his death the existence of a large continent which was not Asia.

thyself as the elder brother should unto the younger. Thou hast no other, and I praise God that this is such a one as thou dost need. Ten brothers would not be too many for thee. Never have I found a better friend than my brothers." ¹⁰ The state of the island at once drove away all thoughts of present repose. Only strong measures could avert total ruin. The Adelantado had held his ground nobly, and had shown wonderful power and ability, but the difficulties which traitors and profligates accumulated round him were almost too much for human strength to surmount.

Till the royal appointment arrived at a late period in the strife, the enemies of Columbus affected to consider the Adelantado an interloper, without authority from the Crown. This pretence, for it was nothing more, weakened his position by giving to open rebellion a thin disguise of resistance to usurpation and oppression.

And it must be admitted that there was much in the government of the two brothers little calculated to conciliate men who in too many cases were steeped in iniquity. We are tempted in the course of Irving's narrative to ask from time to time if amid all the inextricable confusion caused by Spanish profligacy and Indian desperation, we can discern in the commander-in-chief any positive indications of higher graces than mere superiority of intelligence or intense rectitude of purpose. It would not be right to complain of a prince for being too great a saint, but there can be no doubt that sanctity is sometimes an obstacle to immediate success. If Columbus could have stifled the voice of his conscience, and while yet in the first flush of his triumph and the plenitude of his power could have consented to sacrifice the poor Indians, and could have given free leave from the beginning to the Spanish colonists to enter upon that course of conquest which their immorality soon made a necessity of self-defence, the Indians could scarcely have been worse off than they actually became, and Columbus would have earned a popularity which might have made it possible to exercise some general control, and to repress more startling excesses. But this was just what Columbus could not do. He could not forget his solicitude for the salvation of souls, he could not purchase popularity by allowing reprobates to indulge their wicked desires, to the ruin in soul and body of those he came to save; he could not prefer temporal profit

¹⁰ Irving's *Life of Columbus*, bk. xviii. c. iii.

and personal ease to the interests of his Divine Master, he could not sanction or connive at conduct which was a libel on the Gospel, and made it almost impossible to Christianize the islanders; much in the same way as the reputed atheism of Englishmen in India has made it next to impossible ever to convert the native population. Above and beyond all other considerations ever present to the mind of Columbus was the spreading of the faith, and the preparation of the natives for the grace of Baptism. He found himself therefore immediately and persistently at cross purposes with men whose chief desire was to be rich and to enjoy themselves, selfish, ambitious, vindictive, and incredibly short-sighted. He ought perhaps to have understood better the hopelessness of the attempt to force men to be good by disciplinary enactments, and he ought perhaps to have been willing on occasion to permit a lesser evil in order to escape a greater, but he seemed unable to fathom the lower depths of depravity, and he too easily trusted men who only wanted the opportunity to show their darker nature. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

He found a conflagration raging. The direct object of this paper seems to require a circumstantial account of its origin. When he departed with Aguado, the Indians had been awed into submission, and all the island had been subjected to tribute except the Western principality of Xaragua, governed by the cacique Behechio, whose accomplished and really admirable sister Anacaona, widow of Caonabo, had thrown herself upon his protection. It is pleasant to read of the chivalrous reverence with which she was treated. The Adelantado marched out to reduce the sole remaining province, and Behechio advanced with forty thousand men to meet him; but if he had contemplated resistance, he quickly changed his mind, and yielding to the prayers of his sister, who had never shared her husband's hostility to the Spaniards, he gave a hearty welcome to his visitors. Seven years later Xaragua was the scene of a massacre as perfidious as that of Glencoe, and more cruel, and Anacaona was carried off in chains and hanged by order of the successor of Columbus. Behechio's countenance fell when he received intimation that tribute must be paid, for there was very little gold in his district, and he knew that the search for it would entail severe labour. With great judgment and humanity the Adelantado at once commuted the requisition of gold into an

equivalent of cotton, hemp, and cassava bread, an accommodation which Behechio accepted not only readily but gratefully. This incident shows how easily the natives could have been converted into loyal subjects, if they had been treated with the kindness and consideration and Christian charity which Columbus practised and prescribed.

Niño's shipload of supplies, which by fraudulent transactions was scandalously incomplete at starting, and had been further damaged at sea, scarcely afforded perceptible relief, and scarcity of provisions kept the colonists at the new southern port of San Domingo in a state of chronic irritation. The Governor tried to occupy them with public works. A dangerous insurrection broke out among the natives, headed by Guarionex, cacique of the Vega, who had suffered grievous wrong. The revolt was suppressed almost without bloodshed by the sagacious Adelantado, who surprised in the night time, and carried away captive, fourteen caciques. He ordered two of them, who had forced Guarionex to take up arms, to be put to death, but with great generosity he restored Guarionex to liberty, finding an excuse for his conduct in the treatment which he had endured; and he condemned to death the Spaniard who had abused the cacique's hospitality, though he afterwards remitted the sentence.

When he went shortly after this to collect the tribute in Xaragua, leaving Don Diego in command, Francis Roldan, the chief judge of the island, who had learned from Aguado to treat his benefactor with contempt, and proclaimed that his office made him independent of all insular authority, thought it a favourable opportunity to raise the standard of revolt. He was a formidable rebel, for to vile ingratitude, and, when it served his purpose, degrading servility, he joined the fearless courage which, in many Spaniards of that time, seems the one redeeming trait. He was a bold, bad man, as brave as Ojéda, and troubled by no inconvenient scruples. He never allowed a thought of duty or conscience or humanity to interfere with his schemes of ambition. A pretext was all he wanted, and it was soon found; for Diego, knowing that mischief was stirring, thought it dangerous to leave the caravel from Xaragua riding at anchor, and caused it to be drawn ashore. This was represented by Roldan as an insult and an injury. These Genoese upstarts, according to him, not only tyrannized over Spanish nobles, but wanted to cut them off from all redress. Diego tried to find legitimate employment for the mutinous spirits, and having

commissioned Roldan to collect tribute in the Vega, put forty men at his disposal.

The crafty leader, after securing to his interests nearly all his little troop, and dismissing the refractory remnant, gladly marched off to the Vega, where he made common cause with the aggrieved caciques. He found Don Bartholomew in power on his return, and receiving from him a very curt refusal to an insolent demand that the ship should be launched, he seceded with seventy men, and endeavoured to win over the veteran commander of Fort Concepcion, but Miguel Ballester was a good man and a staunch soldier. Roldan succeeded only too well in securing many followers by promises of full freedom from all disagreeable restraints of law, and Don Bartholomew, who had marched to the relief of Fort Concepcion, and Don Diego in Isabella, did not know how far they could trust their troops. The rebels felt their strength increasing from day to day, and grew more insolent and daring, threatening Fort Concepcion with regular siege; but just when the prospect was most gloomy, on the 3rd of February, 1498, the two precursor caravels under Coronal came to support legitimate authority. Roldan fomented a fresh revolt of Guarionex, but this the Adelantado promptly suppressed, once more refusing to take the life of Guarionex, whom he was content to detain in prison. It was the policy of Roldan and his followers to represent themselves to the Indians as their protectors, and they even imposed upon Anacaona, and being graciously received in Xaragua, tried to make the most of their brief season of impunity. The three caravels which Columbus had detached from his squadron at the Canaries arrived off Xaragua, and Roldan had the address to seduce some of the men, and to obtain supplies. The commanders, however, soon found out the truth, and while Carvajal stayed behind to try to bring Roldan back to his allegiance, the other two sailed for San Domingo. Roldan began to be anxious to escape from his dangerous position, and by an ingenious distinction declared that he was in arms not against the Admiral, but against Don Bartholomew, and that when the Admiral returned he would submit. Columbus on his arrival empowered Miguel Ballester to treat with the rebels, who came in a tumultuary force to the Vega ostensibly to state their grievances. They laughed at the offer of pardon, for the very offering of it was a sign of weakness. No one knew this better than Columbus himself, but a review of his troops had shown

him unmistakably that he could not risk a battle. Roldan seems to have been favourably impressed by an affectionate letter from Columbus, recalling him to his duty ; but he was no longer his own master, and had to consider the wishes of the turbulent band, who had only obeyed him as long as he gave them their own way. Columbus delayed some caravels which were on the point of starting, in the hope of being able to induce some of the malcontents to embark. He wrote to the sovereigns to tell them of the deplorable state of the island, and to complain of the men who had brought it about, and he asked permission in the dearth of labourers to employ for two years longer the forced service of prisoners of war. This unlucky suggestion displeased Isabella much, for it came to give colour to the falsehood industriously circulated by Fonseca's faction that Columbus and his brothers were the obstinate oppressors of the natives, compassion for whose unmerited sufferings was among the motives of the late insurrection. The best proof that the assertion was pure calumny is found in the conduct of such men as Alonzo de Ojéda, shortly to be noticed, for we learn therefrom how Fonseca could excuse in his friends the open traffic in slaves shamelessly captured without a shadow of right, while he was loud in his condemnation of Columbus for being willing to enslave prisoners of war.

Failing in his endeavour to persuade the insurgents to depart from the island, Columbus was reduced to the most humiliating concessions. He had among other things to reinstate Roldan in his office of chief judge. The storm clouds still gathered above him. A new insurrection of the natives called the Adelantado from his side. Word was brought that Ojéda, once his loyal officer, now an independent explorer and slave-merchant furnished by Fonseca, in violation of confidence and honour, with the latest chart of the Gulf of Paria, had landed on the island with hostile intentions ; and had the effrontery to claim as from the Crown the government of the colony ; and worst of all a letter came from the sovereigns showing plainly that his truthful narrative had not prevailed against the slanders of men who were on the spot and could watch their opportunity. He was, in his own words, "absent, envied, and a foreigner in the land."

His heart sank within him. Such fierce trials following close upon the exhaustion of a long voyage, and accompanied by sickness and bodily pain, would have subdued a less resolute spirit long before. It was Christmas Day 1499. In his nervous pros-

tration he was seized with a sudden dread of assassination, certainly not groundless considering the character of his assailants, and was strongly tempted to take flight with his brothers from the island. Then he heard, or fancied that he heard a voice saying to him, "Man of little faith, fear not, it is I."

He recovered confidence and the state of things rapidly mended. Roldan, whom from sheer necessity he sent to encounter Ojeda, entered warmly into his new mission, and seemed to find a pleasure in exerting for the defence of law and order all the vigour and courage and address which had given such force to his rebellion. He was soon at open war with his former followers, but, with Roldan changed from an enemy to a friend, Columbus was able to strike terror once more. Adrian de Moxica, convicted of conspiracy to assassinate both Roldan and Columbus, was captured with his companions by Roldan, who sent a messenger to Fort Concepcion, where Columbus then was, to learn his pleasure with regard to the prisoners. Columbus with tears signed the order for the execution of Moxica, and the rest were condemned to exile or imprisonment. Led out to execution on the ramparts at San Domingo, the wretched man displayed the most abject terror, and to gain a little time refused to make his confession, till at last Roldan lost all patience and ordered him to be hanged from the battlements.¹¹

Hispaniola was fast recovering its prosperity, and Columbus had sent a long and careful account of all the disturbances to the sovereigns, and was once more beginning to promise himself a season of repose, when Francis Bobadilla arrived as royal commissioner to inquire into the state of the colony. He came with the fullest powers, but these were not to be used, or even made known, except in emergency. He was to examine into the conduct of the Admiral, and to supersede him if he found him really guilty. Ferdinand deserves the credit of this strange device, which promoted impartial judicial inquiry by making it the immediate interest of the judge to condemn the accused. Bobadilla, like Aguado, was weak and vain. He came with his mind made up. Columbus was prejudged, and confirmation of his guilt was all the commissary cared to have. He was pro-

¹¹ Irving following Herrera wrongly attributes this execution without the Sacraments to Columbus, who by his own account was absent on the occasion, and hearing afterwards of Roldan's unseemly haste was filled with grief.

vided with three letters of carefully graduated intensity, the most imperious of which commanded Columbus in the name of the sovereigns to deliver up all fortresses and ships; and besides these letters he was the bearer of a brief but significant missive to the Admiral. Bobadilla did not meet with ready submission, and exhausted his own three letters before he could persuade Don Diego, who was in command at San Domingo in the absence of the Admiral at Fort Concepcion, that he was not an audacious adventurer like Ojeda, whose similar claims were still fresh in the memory of all. Columbus, to whom the lightest command of the sovereigns had ever been a law, was painfully embarrassed, for, though it seemed that Bobadilla had been really despatched by the sovereigns, the amazing insolence of his behaviour made it natural to suppose that, like Aguado, he had lost his self-possession, and was disposed to exaggerate his powers. When he saw with his own eyes the cruel little note which without one word of regret, or one soothing phrase, cancelled the rights secured by solemn treaty to him and his heirs, he yielded at once to Bobadilla's peremptory summons. The letter ran :

Don Christopher Colon, our Admiral of the Ocean sea, we have charged the Commander Francis de Bobadilla, bearer of these presents, to make known to you in our name certain matters with which he is intrusted. We pray you to yield to him faith and credit, and to act accordingly.

Bobadilla's first act on arriving had been to set free the State prisoners. He then promised redress of all grievances, and having established himself in the house of the late Viceroy spoke of him with contempt on every occasion, and declared himself empowered to punish him.

Columbus came humbly in his Franciscan dress with his breviary in his hand, and he and Don Diego were immediately thrown into chains and confined in separate caravels. The outrage was so glaring that it was not easy to find any one willing to incur the infamy of fastening the chains upon the discoverer of the New World. Bobadilla being very much afraid of the gallant Adelantado who was with some troops in Xaragua, had the meanness to ask the injured Admiral to write to his brother. Columbus persuaded him to come at once and surrender himself to legitimate authority. He obeyed of course and was forthwith put into irons on a third caravel. Columbus

was moreover subjected to actual ill-treatment. Though in such weak health, he was deprived of part of his clothing, and was insufficiently fed.

Accusations poured in as fast as even Bobadilla himself could wish. Every ignoble wretch had something to say against Columbus, either to gratify some personal pique or to please the new governor. The judicial induction was of the simplest. Crimes without number or measure had too truly been committed. Columbus and his brothers, directly or indirectly, had caused them all, for they had all occurred under their administration. Therefore Columbus and his brothers were responsible, and no punishment could equal their deserts. A huge budget of misdeeds was soon collected (of every kind *save one*, let it be said once more) and Bobadilla terminated his inquiry. The sentence had yet to be pronounced. A man who had shown himself capable of going as far as Bobadilla had gone, might be expected to go a little farther, and Columbus prepared for death.¹²

The young Alonzo de Vallejo, a friend of Fonseca, but also a friend of Las Casas, came with a guard of soldiers. Columbus thought that they had come to conduct him to the scaffold. "Vallejo, where are you taking me?" "I have to take your Excellency on board the *Gorda*, which starts at once." Columbus thought he was humanely concealing the truth. "Vallejo, is it as you say?"¹³

The three brothers being all on board the *Gorda*, shackled like malefactors, the captain put to sea at the beginning of October, 1500. The passage was short and easy. Vallejo felt deep sympathy for his noble prisoners, and they were no sooner fairly at sea, than he respectfully proposed to release Columbus from personal restraint, but he would not hear of it. It was in the name of his sovereigns that he had been chained, and he would not permit any surreptitious alleviation of his sufferings. Wasted by disease and acute pain, worn out by labour which never brought repose, accused of causing evils which he had done his best to prevent, tortured by the thought

¹² Balbao, the discoverer of the Pacific, perhaps after Columbus the most loyal and virtuous of the great navigators, was actually put to death in 1517 by Pedrarias Dávila, a royal commissioner sent out by Fonseca. He was just starting with four ships to sail in the direction of Peru, and anticipate the achievement of Pizarro, when he was recalled and after a mock trial executed by his worthless rival (Robertson, *History of America*, bk. iii. an. 1517).

¹³ Las Casas, *Historia de las Indias*, bk. i. c. clxxx.

that the poor Indians, whose souls he would have poured out his life-blood to save, were being taught the vices of Christians instead of the doctrines of Christianity, and instead of being led by the hand to the waters of baptism were being driven farther away from the love of Jesus Christ and the hope of heaven, knowing in the bitterness of his soul that the testimony of lazy vagabonds and convicted robbers was preferred to his, wounded to the heart by the defection of those who should have been most loyal, and forsaken at last even by Isabella the Catholic, his spirit was still unbroken, and he was as great in the day of adversity as he had been in the day of exaltation.

He solaced his confinement on the voyage by writing to the intimate friend of Isabella, Doña Juana de la Torre, nurse of Prince Juan. One passage must be quoted, for it shows his own unshaken faith in his spiritual mission, and the source of his serenity in the complete assurance, that the persecution which had fallen upon him was only an episode of the long conflict between "the world" and Christ—

If it is a new thing for me to complain of the world, at least there is nothing new in its mode of treating me. It has forced me a thousand times to join battle, and I have always stood my ground till now, when neither good sword nor wise counsel can help me. It has cruelly flung me down. . . . The hope in Him Who made us all sustains me: His aid is ever near. Not long since, when I was in still deeper dejection, He raised me up with His all-powerful arm, saying to me, "O man of little faith, arise! it is I, fear not!" . . . God made me His envoy to the new heaven and the new earth, of which He spoke in the Apocalypse by the mouth of St. John, after having spoken of them by the mouth of Isaias, and He made known to me the place where they were to be found. All were incredulous. But the Lord gave to my sovereign lady, the Queen, the spirit of understanding, endowed her with the courage needed, and bestowed the whole inheritance on her, His daughter well-beloved.

This letter was read to Isabella at Granada before the portentous researches of Bobadilla came to hand. She at least had never meant that her old friend should be so treated, and in indignant haste she despatched a courier to Cadiz to bid the magistrate strike off his chains. She sent also a letter to Columbus signed by herself and Ferdinand, deploring the shameful misconstruction of the royal orders, and inviting him to Court at once. His enemies had in their blind malice

outstepped the limits of discretion, for the enormity of the outrage spoke to the hearts of all honest men, and made them execrate the persecutors who had contrived it. The third homeward voyage of Columbus from the New World, which he had given to ungrateful Spain, remains still one of the lessons of history.

The cold-hearted Ferdinand was alarmed. The name of Christopher Columbus was already known in every land, and the sovereigns would have to answer before the Europe of that day, and at the bar of history, for what, without some elaborate exculpation, would certainly be taken as an instance of ingratitude almost without parallel. Ferdinand eagerly disowned the acts of his subordinates, but his subsequent conduct shows, that it was only their incautious zeal which he really resented.

When Bobadilla's informations were presented for perusal, they also by their inordinateness conveyed an impression contrary to the intention of the framers of them. Columbus and his brothers were received at Court with every demonstration of respect, and in a solemn audience the sovereigns strove to make public reparation. A few days later the Queen admitted him to a private interview, and her tears flowed in abundance. That was a reparation worthy of acceptance, and to know that Isabella had been undeceived was the greatest earthly consolation in the gift of heaven. She promised adequate redress, restoration to office, reinstatement in all rights and privileges, the immediate recall of Bobadilla, and the repeal of all his senseless innovations, which in a few months of pompous misrule, based upon the desire to win the favour of the colonists by inviting them to contrast the present indulgence with former severity of discipline, had effectually dissipated the returning prosperity of Hispaniola. The re-appointment of Columbus to the government of the colony was to be delayed a short time as a matter of prudence, and a provisional commandant sent out. Isabella, we cannot doubt, honestly intended to carry out her promises, but Ferdinand had fully made up his mind that Columbus should not go back to Hispaniola, if he could prevent it. The island had not yet been made profitable to his treasury, for that at least, he thought, Columbus surely was to blame.

The Notary's Daughter.

CHAPTER V.

MISÉ MÉDÉ.

LEAVING for awhile the de Védelles occupied each with his or her own private cogitations relative to the visit of the beautiful Denise, we shall follow M. Lescalle and his wife and daughter to a country house called "Les Capucins," which belonged to an aunt of his, with whom they were going to spend the rest of the day.

This aunt was a maiden lady, who had been given the rather affected name of Mesdélices, but in the familiar Provençal patois, was called by everybody Misé, that is Madame Médé.

Mdlle. Lescalle's youth had witnessed the stormy scenes of the first Revolution. When, under the Empire, order was re-established, and property resumed its rights, she found herself in possession of a valuable little estate, and, though somewhat advanced in age, received many a proposal of marriage. The old Baron de Croixfond compromised his ancestral dignity so far as to solicit the hand of Misé Médé, but his and every other offer of the kind was rejected. Mesdélices Lescalle was sharp enough to know that at her age it was only her fortune that attracted suitors, and independently of other reasons this would have been enough to determine her to remain single.

Young Lescalle, her nephew, was, at that time, in Paris, studying for the Bar. He had often recourse to Aunt Médé's purse when his extravagant love of amusement and expense involved him in pecuniary difficulties. After a few years' residence in Paris, young Lescalle found himself provided, indeed, with diplomas, but with no means of existence but his own talents, which he was intelligent enough not to rate very highly.

Such being the case, he gladly accepted his aunt's offer to purchase for him an attorney's office in his native town. From that moment, Toussaint Lescalle entirely changed his habits of life; he married, and became steady and hard-working—the dissipated student of the *École de Droit* was transformed into a respectable man of business, and was very severe upon those who ventured to live as he had done in past days. It was rather amusing to hear him find fault with Misé Médé for her charitable indulgence towards people who fell into distress through their own extravagance.

In 1819, the birth of Rose gave Mdle. Lescalle a feeling of intense happiness. When she looked at the helpless little creature, just come into the world, all the tenderness and depth of feeling in her nature was called forth; all that sort of motherly affection which is dormant in many a woman's heart, and is ready to spend itself in its rich abundance on some object near and dear to it, which Providence, sometimes late in life, places in its way.

Holding the baby in her arms, she hastened to her nephew's room, and said: "Toussaint, if you feel any gratitude at all for the affection I have always shown you, do grant me what I am going to ask."

"What is it, dear old aunt? There is nothing I would not do for you."

"Let me bring up your little girl."

"What! would you really wish that, aunty?"

"Yes; I want to take her and her nurse to The Capucins. You and your wife could come and see her as often as you liked. Do let me have her, my dear nephew; I have set my heart upon it."

"This is a very sudden thought, Aunt Médé; you never said anything about it before. How came you to think of it now?"

"When I saw her, and kissed her, I understood for the first time, the deep love one can have for a little child. It was quite a new emotion; and then the thought came into my mind that you would let me take charge of her."

M. Lescalle rapidly resolved in his mind the merits of this proposal, and then said, "Well, for my part, Aunt Médé, I see no objection to what you wish. The child will be better off with you than with any one else, that I am sure of. If you can settle it with my wife, you can rely on my consent."

Madame Lescalle did not long resist the earnest entreaties of her husband's aunt, and Misé Médé carried off the baby in triumph to her country house.

From that moment her life, which had been so long a solitary one, underwent a great change. She loved little Rose with an intense affection, which filled her heart with overflowing delight. She was her joy, her thought, her care of every instant; and that large rambling house, which had been before so silent and so still, was soon enlivened by the sound of childish laughter and the pattering of infant feet.

Misé Médé's country house had formerly been the ancient and famous Convent of the Capuchins of La Ciotat. It was built on a slanting part of the beach, beneath which the waves of the Mediterranean were continually breaking against a belt of small rocks, just rising above the surface of the water. The situation was beautiful, and the terrace and the garden looked on a magnificent view of the coast on both sides, and on an unlimited expanse of deep blue sea.

This spot had been well chosen for a convent. We never feel so strongly God's greatness and our own littleness as when we gaze on the boundless sky and the fathomless ocean.

It was in this delightful spot, in the midst of the loveliest works of nature, and under the loving and fostering care of her great aunt, that Rose spent the time of her childhood. In her eleventh year, M. Lescalle decided that she was to go to school.

Misé Médé wept in silence for some days, but did not try to persuade her nephew to alter his intention. In her deep humility, she thought herself unequal to the task of educating Rose, and though she would never have volunteered to part with her, when her parents spoke of it, she submitted to it with silent anguish.

M. Lescalle made a mistake in proposing, and Misé Médé in acquiescing in this measure. If he had possessed a wiser judgment, and a warmer heart, if she had not been deceived by her saintly ignorance of her own merits, they would not have thought it an advantage for Rose. The society of one so holy and so sensible as her old aunt, the knowledge derived from her experience in life—a life, which like so many of those which began during the terrible period of the first French Revolution, had gained from an early acquaintance with suffering and persecution a peculiar strength and generosity, would have been a far higher and better training for a young girl than that of a boarding-school in a country town, under the care of good and pious women, not highly educated themselves, and obliged by the exigences of parents of the middling class to attend to their pupils acquiring showy accomplishments, and a smattering of learning, in preference to useful practical information.

The school where Rose spent six years was immeasurably better for her than her father and mother's society, and the influence of Madame Lescalle's worldly example and gossiping acquaintances; but it was as decidedly inferior to what she would have gained in daily intercourse with her Aunt Médé, as were the straight alleys and high walls of the convent play-ground, to the glorious expanse and lovely views of the old Capuchin monastery.

But it was not to be expected that M. Lescalle would understand this, and so his daughter had to learn the elements of various sciences in dull abridgments, and to tire her little fingers by running endless scales on the yellow keys of a consumptive pianoforte.

When she came home, Rose Lescalle had made a good First Communion, and since that time had kept up habits of piety which in her father's house would certainly not have been the case. But it may be doubted whether she knew as much of solid virtue and real religion as when she had left The Capucins, or was prepared to encounter the dangers of the world she was entering upon, as if, during those years when the mind receives its strongest impress, she had been under the wing of Misé Médé. The society of her school-fellows had not tended to elevate her tone of mind, or improve her character.

The calm good sense of the old lady made her perceive it at once, but she also saw that Rose was an innocent and loving child, and that

no real harm was done. The good nuns, in spite of the unfavourable effects of association with girls some of whom had been brought up in irreligious homes, had preserved her faith, and maintained her in the practice of her duties. Mdlle. Lescalle felt, on the whole, satisfied and hopeful that she might now resume all her influence over the child of her heart.

As to Rose's parents, they were enchanted with her accomplishments. She could play a long sonata of Hertz without making a single mistake, and brought home gigantic heads of Niobe and Romulus, drawn in red chalk. She could speak a little English, not quite with what Madame de Stael calls the "pure insular accent," but, at any rate, what sounded like English in her father's ears, who had once been in London for two days.

It can easily be supposed that in her solitary life the least circumstance connected with Rose assumed a high importance in Misé Médé's eyes. So she made her nephew promise that he at any rate would call on his way back from La Pinède. She wanted to know how Rose had got through this sort of first introduction into society. Contrary to her usual habits, she felt restless all the morning, and ten times in the course of an hour, looked out of the window. At last, she could not remain indoors any longer, and seated herself on a stone bench in the garden, from whence she could see the road. There she sat, knitting with a sort of feverish activity a thick stocking for her charity bag.

Misé Médé was then about seventy years of age. She was tall, thin, and as straight as an arrow. Her face rather long, her nose aquiline, her lips compressed, in consequence of the loss of her front teeth. Her features indicated a great strength of will, and would have been, perhaps, a little stern, if it had not been for the sweet expression of her large, grey, and still very beautiful eyes.

Her dress was half like that of a nun, half like that of a peasant. It consisted of a gown made of a thick, dark stuff; a round white plaited cap, and a stiffly-starched handkerchief standing out in projecting folds over her bosom.

When Madame Lescalle's wonderful bonnet appeared in the road, the old lady rose and went to meet her relatives.

"Well, Virginie," she said, "are you pleased with your visit?"

Madame Lescalle shrugged her shoulders, and answered, "Madame de Védelles was civil enough; but she is not particularly agreeable. I think she is as stiff as a poker—that woman."

"And the Count?"

"Upon my word, I hardly saw him. He just bowed to us and that was all."

"My dear," M. Toussaint put in, "the Count had to speak to me on business."

"Oh, of course; but he might have said a few words to us."

"He sent his son to make acquaintance with you."

"Oh, yes! and a charming young man he is; so handsome and tall, and conversable too, quite different from his parents."

"He is the eldest son, the one they call—— What do they call him?" M. Lescalle asked.

"M. Jacques," Rose said.

"Ah! you remember his name, mademoiselle," Madame Lescalle laughingly remarked, and then added in a low voice to Aunt Médé, "He looked a great deal at Rose, and he said something complimentary about her complexion."

"She is not an ugly little thing," the aunt rejoined, kissing one of Rose's blooming cheeks.

"But what is far better than compliments, Aunt Médé," M. Toussaint said, "is the certainty of being employed in the entire management of the Count's affairs. He is tired of business, and means in future to leave everything to me. This will necessitate my being a great deal at La Pinède. I am going to breakfast there to-morrow. We have to talk about the lease of a farm."

"How angry the Arnoux will be," Madame Lescalle exclaimed.

"Oh! but you must not say anything about it, Virginie."

"Why not?"

"It is better M. Arnoux should suppose I go there as a friend. It will have a better effect."

"My poor dear Toussaint," Aunt Médé exclaimed, "what a foolish sort of vanity that is!"

"My dear aunt, people value us according to the value we set on ourselves. I learnt that in Paris. For one person who looks into things, five hundred take them on trust, and believe you are what you give yourself out to be."

"I do not like that principle," Aunt Médé said. "I know of a better one, I think."

"What is it, Aunt Médé?"

"It is better to be, than to seem, worthy of esteem."

"Oh! that is a fine sentence for a copy-book, Misé Médé; but those high flights do not answer in real life. Come now, you must admit that if they think me in the town on intimate terms at the chateau, it will give me a sort of prestige. If I am simply considered as the factotum of the old Count, it will not do me half so much good. Trust to me, my dear aunt. I know how to steer my little bark. It has made good way already. I am considered an influential person at the elections, and people make up to me in consequence—the Richers on the one hand, old Croixfonds on the other. I am not quite sure that the de Védelles have not some notions of that sort too. I am rather inclined to think so; but the future will show. Now, let us go to dinner, and converse whilst we eat."

They all went into the house, and then on the terrace, where dinner was served amidst the orange trees, at the place where the view was most beautiful and extensive. To the right rose the crested walls and

picturesque gateways of La Ciotat, surmounted by the roofs of the houses. Further on a high rock, called the Eagle's Beak, stood out in bold relief against the deep blue sky. To the left a beautiful range of hills enfolded the bay in which lies the port of Toulon; on the foreground, exactly opposite, was the picturesque little islet called l'Île Verte, and the sea glittering like burnished gold in the broad sunshine.

It was just at the same hour that George de Védelles was standing at his window, absently gazing on the magnificent landscape.

"Does not the sea look beautiful from my terrace, Rosette?" Aunt Médé said to her niece. "We have taken away all the palisades which used to surround it, little one, to prevent your falling over the edge, and nothing now impedes the view."

"Oh, Aunt Médé, it is indeed very beautiful," the young girl said, and then for a moment remained in silent admiration. "I never saw so bright a sunshine as that at St. Benoit, the walls were so high." And then the conversation turned again on the inhabitants of the chateau.

In the midst of Madame Lescalle's rather prosy descriptions, Misé Médé said, "But you only speak of one young man. I thought the Countess had two sons?"

"Yes, Aunt Médé," Rose answered, "there is another, the youngest son, a pale, slight, strange looking youth."

"No one pays any attention to him," Madame Lescalle rejoined. "He is a funny sort of creature—half-witted, I think. Between ourselves, people say he is a *fada*,¹ and I dare say they are right."

"Who says so?" M. Lescalle asked.

"Oh, I don't know—everybody. Gautier, the farmer at La Pinède, who sometimes works in the garden, and Marion the milkwoman."

"What do they know about it?"

"Marion says that as she was walking in the night to Beausset with her son, they saw a ghost, as they thought, walking by the seaside. They were dreadfully afraid at first, but as they came nearer, who should it have been but that young de Védelles. She said something to him, but he did not answer, and walked away in another direction. She said he looked as pale as a ghost, and stared at them ever so strangely."

"How can you listen to such foolish gossiping stories, Virginie?" the notary said.

"Oh, I suppose you think, then, that there is nothing strange in a man's mooning about the beach at three o'clock in the morning, when he ought to have been in bed."

"I dare say it was some piece of nonsense. Perhaps he meant to frighten the women going to market."

"Very likely indeed; but unless a man is a *fada*, he does not play such tricks when he is no longer a schoolboy."

"Perhaps if this poor young man is in the state you suppose," Aunt

¹ *Fada*, in the dialect of the south of France, does not mean exactly an idiot, but a grown-up person who remains in mind and habits a child.

Médé said, "he may be restless and nervous. *Fadas* have often delicate nerves, and are bad sleepers. Did the Countess say anything about her son's health?"

"No; but I think she seemed a little ashamed of him. She looked quite distressed when he left Rose and me so suddenly."

"And the Count?"

"He did not mention him at all," M. Lescalle answered. "I do not think he likes him."

"Poor youth!" Misé Médé said, "who would care for him if his mother died?"

"Do not distress yourself about that, my dear aunt," M. Lescalle answered. "His father is very rich, and it will not be difficult to find him a wife. When a man can give his son fifteen thousand francs a year, there is no difficulty in getting some one to look after him."

"Oh, father," Rose exclaimed, "who would marry a *fada*?"

"I am quite of Rose's opinion," Misé Médé said.

"Oh, I don't know," M. Lescalle rejoined. "I dare say this young gentleman would make a very good husband. A wife would do what she liked with him, and have her own way about everything."

"But, papa, this M. George is not like a child who would do all he was told. He has all sorts of strange fancies and odd obstinacies. He does not want his father to cultivate his land, because he likes the flowers of the caper-bushes. He will not let them cut down a branch that runs into his window, and he lives in a sort of lumber-room, where he keeps all sorts of strange, useless things. And he does not dress like other people, he looks so untidy, not at all like the son of a count."

"What Rose says is perfectly true," Madame Lescalle rejoined, "and moreover, he does not seem to understand when people speak to him."

"All this may be as you say, my dear," her husband observed, "but I maintain that it will be easy to find somebody who would be glad enough to marry this youth. It is pleasant to have a rich husband, and to be called La Baronne de Védelles."

"How can you talk in that way, Toussaint," Madame Lescalle exclaimed. "What, marry a *fada*! It is dreadful to think of. It gives me quite a horror. I had rather beg my bread than have such an idiot for my husband."

"Well, well, Madame Lescalle, do not fly into a passion. Nobody wants you to marry him."

The conversation then turned on some other subject, and after dinner Misé Médé's relatives took leave of her. They were all more or less thoughtful on their way back to town. M. Lescalle was turning over in his mind how he could make the most of his position at La Pinède. His wife was occupied with the idea of sending to Paris for a new gown. Rose involuntarily dwelt on the recollection of Jacques' pleasant, animated countenance, and mused on the flattering words he had said to her. She compared him in her mind with Artémon Richer

de Montlouis, the *lion* of La Ciotat, and came to the conclusion that the son of the Comte de Védelles was much better looking and more agreeable than the said Artémon; but then with a sigh she thought, "He is going back to Paris."

CHAPTER VI.

AN ACCIDENT.

SOME days after the first visit which Mdlle. de la Pinède had paid to the de Védelles, the Countess drove to Toulon to return the compliment, and to make acquaintance with Denise's aunt, a good-natured, commonplace, elderly lady, who was very fond of her niece, of her pet dogs, and her little comforts. Denise was out, and so Madame de Védelles had an opportunity of spending an hour with Madame de Brissac, and availed herself of it by trying to find out whether there was any marriage in question for the young lady, and what were the ideas of her aunt and her guardian on the subject. If she did not succeed in obtaining any positive information about it, at any rate she satisfied herself that at present there existed no definite obstacle to the scheme which she had formed in her own mind.

Madame de Brissac said that her niece was to spend the following winter at her guardian's house in Paris, and would go out in the world as she had done before her father's death, under the chaperonage of Madame Legrand, who had daughters of her own, and intimate connections in the Faubourg St. Germain. She had married a wealthy banker, but belonged herself to an old Legitimist family.

"She will not long remain unmarried," Madame de Védelles ventured to say. "With her beauty, her birth, and her fortune, Mdlle. de la Pinède's hand will be eagerly sought for."

"Ah, even now," Madame de Brissac said, "M. Legrand often receives proposals for her from various quarters. But after her father's death, Denise declared that for one year, at least, she wished nothing to be said to her on the subject, and neither M. Legrand nor myself can get her to speak of her own intentions, or express an opinion as to the eligibility of any *parti* offered to her acceptance."

"Perhaps she is a little romantic, and means to make a marriage *d'inclination*," Madame de Védelles said, "and has not yet seen the person who may please her fancy."

"It may be so. She is very reserved about everything, is Denise. She made, I believe, a promise to her father on his death-bed not to make any decision for a certain time, and meanwhile I really think she is more occupied about her little sailor boys than her suitors."

Then the conversation changed, and soon afterwards Mdlle. de la Pinède came into the room. Madame de Védelles and she had many things to talk about. Denise was much interested to hear of that lady's plans of opening a school in the village of Troistour, which was at a

distance of about two miles from the chateau, and also of obtaining a second priest, who would assist the very old curé of that parish, and say Mass every day in the small chapel in the grounds of La Pinède, which, like everything else in the place, had been shut up and left in utter neglect.

Denise had all the *savoir faire* and energy in practical matters which Madame de Védelles was totally deficient in. Her cooperation in these plans was therefore singularly useful. She promised to see the Vicar-General of the diocese, to write to the Superior of an Order which sends out religious schoolmistresses, one by one, into remote and poor localities, and finally to go again herself to La Pinède to report progress and confer with the Countess, as soon as the answers reached her.

"You know there is nothing, my dear, like talking over these things together," the Countess artfully observed. "More business is done in a quarter of an hour's conversation than by twenty letters."

They were still eagerly discussing these projects when Jacques de Védelles called for his mother, with whom he had driven into Toulon. He was presented to Madame de Brissac, and quite won that lady's heart. The advice he gave her about the proper diet for her dogs, was proffered in that good-humoured, playful manner which had a great charm for persons of all sorts and all ages.

Charlot himself looked up into his handsome face as if he appreciated the interest evinced in his health, and Denise, seeing him so amiable and good-natured, ventured to ask him if he could recommend anything for the cure of a sick poodle she had undertaken that morning to prescribe for.

"Is he a pet of yours, mademoiselle? Could I see him?" Jacques eagerly inquired.

"He is the friend and companion," she answered, "of a poor blind man who sits on the quay, a few doors from the corner of this street, and who is in despair at his illness. I would have taken him to a veterinary surgeon, but his master could not bear to be without him even for a short time, so I promised to get some one to look at the old dog, and see what could be done for him."

"If my mother can wait a few minutes I will go at once, and give master and dog the benefit of my advice. I consider myself clever at doctoring animals. At Valsec I had quite a reputation amongst our farm labourers. They said M. Jacques had a gift for curing beasts. Have you not heard them say so, mother?"

"I know that has been one of your pretensions, dear Jacques, and I will wait with pleasure whilst you do Mdlle. de la Pinède's commission."

Jacques was absent about twenty minutes. When he came back he related with a great deal of fun and animation the result of his exertions. How the case had seemed to him beyond his own powers; how he had ascertained the direction of the dog-doctor, dragged him out of his den, and brought him in presence of the dejected poodle. How the very voice of the canine *Æsculapius* had raised the spirits of the patient and

made him wag his tail. How he had prescribed for him a certain powder mixed with his food, and a more generous diet. And that not being quite aware, in spite of his knowledge on the subject, what constituted generous diet for a dog, Jacques had given a piece of twenty francs to his master, and requested him to provide it.

"I assure you, mademoiselle, that I left the whole party in a happy frame of mind, your Belisarius declaring that when Mdlle. Denise took anything in hand it always succeeded, and that the dog-leech was a very clever fellow, and your humble servant worthy of entering into partnership with him. Moreover, that Toupet would certainly get well, seeing he would have the bone of a good cutlet to gnaw this evening. Between ourselves, my belief is that Toupet was dying of inanition, and that when you walk that way to-morrow, mademoiselle, you will find your protégé perfectly restored to health."

"How very good of you, M. de Védelles, to have taken all this trouble. You must be experienced in the art of doing kindnesses, or you would not be such a proficient in it."

"Is it an art, mademoiselle?"

"If not an art, a talent," Denise replied. "There are generally three or four ways of doing a kind action, and very different degrees of happiness produced according to the one we adopt."

"I had never thought of that," Madame de Védelles said. "I never see but one way of doing things, and it is, I dare say, not the best."

"On the contrary, dear madame," Denise exclaimed. "You have a natural spirit of kindness which guides you better, I am sure, than any amount of thinking would do."

"You are right, my dear; I never think to any good purpose."

"You are mistaken there, my dear little mother," Jacques affectionately said. "You are not conscious of it, but your mind is always occupied with plans for making others happy."

He would have thought so still more if he could have read her thoughts at that moment, for as she looked at her handsome son and at the beautiful Denise talking together of the blind man and his dog, and saw his look of admiration and her apparent pleasure in listening to his playful, amusing nonsense, visions were passing before her, all tending to his happiness in this world and in the next.

Providence favoured her maternal wishes, or, at least, seemed to favour them, in an unexpected manner, and being the most unselfish of human beings, she rejoiced at an event which had this result, though it involved suffering to herself.

As Jacques and she were returning that day to La Pinède, a horse harnessed to a light cart, which its master had left standing at the door of a public-house, took fright at something, ran away, and dashing against their *calèche*, overturned it. Jacques escaped unhurt, and so did the driver, but Madame de Védelles' collar-bone was broken and her arm fractured.

It would be difficult to describe the consternation her husband

and her sons evinced in different ways, and according to their different characters; but as intense as possible in each case.

The Countess de Védelles was one of those persons who, without cleverness or much capacity of any sort, and apparently singularly helpless and inefficient, by dint of tenderness, gentleness, and unselfishness, had become essential to her family. As is so often the case, though always delicate in health, she never hardly had been seriously ill, and when it crossed their minds that there was reason for alarm, it struck them for the first time that life without her would be a dreary sort of thing, and that they could not bear to look such a misfortune in the face.

The old Count seemed simply bewildered, and walked twenty times over from her room, where she had been carried, to the drawing-room, unable to realize that she was not going to spend the evening opposite to him, as she had done for the last twenty-eight years. George seated himself in a corner of his mother's bed-chamber, and remained there with his eyes fixed upon her till, her moans becoming more frequent, he could stand it no longer, and snatching up his hat, rushed out of the house, threw himself down, with his face on the grass, and remained in that posture till the surgeon, whom Jacques, the only active member of the family, had instantly sent for, arrived from Ciotat, and set the injured limbs. He said the fractures were serious, but still he hoped all would be right. However, the next day, a great deal of fever came on, and Jacques proposed to his father to send for the best doctor at Toulon. For that purpose, he wrote to M^{lle}. de la Pinède, to tell her of the accident, and to beg her to despatch, as soon as possible, whomever she considered to be the ablest medical man in that town.

M. Dubois arrived as soon as could be expected, said the state of the Countess gave cause for anxiety, but that with care and skilful nursing she would recover. He recommended that they should at once procure an experienced nurse, and offered to remain himself at the chateau till she arrived.

Jacques again sent a messenger to Madame de Brissac's house with a letter, in which he implored Denise to secure, as quickly as possible, a skilful, devoted, sick nurse, repeating what M. Dubois had said—that his mother's life would most likely depend on the care with which she was watched for the next few days and nights, and the quiet and presence of mind of those about her.

In a very short time, the answer to his letter was brought back. It was as follows: "M. le Comte,—I know of no one in this town whom I could fully recommend to wait on your dear mother at this critical moment. We have not any *Soeurs du bon Secours* here—none but paid nurses, in whom I have little confidence. It seems presumptuous to offer myself, but M. Dubois will tell you that I am not an unskilful nurse; and I may venture to say that what care and attention can do, will not be wanting on my part. I shall start in

an hour, and if my earnest prayers are heard, God will bless my efforts to be of use to one for whom I feel so much esteem and affection."

"God bless her," Jacques ejaculated; but turning to the doctor, who was in the room, he said in an anxious manner, "Mademoiselle de la Pinède—it is so kind of her—offers to come and nurse my poor mother. I do not doubt her goodwill, but she can have no experience."

"Has not she experience?" M. Dubois rejoined. "I am heartily glad of what you tell me. It is the very thing I could have wished. I have seen that young lady at work: a clearer head, a lighter hand, a more noiseless tread in a sick room, a more cheerful disposition I have not met with in the whole course of my practice. I can tell you that you are lucky to have found such a nurse for Madame le Comtesse, and I shall go away easier about my patient now that Mademoiselle Denise will be here."

Little had the old Count and his sons thought to have seen Mdlle. de la Pinède so soon again at the chateau, and it was strange to witness the effect her presence produced, when, scarcely an hour after her letter had reached Jacques, she arrived.

It seemed as if a mountain's weight had been lifted off the hearts of all in that house, as if they breathed more freely, and instinctively derived hope from the presence of that gentle, strong, bright-looking creature, who really seemed, so George said to himself, to be an angel sent to their assistance.

When Jacques announced to his suffering mother the arrival of Denise, and her object in coming to La Pinède, a faint colour rose in her cheeks, and she said "Thank God" with an energy which almost surprised her son. "The sight of her face did me good—at once," she told the Count the next time he came into her room, after Mdlle. de la Pinède had been with her. "I had been—I am ashamed to say—fretting because my illness would prevent those two from meeting, and now it has come about that it has actually brought her under our roof. Oh, something must come of it, I am sure."

Something was hereafter to come of it, but not just what poor Madame de Védelles expected.

"Mind," she said to her husband before he left her that afternoon, "mind that you insist upon it that she should have all her meals with you and our sons. She must not shut herself up in my sick room, and she should take a walk every day."

It was a peculiar life that began that day for the inhabitants of La Pinède, a life that was to last about three weeks, and then be as if it had never been, except as to the traces it left in the hearts and secret thoughts of each of the de Védelles.

Denise coming amongst them was a little like the effect produced in the drawing-room of that house when M. Lescalle had thrown open its windows, and let in air and sunshine.

The old Count had always wished for a daughter. He was—to use

a French word—very *impressionable*, and though reserved and stern himself, gaiety had an irresistible charm for him. His wife had been the comfort of his life. She had taken away, as far as in her lay, every stone out of his path, smoothed his mental pillow from morning to night, studied every turn of his countenance, and reflected, in a softened and gentle form, the shades which had saddened his existence. As to his sons—of Jacques he was both proud and fond, but there had never been any intimacy between them, and he had become so early a complete man of the world, and took—even at nineteen or twenty—such a matter-of-fact view of men and things, that, in spite of his handsome face and lively manners, there was nothing really young about him, and by the time he was twenty-eight, his father often felt himself, in some respects, the more youthful of the two. He looked up to Jacques for advice in worldly matters, and leaned upon him in all that had to do with the practical side of life.

George, as we have already said, was several years younger than his brother. The Count and his wife had always longed to have a second child, and though they would have liked better to have had a girl, his birth gave them great delight. As a little child, he had been delicate in health, and his mother, in consequence had spoilt him, which made his father send him to school very early. He got on there extremely well, and made great progress in his studies. When he was about twelve years old, Madame de Védelles' father died in the island of Cuba, and it became necessary for her and her husband to go and look after the property which she inherited. They were to have been absent for fifteen months, but a law-suit with the Spanish Government detained them there five years. During all that time, the letters they received from France spoke of George's success at his college examinations, and the prizes he won on every occasion.

His masters always spoke of his excellent abilities and wonderful facility in learning. His parents were joyfully anticipating that at the time of their return, after those long five years of absence, he would be preparing for his examination at the Polytechnic School, and that they would arrive in time to enjoy the brilliant success with which he was sure to pass it. But just as they landed at Brest, in all the happy confidence that such would be the case, they found a letter, which informed them that George, exhausted by mental anxiety, super-added to the strain of the last few months' intense study, had been seized with a brain fever, and was lying between life and death, the delicate organization he had inherited from his mother had given way under this fierce pressure.

The unhappy parents rushed into a post-chaise, and in forty hours were sitting by the bedside of their dying and unconscious son. For many days the case seemed utterly hopeless, and the eminent physicians who attended him said his recovery would be little short of a miracle. However, most unexpectedly, he did recover; but remained in a state of complete prostration, both of body and mind, so weak, that for

months he could hardly stand or walk a step, and sunk into such apathy that nothing could rouse or interest him. The doctors predicted that his convalescence would be slow, but that all would be right in time; what he required, they said, was absolute rest and country air.

M. de Védelles settled at his own place Valsec, in Lorraine, and with aching hearts the afflicted parents brought home the pale, languid, listless youth, for whom they had anticipated such a brilliant career. By very slow degrees, the bracing air, sitting out in the garden, and then riding, improved George's health, and his physical strength gradually returned; but the moral apathy remained the same. He was either incapable of the slightest mental exertion or unwilling to make it, and it became very difficult to say whether the condition of his brain really precluded work of any kind or whether a morbid discouragement had taken possession of him. He complained of frequent headache, was sensitively susceptible of the changes in the weather, irritably impatient of noise, wayward in temper, and inert in mood.

He had been spoilt as a child, and spoilt at school, by the perfect facility with which he had carried everything before him, and mastered, without effort, what to others were difficulties. His mother watched him with anxious affection, but she had no discernment of character, and never saw what was not obvious. His father at first kept observing every turn of his countenance, listened to each word he uttered, and devoted himself to him with a restless solicitude. But when nearly three years had elapsed and no change took place, he could hardly restrain the irritability and annoyance he felt at George's prolonged apathy and entire idleness, especially when his bodily health returned and he was able to ride for hours, and take long walks all over the country with or without a gun on his shoulder.

There was no doubt that George was by nature indolent, absent, and careless about many things. These defects had of course increased to an extraordinary degree since his illness. What had been looked upon as mere originality in the bright and clever boy of twelve, became intolerable in his father's eyes, in the lazy, incapable, and, in moments of bitterness, the Count internally added, the half-witted youth, whom he was ashamed of, and whose actual condition so painfully contrasted with the bright promise of his childhood.

The more irritable his father became, the more plainly he showed a sort of aversion to him, the more George's silence, reserve, and apparent indifference to everything increased. Nothing provoked the Count so much as to see him sitting for hours gazing on the sea, or at the clouds, or in the evening at the stars, or if there was a fire in the room at the blazing faggots and the sparks they emitted.

He had a habit of scribbling on fragments of paper, and then tearing them up and throwing them away, which provoked M. de Védelles, but he seldom took the trouble of writing a letter. "It made his head ache," he said. Had his father been more kind, or had his mother been cleverer, or had his brother in the least understood his

character, this state of things could not have existed ; but as it was, there seemed little hope a change.

The domestic life of the family had thus settled into a groove which was fatal to the happiness of its members. Jacques' principal wish, in spite of his real affection for his mother, was to get away : for the others the future seemed sad enough.

It was therefore singularly refreshing to all when a new element was introduced into that home circle by Mdlle. de la Pinède's presence. The Count was charmed with his young guest. How could it have been otherwise ? He saw her skilful care, her watchful nursing, her sweet serenity, working a rapid improvement in his wife. She was soon pronounced out of danger ; and, as far as her health was concerned, quickly became convalescent. Her only anxiety seemed lest she should get well too soon.

It was touching to see the little artifices she had recourse to in order to keep up the idea that her life depended on Denise's care. How they all leant upon this young girl, and what a strange influence she soon possessed over that father and those two sons, so different from one another, yet each of them feeling that there was something in her nobler, purer, and higher than they had ever before known ! And with all that superiority of character and mind, she was so simple, so innocently gay, so femininely attractive.

The Count had never met with a woman at all like Denise de la Pinède. He had known bad and good women, charming and disagreeable women, clever women and silly women, free-thinking women and pious women ; but never one who united so much enthusiasm with so much practical good sense, one so bold and fearless in defence of all she believed and honoured and loved, so uncompromising and yet so fair-minded, so just, so tolerant of difference of opinion in others, whilst so firm in her own convictions. He found pleasure in drawing her out. He provoked argument for the sake of hearing her speak in that peculiarly musical voice, which was one of her attractions, and watching the eloquent expression of her dark eyes. And then her mirth, so like the ripple of a stream, or a child's laugh, was wonderfully refreshing to the old man, who had lived so long alone with his gentle, but saddened wife, whose gaiety he had crushed long ago and then unconsciously missed it, and his two sons, who for different reasons were not happy in their home. He was the most openly devoted of the three to Mdlle. de la Pinède. He walked with her up and down the terrace during the short moments she could be induced to leave the Countess' sick-room, and after dinner detained her a little while in the drawing-room, and made her sing to him *Le fil de la Vierge*.

Jacques rapidly fell in love with Denise, and at the end of a week made up his mind to propose to her as soon as her stay at La Pinède came to an end. He did not much doubt that she would accept him, nor did it cross his mind that the dissimilarity of their ideas and feelings would prove an obstacle. He was under the impression,

which at that time was prevalent in France, that religion, though superfluous for a man, was a sort of necessity for a woman of the better sort—for the sort of woman he should like to marry—he did not at all object to a pious wife. It did not occur to him that she would object to an unbelieving husband. He thought of her as the future young Comtesse de Védelles, who would make a great sensation in Paris, and do the honours of a *salon* where statesmen would congregate and men of letters flock. She had read a great deal, she was eloquent, she had wealthy relatives and distinguished connections. He could not imagine a more perfectly suitable *parti* for one who, like himself, had the desire and the ability to play a part in political and social life.

Denise was very amiable in her manner to him. She was naturally kind to every being that approached her—there was not a dog or a cat about the place to whom she did not say a good word as she passed by the kennel or the sunny wall on which puss was often seated. As to the children of the gardener and the shepherd, they watched for hours together in hopes that the beautiful lady who was staying at the chateau might stop before their parents' cottages, pat them on the cheek, and give them *bom-bons*, that necessity of life to French children.

One very bold urchin made his way one day to the terrace, and was looking up in hopes of seeing the bestower of *pralines* and *sucre de pomme* appear at a window. But instead of the face which he expected to see, a very pale and, it seemed to the child, very stern one looked down upon him, on which he began to cry and ran away. At the bottom of the stairs leading down from the terrace, he suddenly came face to face with Mdlle. de la Pinède, who sat down on the steps and took him on her knees to comfort him.

"What are you afraid of little one?" she said, stroking his black hair with her soft white hand.

"I am afraid of the *fada*," he answered, hiding his face in her breast.

Denise was not acquainted with this Provençal word, and supposed it to mean a hobgoblin; but anxious to stop the child's crying, which she was afraid Madame de Védelles might overhear from her room, tried to lead him away. At that moment George appeared, carrying in his hand the box of toys which had remained in his room since the day of Denise's first visit.

Oh, this is very opportune," she exclaimed, and seizing on a hunter in a red coat and a sheep with a pink collar, she displayed them to the astonished eyes of little Pierre, who now looked at George with awe, but less terror than before. He evidently thought him still a very strange being, but not as evil-minded as he had supposed.

"Will you take him home, M. George," Denise said, "and let him carry away those treasures with him. But tell his parents to try and prevent his coming up to the terrace. Your father would have been very angry if he had heard him crying under the windows. I must go now to your mother."

George took the child's hand, and they walked towards the shepherd's hut; Pierre looking up at him now and then, half afraid and half confiding. When they reached the cottage, George told Madame Lubin what Denise had said and went away. She proceeded to scold Pierre for his audacity, and the better to secure his keeping away from the awful precincts, told him that if he ever trespassed again in the neighbourhood of the chateau, that gentleman who had brought him back, and who was a *fada*, would wring his neck just as she was at that moment going to do to the superannuated hen she held in her hand doomed to the *pot au feu*. After that day, Pierre's little companions, when they saw George walking on the road or on the seashore, always ran away in a fright, screaming out, "the *fada*, the *fada*!"

We have said and shown that Denise was kind to every one, and to Jacques as to everybody else. And then she spoke to him sometimes in a very earnest manner. During the hours when she had sat by Madame de Védelles' bedside, the poor mother had spoken to her of her sorrow, that this eldest, bright, hopeful son of hers had lost the faith of his childhood, and ceased to practice his religion. At that time in France this was however so commonly the case with the young men of his age, that it appeared even to a pious mother no strange thing. She had lived for thirty years with a husband indifferent to religion, and surrounded by persons holding infidel opinions. This had blunted the edge of her grief with regard to her son, though it did not efface it; but Denise, whose character was stronger, whose zeal was more ardent, whose love of God was a deep, engrossing, supreme affection, could not look unmoved on what she felt to be such a great calamity, could not converse without emotion on subjects which related to the existence or the absence in a soul of that faith which was the mainspring of her whole being. So when she talked to Jacques of anything relating to it, when she watched the effect of her earnest words upon him, and like all earnest words they sometimes did affect him, there was an expression in her countenance and a thrill in her voice which—poor vain man—he ascribed to a personal feeling of interest in him, Jacques de Védelles, not to the intense solicitude which one who has at heart the glory of God and the salvation of souls feels in every creature who is severed from the source of life and light, and the ardent desire to bring it back to a sense of its high destiny. He could not have conceived that the look of joy which beamed in her speaking eyes one day when he had uttered words which implied that he meant to think and act differently with regard to religion than he had hitherto done, could proceed from a disinterested anxiety for his salvation.

He would have believed it, perhaps, if he had ever followed Denise in the hospitals or in the homes of the poor. He would then have seen her beautiful face lighted up with the same exulting gratitude when some poor wretch, who had been cursing and blaspheming, perhaps, during the long course of a sinful and miserable life, with softened heart and tearful eyes, for the first time prayed or kissed the crucifix she held to

his lips, or when a poor girl on the brink of sin and shame, saved by her tender energy, turned from the tempter and followed her to a place of safety.

It was natural he should cherish hopes founded on a mistake and indulge in anticipations which reconciled him to her departure, for he felt that it was not during her stay at La Pinède that he could propose to Denise; and that being the case, he almost longed for the day when she would return to Toulon, and he would feel at liberty to offer her his hand which, to say the truth, he did not much doubt she would accept.

Madame de Védelles had unconsciously contrived to excite in Denise a strong interest in both her sons: in Jacques by speaking of him, by dwelling on his good qualities, and his talents, which had already begun to display themselves at the Bar, and then of that absence of faith and that sceptical spirit which enlisted against religion and the Church, capabilities which rightly directed might have made him, the poor mother fondly thought, a Montalembert, an Ozanam, or a Berryer.

As to George, she had been profoundly silent; but what with her compassionate tone when she spoke to him, his father's ill-disguised contempt, a few words which had been dropped by a servant, and also his absence, his oddities, and the wild anxious expression of his eyes at times, Denise had easily come to the conclusion that the name of *fada*, which she had heard applied to him, meant idiot, and that the poor young man was really half-witted. Still she had her doubts; these doubts led her to seek for opportunities of conversing with him, and gradually her opinion on this point was shaken, and her curiosity strongly stimulated. Now and then George said things which astonished her by their originality and depth of thought; but he never kept up a conversation. He generally sat in a corner of the room where he could watch her unobserved, but hardly answered her questions or seemed to attend to what she said, unless they happened for a moment to be alone together, and then he was so agitated that he sometimes said incoherent things.

She felt very sorry for him and had a suspicion that his relatives were altogether mistaken about this young man; but she did not venture with any of them to approach the subject. There seemed a sort of tacit agreement that in her presence George was not to be taken notice of, and they never mentioned him any more than if he had not existed. He did not seem conscious of this sort of moral ostracism, and went on leading much the same life as usual, sitting sometimes by his mother's couch, gentle, silent, and abstracted, only he remained more at home, and was often on the terrace whence he could see into the drawing-room where Denise spent part of the mornings busy with Church work. She had undertaken to make the altar linen for the little chapel which was to be used for Mass as soon as the arrangements with the Bishop were concluded. When she read aloud, as she often did, to Madame de Védelles, he stood hid behind the open window listening.

Meanwhile the Countess recovered rapidly, and Denise, in spite of her entreaties that she would prolong her stay, fixed the day for her departure.

"But you will return for the opening of the chapel?"

"Perhaps, dear friend," Denise answered; "but I can make no promise."

As she looked up from her work, she saw George's eyes fixed upon her with an expression which startled her. It was one of entreaty, of deep sadness, of pathetic meaning.

"Do tell my mother that you will come back," he said in a low voice. "I have made a vow to our Lady of la Garde to do for you whatever you ask me if you will promise to come back for the opening of our chapel."

"What a rash vow!" Denise said, with a smile.

"Very rash," he said; "for I should keep it whatever it was."

Denise thought a moment, and revolved in her mind the hold which that singular promise might some day give her over that singular youth, whom she could not help feeling a deep interest in, and then she said gaily: "Well, if I can, I will."

"I will, means nothing," Madame de Védelles said, laughing, "with the proviso of *if I can*."

"Would you have me promise to do something impossible?"

"Yes," George eagerly said. "I want you to do something impossible." He finished the sentence only in thought, and mentally added, "And that would be to care for me."

Denise was going away. She had been singing to the Count, for the last time, his favourite song *Al pié d'un Salice*. And then, the carriage being announced, she kissed the Countess, and was escorted to the door by M. de Védelles and Jacques. George was nowhere to be seen.

"How like him," the Count exclaimed; "not to be here to take leave of Mdle. de la Pinède." Then he thanked Denise for all she had done for his wife, and handed her into the carriage with a strong hope in his mind that she would be one day his daughter-in-law.

The *calèche* drove away. Where the while was George? Climbing up the sugarloaf hill, whence he could see for miles, amidst clouds of dust, that vehicle rolling along the road to Toulon.

The Count glanced at his eldest son, and saw that he looked troubled and excited, and thought it time to break silence on the subject which he felt sure was in both their minds.

"He put his hand on Jacques' shoulder, and said, 'What are you thinking of, Jacques?'"

"What am I thinking of? Nothing that I know of, father——"

"But I do know, and I can tell you."

"What do you mean?"

"You are thinking of that charming girl who has just driven away."

"Well, I do not deny it."

"You admire her, you are in love with her?"

"I am not prepared to say no to that either."

"And what do you mean to do?"

"Well, if you have no objection, I mean to propose to her."

"She would be a very suitable match for you, and she is certainly a very attractive person."

"Who are you speaking of?" asked the Countess, who had just been wheeled upon the terrace in her garden-chair.

When her attendant had withdrawn, her husband said, "Denise de la Pinède."

"And what were you saying about her?"

"Jacques wants to propose to her."

"Oh, I am so glad. And you, of course, approve of it?"

"I cannot see any objection to such a marriage: her family is just as good as ours, and she has a fortune of five hundred thousand francs."

"She is so *very* handsome," Madame de la Védelles added, in her somewhat dejected tone of voice.

"Not too handsome, is she, mother?" Jacques said with a smile. "If you had said too religious, I might, perhaps, have been inclined to agree with you. But, no; I should not like her to be in any way different from what she is. I believe I should not have lost my heart half so quickly to her if she had not been bent on converting me."

"Oh, Jacques, you will, indeed, be a happy man if you marry Denise!"

Jacques hugged his mother, as he used to do when he was eight years old, and then his old father. Rushing into the house, he shouted, "Vincent, order my horse immediately."

"Where are you going?" asked the Count."

"To Toulon."

"Not to-day?"

"Yes, to-day. I shall sleep at the Grand Cerf, and call at Madame de Brissac's to-morrow morning. The first year of Denise's mourning for her father ends to-morrow. She will see that out of respect for her feelings, I waited till that day to propose to her."

"Well, be off, my dear boy, and God speed you on your errand," his father said, and his mother added, "God bless you, my dear son."

At about two o'clock the next day Jacques rode up the Avenue, his horse in a sweat, and his clothes white with dust. He looked pale and jaded.

"What has happened?" his mother anxiously asked, as he came into the drawing-room, where she and her husband were sitting.

"Something we did not foresee, mother."

"What?"

"She has refused me."

"Refused you!" Madame de Védelles exclaimed.

"Yes, without hesitation, and without agitation. I spoke of hope,

and she said there was no hope. She was as calm, as kind, as decided as when the other evening she refused to sing *Gastilbelza*, the song I had bought at Marseilles."

"This is a sad disappointment," Madame de Védelles sighed, with tears in her eyes.

The Count cleared his throat, and took up the newspaper; but laying it down again, looked at his son, and in a husky voice said, "You will not break your heart about her, Jacques?"

"Oh, dear, no; I shall not die of it, nor even make a vow never to marry. I did not expect to have ever been so sentimental; but nothing cures one so quickly of that infirmity as the cold shower-bath of such an absolute and civilly gracious refusal. I shall go to Paris in a few days."

NOTE.—"The Notary's Daughter" is an imitation, and partly a translation, of "Un Mariage en Province," by Madame Léonie Douet, who has most kindly sanctioned this adaptation of her work.

The Explanation of Miracles by Unknown Natural Forces.

TO men in search of difficulties against the explanation of admitted facts by definite causes, the hypothesis of unknown possible agencies is a ready resort. It may at times be the only course open to a man of prudence thus to take refuge in the unknowable. Still this is so unsatisfactory a proceeding that, except in case of necessity, one is loath to stop short at an explanation which explains nothing. The late Professor de Morgan, speaking of spirit manifestations, declares that he can adopt no account up to that time given of their origin ; "but," he adds, "thinking it very likely that the universe may contain a few agencies, say half a million, of which no man knows anything, I cannot but suspect that a small proportion of these agencies, say five thousand, may be severally competent to the production of all the phenomena, or may be quite up to the task among them."

Now I have absolutely nothing to say of spiritualism at present ; but I wish to examine de Morgan's principle in reference solely to the question of Christian miracles.

In the first place, it is obvious to remark that, because there is a doubtful border-land between two domains, it does not therefore follow that there may not be territory clearly belonging to this domain and not to that. The most ambitious table of weights and measures does not venture to say how many straws make a stack ; but three straws certainly do not make a stack, and a hundred cartloads of straw certainly do make a stack. Some of the protozoa may be plants or they may be animals ; but a child that throws an apple to an elephant, can say for sure, that the apple is a vegetable and the elephant an animal. Again, an athlete may inform you that he has jumped over a stream six yards wide ; perhaps you dare not flatly contradict him : but if, gaining confidence, he goes on to say that he has jumped over the Straits of Dover, you burst forth incontinently into

verse, wherein by two lines of becoming gravity you prelude the assertion of the mighty feat,

The cow jumped over the moon.

To take one more illustration, a short word or two may be formed by a chance cast of type out of its receptacle ; but the British Encyclopædia was not originated by a lucky throw of this sort. There may then be extremes that are clearly distinguishable, while the precise mean between them baffles all attempt at discovery. That there is a debateable land between miraculous and natural occurrences, no one will deny : our contention is that there are also events manifestly traceable to the one category or to the other, and not lying dubiously between the two, like Ginx's baby between the two parishes.

But besides the threefold classification of phenomena into natural, supernatural, and ambiguous, it may be well to point out that the first member is again subdivisible into two parts, the one comprising events in the ordinary course of nature, the other embracing those effects which, though out of the usual order, yet present no character whereby to make good their title to transcend nature. Such we may suppose to be most, if not all, of the extraordinary facts recorded by such writers as Abercrombie, Sir B. Brodie, Sir H. Holland, and Dr. Moore in his book, *The Influence of the Mind on the Body*. In such works as these there are narrated tricks of the *imagination*, as where medicine has produced its expected effect, though this was really the direct opposite of its natural character, or where mere spectra of the brain have been quite undistinguishable from objects actually present, and have receded and vanished in accordance with the ordinary laws of perspective. Then there are tricks of *memory* : persons have alternated between two distinct series of consciousness, the one never being present at the same time with the other. An ignorant servant-girl, in fits of insanity, has, from memory, recited Greek and Hebrew passages which she can have learnt only from having heard her master read aloud as he paced the corridor. Next may be mentioned tricks of *sleep*. In this state excellent sermons have been delivered ; the somnolent discourses of one lady were found worth printing. In sleep difficult problems have been solved, and valuable ideas acquired. In sleep too, another servant-maid used to sing beautifully, and to imitate accurately with her mouth the sound of musical instruments, which she had

heard played in the house where she was living. A postmaster used to walk sleeping over eight miles of moorland; but he always woke up to cross a narrow bridge that lay on his road. Nor must we forget the tricks of *sudden emotion*. A lady in fright at a dog was seized with hydrophobia, though the dog had done no more than tear her dress. The cry of fire has raised up the bedridden, and afterwards they have needed to return to their beds no more, except for the usual night's repose. Lastly, a barber who had stolen some jelly from a gentleman's sideboard was taken suddenly ill on being told that the jelly was poisoned for the purpose of killing rats.

In cases like these, which might be multiplied indefinitely, no one pretends that there is need to have recourse to the miraculous. But when we ascend a step higher, when we come to the more extraordinary of the phenomena which are vaguely and often indiscriminately assigned to somnambulism, hypnotism, animal magnetism, epilepsy, and the like, we meet with some cases more nearly resembling the preternatural; and often it is a dispute between our adversaries and ourselves, whether or not purely natural causes are sufficient for the production of effects apparently so unnatural. Our opponents have always an unhesitating, *a priori*, reply in the affirmative; we frequently can only shrug our shoulders and say that we do not know. But, occasionally, we too are decided in our answer; we boldly assert a miracle. Before going on to assign my arguments for the possibility of coming to such a conclusion, it may gain me a more attentive hearing, if I first give a specimen of the sort of evidence which we have for some of our facts, evidence which, we are bold to affirm, could be denied only by a man who is prepared to deny anything that he wishes not to be true.

The instance shall be selected from Dr. Northcote's *Sanctuaries of the Madonna*. The author begs only this, that the reader in weighing the evidence will "submit to those laws by which human testimony is ordinarily tried." And I am not sorry that the example is one of the much ridiculed class of what are profanely called "winking Madonnas." If instead it had been a winking accomplice to a crime, and if to prove the fact of his having winked was to convict the culprit, it would certainly go hard with the prisoner if the witnesses against him were in as great force as they appear in the following abridgment of an abridgment, taken originally from very copious authentic documents.

At the time of Napoleon's disturbances in Italy, the movement of the eyes of a picture was first noted July 9th, 1796; and the same day a similar movement was observed in six other pictures. On July 11th, the prodigy was repeated in three further cases: on July 12th in two more, on July 13th in another, and so on, until in Rome alone there were recorded over sixty cases, while others occurred in other places. At once priests and prelates in the several localities instituted inquiries: but the matter was not taken up by the higher tribunal of the Cardinal Vicar till October 1st; from which date the Process lasted up to the February of the following year, the miraculous manifestations all the while never ceasing. Now be it observed, the fact to be established is simple enough. If honest human testimony is inadequate to settle so plain a question, then farewell to all history, to all bearing of witness in law courts, and well-nigh to all social intercourse. The only point to be determined was, whether, in broad daylight, in brilliant candle-light, and in both these combined, before thousands of spectators viewing the phenomena from near, from afar, and from every conceivable aspect, whether the eyes of several pictures and images did really present the unmistakeable signs of motion, or whether they did not. To answer this pretty easy question, more witnesses than were actually summoned might have been called to give their evidence, had there been any use in multiplying testimonies beyond the point at which the authorities stopped short. As it was, nearly one thousand people deposed on oath to the truth of the prodigies. These witnesses were thoroughly representative of the intelligence of mankind. There were among them citizens of France, Spain, Italy, England, Germany, Syria, and Brazil; the clergy was represented from the cardinalate downwards, and social rank likewise from the principedom downwards. There were lawyers, physicians, surgeons, professors, officers in the army, artists, mechanics, and shop-keepers. Each had to descend to the exact particulars of his own experience, and no question was left unasked that seemed critical in its character.

The motion of the eyes was proved to have continued in a picture transferred from a chapel to a more roomy church. A Piedmontese priest, at the outset very incredulous, first saw the phenomena at a distance of about six feet from a picture; he then ascended a ladder and stared into the eyes: he was convinced; but afterwards he went further. Before a large crowd

he re-ascended the ladder compasses in hand, and "when the eye-ball had almost disappeared under the upper lid he applied the points of his compasses, one to the lower eyelid, the other to the outer rim of the ball which could just be seen, and then removed them;" the distance he carefully measured on a scale, and made a record of it. The eye then returned to its place until the ball actually touched the lower lid, and below it there was not even a line of white to be seen.

Dr. Northcote notices incidentally a similar test put as late as 1850, in the case of the Madonna at Rimini, when by means of a thread stretched horizontally below the eyes of the picture, so as to leave no vacant space below the pupils in their position of rest, the reported movement was clearly ascertained and sworn to by a body of three ecclesiastics and four laymen, who had undertaken to put the matter to the proof. To return to the manifestations of 1796-97. There was in a private oratory a picture of the crucifix, which exhibited the prodigy in a way to determine the convictions of several, especially of those whose defective sight prevented them from getting a satisfactory view of the more public appearances. This picture could be taken in the hands, carried to the light, and examined leisurely; and as it had neither glass nor frame, there was nothing to obstruct the vision. It was this case which settled the doubts of the Rector of the English College. Indeed it singly was incontrovertible, though the other instances left no room for misgiving.

To sum up the inquiry. "Every conceivable precaution which the most jealous suspicion, and sometimes even the most resolute incredulity, could dictate, was actually taken by some one or other of the most numerous witnesses that were examined." A further guarantee was found in the agreement of the crowd in their exclamations descriptive of the various movements of the eyes, and uttered simultaneously with the movements themselves. If ever then an English judge has pronounced sentence with absolute certainty in its justice, surely with not a whit less certainty the Cardinal Vicar gave sentence that "the truth of the above-mentioned prodigies was established by proof enough and more than enough." It may have some weight with a sturdy Briton to mention that there are contemporary records in England of the miraculous events. A letter to Dr. Milner gives as one result of the manifestations, the conversion of seven Jews and of an English gentleman, while it notices the acknowledgment by atheists of the truth of the facts.

Even a Turk was so convinced, that he made to "the Lady" the offer of his scimitar. A man who will not yield to evidence like the above, has no logical resort but in complete historic scepticism. For if he will not believe that several thousand pairs of human eyes are competent to vouch for the appearance of an obvious movement, I am puzzled to see what title he has to believe the existence of Napoleon the First, or anything at all except perhaps his own obstinacy, of which he may have the fullest testimony.

The facts, then, being in some cases at least beyond all dispute, we are put face to face with the question, Is it reasonable to seek the explanation of facts so attested in the working of unknown forces, or in the abnormal working of known forces? The unprejudiced answer of mankind is, No. And the proof of this lies in such instances as the following. Ordinarily no man willingly condemns a fellow creature to death. If the guilt is merely probable and not proven, the jury are glad of a loop-hole whereby to escape a verdict of guilty. Now suppose the instance of several cases of poisoning to have occurred at one period—cases calling for exemplary punishment that the fate of some of the culprits may frighten the rest into desisting from their nefarious practices. Well, then, imagine that, after infinite pains on the part of detectives, one poor solitary offender is discovered and brought to trial. The case is heard; the jury retires; the court wonders why they are so long absent, for the verdict seems so obvious. At length they return, and the foreman, in reply to the question, "How say you, guilty or not guilty?" to the amazement of every one answers, "Not guilty." Afterwards he writes to the *Times*—a very proper vehicle for such communications—to explain how at first eleven of the jurors were unanimous for the condemnation, but that the twelfth juror was a certain professor, famous for his consistency and his conscientiousness. Now his consistency told him that, as on his perusal of M. Lasserre's book on Lourdes, he had sapiently concluded that water not chemically medicinal, by reason of occult causes, had wrought several cures, as well on imaginations conceivably excited as on the certainly not excited imaginations of infants; so now he must at least allow that a drug, not in itself poisonous, might by virtue of similarly occult causes, have accidentally brought about the death of several persons. For if occult causes are so often beneficial, it is highly probable that they may, just for once, have varied proceedings and turned mischievous.

Indeed, considering how much easier it is to kill than to cure, the only wonder is that occult causes behave themselves so well.

This much his consistency told the professor. Thereat his conscience came in and dictated, that he could not condemn the prisoner to death when there was so strong a presumption of innocence. Therefore putting consistency and conscience together, he had withstood the unanimous judgment of his fellow-jurors, who, not being professors, but only men of common sense, had been at length forced to yield to his superior enlightenment, in order to save themselves the inconvenience of being locked up on the very eve of a great local festivity. How, I ask, would the British public—how would some of the most anti-miraculous of our professors—receive such a verdict, for such a reason as the above? There would be a clamour of discontent from one end of the island to the other, whilst the comparatively sagacious Hottentots would laugh at our stupidity. Yet I think the Professor was only true to his principles, and it but remains for him to reconsider his position, and reflect whether principles that lead to absurd results can be in themselves otherwise than absurd. If any one will exercise his ingenuity in the assumption of occult causes as perplexing the details of ordinary life, after the example set him of similar explanations of our best-established miracles, he will find difficulties cropping up, such as seriously to threaten the even course of human transactions.

But perhaps it will come more home to the chief opponents of our view, if it be pointed out that no science can stand against the philosophy of occult causes. I suppose, if there is one triumph of modern science of which men are proud, if there is one discovery which a few generations back would have been boldly pronounced impossible, it is that some of the constituent matters of the far-off, unapproachable stars, should have to submit themselves to spectrum analysis by an investigator sitting quietly in his chamber. Yet on the law that each metal gives its own lines on the spectrum and no other, scientific men do not think that they are presumptuous in arguing that if the light from the stars gives the lines corresponding to known metals, those metals must be present in the stars. But in steps the "minute philosopher" of occult causes, and our boasted triumph is over. "How do you know," he asks with a chuckle, "that the metals are in the stars themselves? They may exist in vapour somewhere in the intermediate space. At least if

they do not, it will not be for want of room, for it is a terrible long way from us to the stars. Then I don't see why, because certain lines belong to certain metals on this earth, the same lines may not have quite a different cause in another region. For just think: some of the philosophers of your school tell us that two and two may make five up in the planet Jupiter. Now Sirius, mind you, is much further off than Jupiter, and therefore I do not see why Sodium lines on earth may not indicate some very different substance in the Dog Star. Then, again, this light has been travelling for years and years before it reaches us, and heaven only knows what transformations it may have met with on the way: every new medium that it met would have left its mark by reflexion, refraction, absorption, &c. Long journeys are apt to knock us all out of shape, and light enjoys no exemption." Of course I have no sympathy with such objections as these. I think we poor mortals cannot afford to account for every supposable "may be" and "might be;" if we try to do so there is nothing left for us but scepticism. We can get absolutely to the bottom of nothing.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies :—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

A person of the disposition to suppose everything supposable before coming to a decision, ere he committed himself to put out a mile to sea on a calm day in the noblest of our steamers, would have to examine whether it were physically possible for a storm to arise at a moment's notice, whether it were quite certain that every foot of the water had been examined, so that a hitherto unnoticed rock might not prove fatal, and whether the laws of specific gravity were so constant that an unforeseen change in the atmosphere might not alter the density of the water so as to sink the vessel. A person of this sort would be called a fidget, a hypochondriac; perhaps a friend would try to get him a certificate of admission into one of those institutes specially designed for keeping men out of harm's way. How often would people try to calm his fears by telling him that what he dreaded was *naturally* impossible? Whence therefore comes it that, when events just as naturally impossible do actually take place, we are

forbidden to conclude that the cause must have been *supernatural*? If a thing cannot be done naturally and yet is done, the inference is that it must have been effected supernaturally.

And this brings me to a well-worn objection, which no doubt would have been in the mind of an adversary while reading the above arguments. "We hold," he would say, "as a primary article of our faith that the laws of nature are uniform, and that like effects have like causes. When, then, we are told such stories as that several people have been poisoned by a harmless substance, or that a captain has lost his ship by a failure in the laws of specific gravity, we reject with scorn these silly excuses. But when you Christians come with your asserted miracles, some at least of us who are open to conviction, dare not deny your facts, else we should have to give up human testimony altogether. But we slightly modify our argument. We still keep to our grand principle, that the laws of nature are uniform, but we add that there may be certain occult forces rarely called into play; or it may be that only known forces are acting, but in a strange combination, so that the exception is apparent—not real."

Oh, for a Socrates, to catechize dialectically the deliverer of the above argument. Our friend knows the laws of nature are uniform. How? By experience.¹ Well, then, suppose—for we can always make a supposition—suppose that nature's laws had on rare occasions not acted uniformly, how should we have become aware of the exceptions? By experience again, of course. But how if the experience of uniformity, being the stronger, should have denied all force to the experience of the rarer exceptions? Why, that would have been blind tyranny of might over right—it would have been against reason. Now, this blind sacrifice of the weaker to the stronger is precisely the thing of which we complain. On the sole strength of general uniformity, occasional non-uniformity, no matter how clear its claim, is refused all recognition, and declared to be only uniformity in disguise. The most headlong

¹ I suppose the speaker not to adopt the view that this law is an innate, primitive principle, which is the doctrine (certainly incorrect) of some writers. Thus Chalmers says, "The predisposition to count on the uniformity of nature is an original law of our mind, and is not the fruit of our observation of that uniformity." Lord Brougham teaches the like doctrine, and so do others.

mountain torrent, were it suddenly to change its course, and rush as impetuously uphill as it before rushed down, would, on this theory, exhibit the laws of running water in disguise—a very complete disguise, it must be confessed. But, surely, some very good reason should be given for thus assigning unnatural effects to natural causes. This reason would be sufficiently rendered, either by actually tracing the events to the forces that produce them, or by showing that such forces, though occult, must exist in nature, from the demonstrated fact that no supernatural force ever can be, or is exerted in the universe. Now, no one attempts the first of these two plans, otherwise the forces would no longer be occult. Neither does any one pretend to have given proof according to the requirements of the second method of defence. For no man—that is, no reasonable man—tries to make believe that he has demonstrated these propositions: That God does not exist;² that God did not create the primal elements of matter, and give them their forces and laws; that God cannot interfere with the universe a little more effectually than men interfere with that small portion which is subject to their dominion.³ Nescience on these subjects is the most that the saner sort of materialists will assert. Yet, when awkward facts are brought against this theory of nescience, they forget their former position, and argue now, not from the know-nothing point of view, but from the ground of certain knowledge that God does not and cannot interrupt the settled course of nature in one single instance. Unless, indeed, they prefer to keep to their old principle, and argue this way: We don't know whether God can interfere with mundane affairs, therefore He can't.

But to bring the nescience theory to an issue, it will be well now to abandon the argument, which has hitherto been mainly *ad hominem*, and to enter more into the reason of things. St. Thomas Aquinas—and men of science agree with him—lays down this rule for investigating the nature of a thing. "The perfect knowledge of an object cannot be had unless its action is known. For from the manner and kind of its

² J'aurais une extrême curiosité de voir celui qui serait persuadé, que Dieu n'est point : il me dirait de moins la raison invincible qui a su le convaincre (La Bruyère).

³ "The influence of external circumstances on man is not greater than his influence on the external world" (Mrs. Somerville). Lyell says that man's modifying agency on physical nature is so strong as to upset the possibility of calculating many future contingencies from past events.

action we learn the measure and quality of its powers. Now, it is from the powers of a thing that its nature is manifested. For, according as it has been endowed with such and such a nature, such and such will be its operations." Hence the old axiom *operatio sequitur esse*, everything works after the manner of its being. This principle, therefore, must be applied if we would trace the cause of the effects called miraculous.

Whenever previously known causes are found manifestly inadequate to the production of observed phenomena, it is scientific to postulate a new cause, of which, however little else we may know, we may affirm at least this much, that it is a something possessed of the qualities which are indicated by the effects assigned to it. Thus luminiferous æther is postulated, not because any one has directly seen it, or tasted it, or handled it, or discerned it by smell, but because we know of no ordinary substance combining the properties of density and elasticity in a degree sufficient to account for observed facts. But there was another substance postulated by a famous man of our day, and I here adduce the example, because it makes strongly for my cause, though in one respect it might be twisted into an argument for the other side. Sir John Herschel thought he had found an instance of matter not subject to the law of universal gravitation.

*Liquidum et gravitate carentem
Æthera, nec quidquam terrenæ facti habentem.*

That is, he thought that the exemption was *absolute*, not merely *apparent*, as in the case of the gyroscope and of other instances where counteracting forces are at work. His conclusion was premature; and the subsequent labours of Mr. Lockyer and others have resulted in a more satisfactory solution of the problem. But assuming his first step to be right, Herschel is quite correct in his second. He said to himself, Here is matter absolutely devoid of a property which we know by our widest induction to be inherent in all ordinary matter. Therefore, though it is the glory of these latter times to have annihilated the difference between celestial and terrestrial mechanics, and to have gone far towards doing the same between celestial and terrestrial physics, yet, notwithstanding, I will admit an exception against this fusion of two realms of science, rather than give up a principle that is the foundation of all science. Herschel's own words are: Physical science has yet to settle "whether it is

really matter in the ordinary acceptation of the term which is projected from the heads" of comets. "In no respect is the question as to the materiality of the tail more forcibly pressed on us for consideration than in that of the enormous sweep it makes round the sun in perihelion, in the manner of a straight, rigid rod, in defiance of the law of gravitation, nay, even of the received laws of motion." According to Herschel, then, if we see a phenomenon really contravening the laws of gravity and of motion, we are bound to conclude, however much it may go against the grain, that we have something more than the forces of ordinary matter. This same principle carried a little higher leads us to the recognition of the miraculous.

Of course we must first establish our facts better than Herschel did, before we apply to them his principle. For proof of these facts I can only refer the reader, earnestly and confidently, to documentary evidence that is to be found in various quarters, but especially in the judicial processes preceding the canonization of Saints. If after a careful study of this evidence he shall still refuse to believe, then he will dispute anything, and it is no use arguing with such a person. But given the facts, it is unphilosophical to have recourse to occult natural powers to explain the mystery. For in many instances the circumstances are so simple, the forces at work are so obvious, that it is ridiculous to suppose natural agencies to be called into play beyond what can be observed. Granting that we may not know all nature's forces, at least we know all that exert themselves under the simplest combinations and under the commonest conditions. For remember these miracles are not wrought with all the apparatus of a conjurer or a magician. There is no stage erected, there are no curtains, no concave mirrors, no double boxes, none of the appliances usual at those places of amusement where people pay their money to be excitingly deceived. Miracles are as simple now-a-days in their operation as they were in the days of Christ and His Apostles. As Christ worked His wonders with short, plain utterances and little ado, so now a few common words are spoken, some ordinary water is drunk, a relic is applied, and suddenly, beyond all proportion to the material means employed, an astounding effect takes place. And that unbelievers themselves are convinced these results cannot be produced by natural forces, occult or otherwise, is proved by the circumstance that for the most part they deny the fact in

the teeth of overwhelming evidence. Having it at their choice to elect between one interruption of nature's laws and another, they find it more to their taste to believe the greater miracle and to deny the less—they will rather believe thousands of people to have been miraculously deceived as to the simplest facts that can fall under the cognizance of the human senses, than admit a principle against which *a priori* they have not a single valid objection, to wit, that God can and does occasionally make visible His governing hand in the direction of human affairs.

Such conduct is due to inveterate prejudice, the causes of which are betrayed in some of the objections to miracles. Thus it is urged that so many reputed miracles have been admittedly mere fancies or impostures, and that the people are so very credulous: that no one believes certain of the legends of the middle ages, and that the rule is a good one—*ex uno disce omnes*. I reply, Leave the doubtful cases, and form your judgment on a few of the best authenticated examples. A whole system of things is not discredited because there have been regarding it a host of mistakes. No man doubts the explanation of the solar system given by the astronomers of to-day, because the cumbrous apparatus of their brethren of a thousand years back, with its cycles and epicycles, has been thrown ignominiously into the lumber-room of exploded theories. A man may believe that he has, in a fossil, the record of an extinct species, though he knows that it was once fashionable to say that fossils were generated by the sun, or produced by the plastic powers of the earth. The presence of a thousand quacks in London is no reason why the citizens should spurn the services of the good physicians. It is unreasonable then to reject the genuine because of the co-existence of the spurious; it is unreasonable to reject true miracles because of pseudo-miracles. We have fact and fable mingled together; where we can, let us separate the fact from the fable. It is what we do with profane records.

Again, it is objected that an old Saxon monk, had he found out that a speech, reported to him as having been delivered in America five minutes before, really had been so delivered, would have certainly concluded that nothing short of an angel could have brought the news so speedily. But I deny the force of the objection on several grounds. For first, in the slow progress of human science we have a guarantee against anything like the electric telegraph being discovered and brought into practical

use darkly and on the sly. Neither was the laying down of the Atlantic cable an easy secret to keep. There is not on record a single discovery of any magnitude that has been the private work of one man. Electricity has been known for hundreds of years. Its application as a working power has been a gradual progress observable to all observers. Then again, if the telegraph escaped the notice of a poor monk, when he came to proclaim his imagined miracle to the world, there would be better informed heads to correct his error. But not the profoundest man of science can give any satisfactory account of our more palpable miracles. They cannot tell us, for instance, why a large extent of diseased structure in the human frame should *suddenly* be restored to its healthy condition by a draught of pure water.⁴ Nerve force is so unaccountable a thing that we can allow for a sudden nervous change on the application of a stimulant, mental or physical. But the tissues are built up and repaired by a slow process, through the nutriment supplied by the blood: hence it is not in nature that a sudden restoration should take place in this quarter. So that in these cases "monkish ignorance" is no argument for adversaries to lay hold of. Lastly, in the supposed instance of the Saxon monk, there must have been a wilful deceiver at work. But in many of our miracles it is demonstrable that there are no knaves in the transaction, and moreover there are no electric machines or any apparatus for imposing upon the simple. All is above board. Would that our critics were as honest in their examination as are the actors in the cases to which we invite their attention!

To conclude. I have urged at some length the unreasonableness of the hypothesis of occult causes, because I feel sure that to destroy it is to destroy the only plausible ground that consistently scientific men have for the rejection of all miracles. For those who say that even the best authenticated of our facts are not as stated, speak thus either because they have not fully weighed the evidence, or for another reason which it is not polite to mention. Now this denial of miracles *in toto*, is a throwing overboard of far the most obvious, often the only, means whereby to come to the knowledge of religion. Even Rousseau perceived that if we could have miracles, they were the surest and easiest proofs of the Divine Being and of Divine revelation. "This character," he says, "is, without contradiction,

⁴ Vide M. Lasserre's *History of Lourdes*.

the most luminously striking, one which cannot miss being seen, and which, showing itself by a sudden, sensible effect, appears to demand least examination. For this cause the common people, who are incapable of carrying on a train of reasoning, are particularly taken with a miracle." And Paley quotes from a Protestant missionary *History of Greenland*, the opinion that "they (the Greenlanders) would never be converted till they saw miracles wrought as in the Apostles' days, and this they expected and demanded of their instructors." With this idea the most remarkable religious record in the world—the only unbroken religious tradition that pretends to be commensurate with the whole duration of the human race up to this time—is in the completest harmony. The Old Testament insists on the constant recurrence of miracles. To separate the miraculous portion from the Jewish history is not to lop off an accidental excrescence, it is to destroy its very essence. I know certain Biblical commentators have ventured on the separation. But I also know that St. Paul has this class of men in mind when he says, "Some going astray have turned unto foolish speech, wishing to be doctors of the law, but understanding neither what they say nor of what matters they are making assertions." Perhaps nowhere could a host of more silly utterances be found than in the pages of Biblical critics of the rationalistic school. In order to pervert a text they dig for old roots, five or six languages deep, till they arrive at some radicle that suits their purpose; then up they come, bringing their fossil with them, that with the dead they may dispossess the living meaning of the language, as it was understood at the time when the Scriptures were written. But this is a comparatively reasonable proceeding by the side of others.

The critics notwithstanding, therefore, it remains true that miracles are of the very substance of the Old Testament. Miraculous too is the link between the Old Testament and the New. Prophecies and types demonstrably set forth long before, and afterwards demonstrably realized, the connexion of which I speak. But independently of this testimony, Christ's own miracles were alone enough to guarantee His declaration that He was the Son of God. Nor were miracles to cease with Him; He promised them to His followers. "If you believe in Me," He says, "the works that I do, you shall do also, and greater than these shall you perform." "These signs shall follow those who believe: in My Name they shall

cast out devils, they shall speak in new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink anything deadly it shall not harm them : they shall lay their hands upon the sick and these shall be healed." How Christ's promises were fulfilled, as far as the Acts of the Apostles testify, is pretty well known. But few consider the witness that is borne by later authorities to the continuation of the prodigies. The declarations of early Fathers and ecclesiastical writers are abundant and unmistakeably plain ; so that there is absolutely no alternative between believing these great men, and setting them down as most unprincipled conspirators, leagued together for the propagation of a most barefaced system of lies, the refutation of which must have been the easiest thing possible to adversaries living in the very midst of the reported wonders, and challenged to come and make proof of them. The Christian witnesses are either true speakers or deliberate deceivers ; they could not have been innocent dupes ; the facts they assert are often of too obvious a character to admit of deception.

One should be careful, however, before pronouncing men, revered for centuries throughout the Christian world, to be the vilest of impostors. Listen now to a few gleanings from their testimony as to facts for the most part perceptible to the five senses, without aid from modern science. St. Clement of Rome, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, warns those possessed of supernatural discernment against being proud of their endowments. He implies therefore that they had these gifts. St. Ignatius the Martyr once and again asserts himself to have been under the guidance of supernatural inspiration. Quadratus in his Apology says, " There flourished also among the successors of the Apostles many others holding the position of chiefs, who, after they had laid the foundations of the faith in certain remote and barbarous places, hastened away to fresh countries, accompanied by the power and grace of God. The virtue of the Divine Spirit, through their instrumentality, wrought here likewise many miracles, so that at the first hearing of these preachers, whole peoples embraced with alacrity the worship of God." St. Justin thus taunts the Jews, " Amongst us there still abide the gifts of prophecy ; whence you ought to know that what formerly belonged to you, has now been made over to us." " Often," says St. Irenæus, " amongst the brethren, at the request of the whole body of the faithful, who urged their entreaty with many prayers and fastings, a soul departed has returned to the

body. . . . Some do most truly and unmistakeably drive out devils, so that many who are troubled with evil spirits are brought to embrace our religion and remain faithful to the Church. Others have received the gifts of prophecy and of visions. Others heal the sick by the imposition of hands. Why say more? It were impossible to enumerate all the gifts which the Church throughout the world has received in the name of Him that was crucified under Pontius Pilate, and which she daily uses for the benefit of the nations." Tertullian boldly challenges his adversaries as follows: "Bring forth before your tribunals a man who is well known to be possessed by a demon. The evil spirit at the bidding of a Christian—any one you like—will as truly confess himself to be a devil as elsewhere he will falsely proclaim himself a god." He then calls on them to confront a Christian with some of the Pagan seers, and offers to let the blood of the Christian answer for it, unless the demons are again forced to acknowledge themselves. "What more trustworthy," he asks, "than proof like this? Truth in all its simplicity is manifest before you." Origen bears the like testimony. "Even now-a-days among Christians there are tokens of the presence of the Holy Ghost, Who came down in the form of a dove. For they cast out devils, they heal diseases, they foresee the future . . . Many have embraced the Christian religion, as it were, in spite of themselves, being suddenly seized by some spirit, whether in a vision or in a dream; so that setting aside the hatred that they had conceived for our faith, they were resolved in its defence to lay down their lives. We ourselves have known many such cases; but were we to record them, though we were eye-witnesses of the facts, we should merely afford matter for pleasant mirth to the sceptical." Minutius Felix adds his confirmation: "These things, as many of you know, the devils themselves confess, as often as, by our torturing words and by the fire of our prayers, they are drawn forth from men's bodies." As a last specimen hear the words of Lactantius: "At the name of Christ the demons tremble, and cry out that they are burning or being scourged: asked who they are, and when they came and entered into the man, they declare everything; and being tortured and tormented by the power of the Divine Name they depart."⁵

At all these testimonies it is easy to scoff; it is harder to

⁵ *Vide Migne, Curs. Theolog.* tom. iii. *

explain, how on the hypothesis of their worthlessness, so many excellent and able men have acted the part either of knaves or of fools. But it is not attempted to upset our witnesses by strict logic. There is a sad truth in Professor Tyndall's words, that there is "a logical feebleness" in science, and that science "keeps down the weed of superstition, not by logic, but by *slowly rendering the mental soil unfit for its cultivation.*" Let it keep down superstition by all means; but let it beware lest, under the name of superstition, it keep down something that cannot with impunity be suppressed. It is something of an admission to allow that science overturns religion—for to the writer of the above words all religion, ordinarily so called, comes under superstition—not by reasoning, but by the special habit of mind that it generates. St. Paul has his description of this habit of mind; and if St. Paul is any authority, his words are most alarming. At least they should prompt a man to serious inquiry. Otherwise, if he should happen to find himself face to face with God after death—and many adversaries allow this to be at least a possible contingency—it would be an awkward question to be asked, Did you strive as earnestly to come to the knowledge of the Deity as you did to make acquaintance with some branch of science that very much interested you? And if specially interrogated on the subject of miracles, it would be a sorry reply to have to say, "Lord, I assumed miracles to be *à priori* impossible. Hence I despised any one who spoke to me of them; and it would to me have been an occasion of intense shame had I been discovered, by one of my scientific brethren, to have entertained for a moment the idea of seriously taking up the investigation of a matter which we all so much ridiculed."

J. R.

The Greek Revolution.

PART I.—ITS CAUSES AND OUTBREAK.

THE struggle between Servia and Turkey had scarce begun when the thought turned naturally toward Bosnia and Bulgaria ; and now, within the lapse of a few weeks, aspirations that had begun to stir the breasts of the Greeks are taking more definite shape, and are likely to find an eloquent exponent and advocate amongst ourselves. No doubt Greece would fain regain her old limits in Thessaly, Ætolia, and Epirus. She might be tempted even to hope for the realization of the old dream of her priests and primates, in the formation of a new Greek Empire over nations where her name, language, and religion have had so much ascendancy before. However vain either of these hopes may be now, yet Greece can certainly not remain an uninterested observer of the present struggle and its possible results. The history of the last few months seems indeed a recapitulation, almost a continuance of her own comparatively recent struggle. It is an attempt to rise out of a similar state of degradation both of condition and of national character. It is directed against the same power. It has been encountered in exactly the same spirit. It will lead indirectly, we may hope, to the independence or, at all events, the restoration to social existence, under a more bearable administration, of all the Christian subjects of the Porte.

The able and well-timed narrative, lately published by Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, of the services rendered by the French fleet in its station in the Levant, between the years 1816 and 1830, draws our attention to the leading incidents of the Greek revolt. We propose to retrace these incidents, as a chapter in past history which throws light on the movements and policy of all those concerned in the present Eastern Question. The scene of this war of independence was laid in the central home of ancient Greek liberty—northern or continental Greece, comprising the districts of Thessaly, Albania, and Livadia ; southern Greece or the Morea ; the Archipelago studded with

its innumerable rocks and islands, amongst which Eubœa, Crete, and Samos, and the groups of the Sporades and Cyclades bore the brunt of the maritime struggle.

When we look back with fond recollections to the glory and prestige of ancient Greece, and to the deeds of valour and chivalry that rendered it famous even in the middle ages, it is painful to read of the moral and mental degradation to which conquest and oppression had reduced modern Greece, and of the universal devastation which had laid waste, and still leaves desolate the richness and beauty of the land. We must not, however, visit this gradual deterioration of character solely on Turkish misrule. For we have, first of all, to acknowledge the fact that races at one time prominent for energy of character or a refined civilization have, from whatever causes, lost those distinctive marks, and seem to have become almost a different people. What we would say in this respect of the modern Roman, we would say also of the modern Greek. Again, as ancient Greece was always the battlefield of contentions between rival states, so for centuries has she been the victim of foreign conquest. Under the Romans its independence was merely nominal. In A.D. 267 it was overrun by the Goths, and again in the following century under Alaric. Subsequently Greece was occupied by the crusaders, and the Venetians, till at last it fell into the power of the Turks on the conquest of Constantinople in 1453. Even then its changes of fortune had not come to an end. Venice retained a deep interest in the Morea, and in 1685, taking advantage of the embarrassment of the Ottoman Government, it recovered possession of the coveted prize; and though, after a thirty years' occupation, the Morea passed again under Turkish domination, yet the struggle was continued by Venice with varying success till the year 1715.

Such a succession of conquests was enough to break the spirit of any nation; and as none of her conquerors hesitated to devastate, and impoverish, and tyrannize over her for their own selfish interests, the country sank so low at last as to pass with wonderful indifference from the hands of one power into those of another. The Turkish rule was however the last, longest, and most unrelenting in its work of crushing out the spirit of the Greek. "It would no doubt be possible," wrote Mr. Gordon, a Scottish gentleman who devoted himself to the cause of the Greek Revolution, "to cite a more cruel oppression than that of the Turks towards their Christian subjects, but

none so fitted to break men's spirit. The Greeks were in fact the slaves of slaves, throughout the Empire they were, in the habitual intercourse of life, subjected to vexations, affronts, and exactions. Spoiled of their goods, insulted in their religion and domestic honour, they could rarely obtain justice. The slightest flash of courageous resentment brought down swift destruction on their heads, and cringing humility alone enabled them to live in ease or even in safety." Dr. George Finlay states that the sufferings of the Greeks were caused chiefly "by the insolence and oppression of the ruling class, and the corruption that reigned in the Ottoman Administration." Yet it took so long a time to make the Greeks really hate their servitude, and they nursed their gradually rising hatred with so little hope of effectual resistance, that we must look beyond the mere pressure of the chain for the real causes of their revolt.

Before we consider external opportunities facilitating the rising of the country, let us notice those resources which helped, within the nation itself, to feed its spirit of energy and resistance. Up to the time of the occupation of the Morea by the Venetians the larger proportion of the Turkish infantry had been habitually levied from the conquered country, by the enforced enrolment and conversion to Mohammedanism of the strongest and healthiest Christian children. When that oppressive tax in kind was abolished, the full complement of their increasing strength was restored to the Greek population. Another great advantage which the nation possessed was the ascendancy given to the Greek Church in the political privileges granted it by the Ottoman Government, coupled with the fact that the inhabitants of the Morea had kept their religion untainted during ages of foreign domination. We can easily understand how the exercise of an extensive civil jurisdiction, in which the Patriarch of Constantinople was supported by the Sultan, suggested to the priests at all events, and to the more educated classes of the people the hope of the ultimate elevation of the Greeks to be a dominant race. A sort of Greek aristocracy had also been fostered by the Ottoman Government, consisting of the primates in Greece and of the Phanariots at Constantinople. These last were either descended from noble Byzantine families or emigrants from different parts of the old Empire. They received their title from inhabiting the quarter of the city containing the phanarion or beacon, and being bankers, secretaries, and dragomans or interpreters to the fleet and the Porte, they obtained con-

siderable power, both over the navy and amongst the islands of the Archipelago.

The real strength, however, of the Greek race lay in its ancient seats of liberty. It is true the Moreots, or inhabitants of the Morea, did not stand high in character amongst their fellow-countrymen, yet they enjoyed some peculiar advantages amongst themselves. The Mohammedan conquest tended to raise the condition of the peasantry, making them freemen—an integral part of Greek nationality, willing and able to spread Greek feelings and traditions through the towns. The Morea possessed also a more perfect municipal organization. Each village elected its own demogeront, these, with the towns, elected proësti, and the proësti chose a primate. The primates resided at Tripolitza, and acted as a Council for the affairs of the Christian population. As one chief primate was elected to reside at Constantinople, his personal influence with the Ministers of the Sultan, and with the two Greek dragomans of the Porte and the fleet, gave to the Home Government a share of actual power.

What was wanting of courage and energy in the warlike Greek of the Morea was supplied by the admixture of the Albanian character. The Albanians, or Arnauts, form a distinct race amongst the nations of Europe, and are descended from the ancient Illyrians. At one time they were all Christians, and though their aristocracy embraced Mohammedanism in the fifteenth century, and a large proportion of the common people again in the seventeenth, yet these Mussulman Albanians were hated by the Greeks, and formed a very small portion of Albanian settlers in the Morea. Albania is a country of rugged mountains, the nursery of a hardy and military race, whose landlords are chieftains, and whose peasantry are soldiers or brigands going about constantly armed.

These warlike mountaineers began to settle in Greece even before the descent of the Ottoman conquerors, and the movement southward continued till one-fifth of modern Greece became simply Albanian. In return ancient Epirus was filled with Greek colonists, who outnumbered the Albanians in the regions immediately north of the Gulf of Arta. No doubt this admixture of the two races was often carried to the extent even of intermarriages. The Albanians had colonized Attica and Megara, the greater portion of Bœotia and a part of Locris. They crossed over from this classic mainland into the lower

extremity of the island of Eubœa and the north of Andros. They occupied the whole of Salamis and part of Ægina. But it was chiefly in the mainland of the Morea and its adjacent islands that they fed and nerved the Greek Revolution with their warlike spirit. They had extended themselves throughout Corinth and Argolis, they passed through the country to Arcadia and Achaia, they settled in the eastern corner of Messenia, and amongst the mountains that sheltered the Bay of Navarino and the Gulf of Coron. They found congenial soil on the slopes of Taygetus, and crossing the Eurotas they reached the coast again round about Monembasia. Finally the islands of Hydra and Spezzia were extensively peopled by Albanians, and even amongst the townspeople of Megara and Athens their language was heard. Far and wide, therefore, through the whole Peloponnesus the Albanians had spread themselves like veins of warm energizing blood.

Such seeds as these of a more energetic and independent spirit required time to develop their growth and hold upon the soil. They had already, before the commencement of the present century, begun to bear fruit. Education had spread, it had opened out new intelligence, had imparted a new moral energy to the country, had re-awakened a noble impatience of tyranny and a thirst for independence. The Greeks began to look around them, more hopefully and closely observing the progress of other countries. They would naturally have had their attention first of all arrested by the startling events of the French Revolution: it certainly seems to have suggested to them the forming of literary clubs and secret societies. Then the persevering struggles of Servia to set itself free from Turkish rule must have acted upon them as a peculiarly direct and irresistible incentive. The war of American independence would have its effect also on them, the career of conquest of Napoleon the First, and the universally disturbed state of the Continent. They must have felt also a considerable improvement in their position at home since the treaty of Kainardgi in 1774. Their numerical, their political, and their commercial strength had, each in its turn, been increased. Besides this, the berat or charter of denaturalization granted by the Ottoman Government gave them the singular and most advantageous privilege of becoming the subjects of some friendly sovereign, to whom their allegiance was transferred. We cannot wonder that the number of Greeks availing themselves of this permission was

very large, or that the practice opened a wide gate to admit foreign influence, while it gave every facility to the disaffected to screen the agents of secret societies and prepare the way for rebellion.

At the same time that the Greek felt himself growing both stronger and richer, he cannot have failed to discern unmistakable marks of degeneracy and embarrassment in the administration of his rulers. Indeed, we cannot for a moment doubt that the spirit of revolt was greatly emboldened by the moral and physical decline of the Ottoman race, and by the serious and radical defects of its rule. This decline was not a disease superinduced, as some of those of the body are, by a sudden external injury of which it is the gradual effect. It was a natural decay, the seeds of which are to be traced deep in the interior organization of its whole moral, political, executive, and military life. The career of Mohammedan conquest throughout Asia and Europe, as we read it in history, seems more like some terrible pageant, a succession of brilliant flashes and achievements, without much that is really solid or continuous behind them.

The Turks have experienced a double rise and a double fall in the history of their two great dynasties since their connection with Christendom. The date of their first rise was in the year 1048, when Michael, the son of Seljuk, by getting possession of Sogdiana and Khorasan, and advancing thence into Persia, laid the foundations of the Seljukian line. By three great sultans of this race the conquest of the West of Asia was begun and completed, and by the second of these three the Greek Emperor was made prisoner, at the time when the Sultan was menacing all Europe and Christianity itself. The crusades came, and the Turks were driven back upon the East, and in a short time the powerful house of Seljuk fell to pieces as rapidly as it had arisen.

Yet from its very ashes rose another house, and the tomb of the line of Seljuk became the cradle of the longer and more famous line of Othman, the son of an adherent of the last sultan of the Seljukian line. The dynasty of Seljuk had all but seized upon Constantinople. It looked confidently towards the West, but it advanced no further. Othman, the founder of that new line by which the Turks were to rise again more formidable than ever, came down upon Syria, and passed on straight to take up the work that had been left undone.

The Ottoman line, thus begun in 1301, sprang rapidly forward into power. Its founder made Broussa in Bithynia his first capital. His son, Orkham, gained a footing in Europe, and married a Christian princess, the daughter of the Greek Emperor. Amurath the First, the immediate successor of Orkham, possessed himself of the Roumelia as far as the Balkan, and, in 1361, changed the royal seat from Broussa to Adrianople. His son, Bajazet the First, pushed on the work of conquest, and ravaged Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia. In 1396, came to him however a reverse that was well nigh fatal to the line of Othman. Timour the Tartar, a fellow Mohammedan, but his rival in conquest, defeated him, took him prisoner, and actually when marching through Asia carried him about like some wild beast in an iron-barred cage.

Yet after this second fall of the Turks, Amurath the Second restored the power and credit of his line, completing the conquest of Macedonia and Greece proper. At length, in 1453, the last relic of the Roman Empire was stormed by Mohammed the Second, and Constantinople succeeded to Adrianople as his capital. These and following conquests occupied, as Dr. Newman reminds us, about 270 years of prosperity and ascendancy. Then began for other 270 years the history of their gradual decline. After striking panic by the marvellous success of their arms, from the moment that the tide turned the military and naval prowess of the Turks fell by very marked stages, till at last it sank into the almost contemptible impotence to which the Greek Revolution bore witness. In proof of this we can here only mention results. Thus by sea, if during the reign of Selim the First and Solyman no ship belonging to a hostile nation dared navigate the Mediterranean, then by the side of this fact the futile blunders of the Turkish fleet on the Ægean within the present century read like the acts of confirmed decrepitude. As its navy never recovered the effects of its defeat at Lepanto, in 1571, so the military service of Turkey received its first great blow very shortly after, in its contest against Austria, when it suffered such terrible reverses as to be saved from destruction only through the opportune assistance rendered to it by the Poles. After many humiliations and vicissitudes of fortune, combined with internal dissensions, it sustained a bloody defeat at the hands of the united armies of Germany and Poland, succeeded again by another discomfiture at Mokacz, in 1687, as it had been

preceded by one at St. Gothard, in 1664. Thus, with varying success, we are brought down to 1770, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the Russians off Chios, and 1774, when the Danubian fortresses fell into the hands of the same enemy. This advantage against the Turks Russia maintained till close upon the end of the last century.

Many causes may have combined to produce such manifest evidences of military decline, but we need go no further than the fact that all the institutions of the country were superannuated. The marks of this decline the Greeks had before them: they saw that the Turkish army had become thoroughly disorganized and undisciplined, that the warlike genius and confidence of the Ottoman power were broken down, and that its finances were in a desperate condition. No wonder they felt all the more emboldened to try the issue of a struggle for freedom. But interior motives alone are seldom sufficient to name the day and the hour for beginning any great undertaking. A summons from without, some very marked external opportunity is needed to change intention into execution. We should not have accounted for the outbreak of the revolution did we pass by the fall of Jannina and the attempted rising of Prince Ypsilanti in Roumania. The former of these incidents served indirectly as the immediate preparation for the revolt; it was the external opportunity which so greatly favoured its actual commencement. Ali Pasha was by birth and in natural character a true Albanian, brave, savage, crafty, full of energy. His ancestors were Christians, who embraced Mohammedanism in the fifteenth century. He himself was far more infatuated with the pride of his race and personal ambition than he was attached to the precepts of his religion. He had been raised to the pashalic of Jannina in 1788. He indirectly and most unintentionally assisted the cause of the Greek Revolution in two ways. The talent and energy of his policy led him to educate his Greek as well as his Mussulman subjects, equally for war and peace. He had founded for both flourishing colleges and libraries, and Greek was the literary language of Southern Albania. His capital was also for the Greeks a centre of turbulent action, a political and military school, wherein they learnt the lesson of a very bold, but very questionable policy and warfare. The Pasha's motive was of course simply to make them all the fitter for his own use; he was really training them for a desperate struggle in the cause of

their own independence. The other indirect help which he rendered them was to favour the first successes of their revolt by diverting from them and monopolizing completely round about himself the whole attention and the whole available army of the Sultan.

The story must be briefly told. The fears and suspicions of the Sultan having been raised by the over-keenness of the Pasha to consolidate his rapidly increasing power, he sought to diminish it by removing Ali's son to a pashalic of less importance than the one he then held. Ali, understanding well the motive, determined both to frighten the Sultan and enjoy his own revenge by sending three Albanians to assassinate in broad daylight, and in the very streets of Constantinople, his relative, Ismail Bey, whom he suspected of undermining his influence with his sovereign. As he had promised the assassins that, if successful, certain members of the divan would secure their immunity from punishment, the Sultan, on their arrest, pronounced Ali Pasha guilty of high treason, made Ismail pasha of Jannina in his place, and sent an army against the rebel on his refusal to give in his submission. We are not bound to follow closely the downward fortunes of the Lion of Jannina, even though it required four armies, supported by a fleet, under the Capitan Bey, to reduce him to a long-delayed capitulation. So entirely were all the efforts of the Sultan concentrated on the one work of crushing out the power and life of this aged rebel that he withdrew Khurshid from directing the affairs of his pashalic of the Morea, and thus left the whole peninsular open to the intrigues of secret societies and the first successes of the revolutionists.

The actual summons which appealed to Greek patriotism from without, and even from a distance, was the attempted rising of Prince Ypsilanti, elected head of the secret society, known as the *Philiké Hetairia*, and established at Odessa in 1814. Ypsilanti belonged to a Phanariot family, and was the eldest son of a former hospidar of Wallachia. The selection of this man to direct the external action of the *hetairia* was most unfortunate for their purpose. He was a vain, ambitious man, equally inexperienced in politics and deficient in generalship. Knowing neither the character of the seamen and mountaineers of his own race, nor the feeling of the people of Roumania towards their oppressive and tyrannical Greek

rulers, he counted upon a universal rising at his bidding, which he might have foreseen never would come. His attempt was, moreover, ill-judged and unprincipled in each one of its movements, and ended in complete failure and his own exile and imprisonment. The flame, however, that had in the north-east burnt itself out for want of sympathy ere it was well alight, passed on to kindle a bright and steady fire in breasts waiting but the signal for revolt. The hetairia influenced the revolt more directly still. It had, in fact, made greater progress in the Morea than in other parts of Greece. In 1819 and 1820, as Dr. Finlay states, "many of the higher clergy, the primates, and those possessing local influence had been initiated into its ranks." The Moreot hetairists wisely established a local treasury for all pecuniary contributions, and centred their action within the Morea itself rather than trust either the organization at Constantinople or that strong and widespread influence which Russian ambition had obtained over the designs and ultimate aims of the society. The conspiracy in Greece had now drawn in all its help; it was fully organized. The Greeks vainly expected a Russian fleet to appear in the Mediterranean in the spring of 1821; the primates sought to allay the popular excitement, the hetairists themselves tried to delay the outbreak, contenting themselves with raising money; it was really the people who began the struggle, and never wavered in what they had once begun.

Like the first heavy raindrops that portend the storm, or the light, irregular skirmishing which precedes the fixed battle, the long-sustained revolt that was to spread so rapidly over the country began in the murder of three Turkish couriers, waylaid on the 25th of March, 1821, in the village of Agridha, above the Gulf of Arta, when bearing a request to Khurshid Pasha to send more troops from Jannina into the Morea. Again, next day, the hetairists slew near the Lake of Phonia in Arcadia eight Albanian Mussulmans while collecting the haratch or capitation grant, so hated by the Greeks. The same band, reinforced to the number of three hundred, attacked near Akrata on the Gulf of Corinth sixty Albanians on their way to Tripolitza, killing twenty and compelling the rest to lay down their arms. These were desultory acts, but the first distinct information that arms were being really taken up against them was brought to the Turks at Tripolitza by Seid Aga, when he escaped from the hands of two Christians sent by the primate of Kalabryta to

attack and rob him, as a means of precipitating the revolt. From Tripolitza the news was carried back to Kalabryta, where the Mussulmans hastily collected their families and movables in several large houses capable of defence. By the 2nd of April the insurrection had become general throughout the Morea, and when it came it was savage in its mercilessness. At Kalabryta, of the three hundred Turks who surrendered themselves on promise of security, the men were put to death, the women and children were sold for slaves.

In Messenia, the south-western portion of the Morea, more active steps were taken by Petrobey and Kolokotroni, names familiar to us in the history of that time. The former governed at Maina under the Capitan Pasha, and though a Christian and an hetairist, he had hitherto escaped suspicion. He was a bold, restless, ambitious man, but was too vain and self-indulgent to turn to much account, either for himself or his cause, the great influence which he and his numerous kinsmen of the family of Mavromichales possessed. The name of Kolokotroni was more marked, and though he, like Petrobey, survived the struggle and connected himself with its triumphs, he was an evil genius darkening its credit and its fortunes alike. Kolokotroni was a brigand chieftain, a leader amongst the klephts, who, since the suppression of the *armatoli*, or Christian militia, had risen into greater importance and political power, as a distinct and permanent class. Though the klephts lent their aid to the revolution, they did so rather from savage and sordid motives than from true patriotism, and we can scarcely speak in higher terms of their chief. When the rising of the people brought him back from Zante into the Morea he was fifty years old, his vigour of mind and strength of body, his commanding figure and loud voice, his combined frankness and shrewd penetration, these when allied with hardy courage and endurance, and his bold and persuasive oratory, stamped him as a leader of energy and influence in any bold enterprize. He had been nurtured amid the turbulent life of the Mainiats, and on the rugged slopes of Taygetus, and at the age of twenty he had married the daughter of the *proistos* of Leondari. It was at Maina now, in the rugged territory and amongst the descendants of ancient Sparta, that Kolokotroni assembled bodies of armed Greeks and pushed forward the provisions for war into the neighbourhood of Kalamata in Messenia, arousing the fear of the Turks, who sought to fly northward to Tripolitza. Already they were

too late. The first family that departed was met by Niketas, Murad Aga was slain, his wife and children were driven back to Kalamata. On the 3rd of April the town was besieged by Petrobey, Kolokotroni, and other captains, at the head of two thousand Greeks, and on the 4th it capitulated. Again security of life was demanded and solemnly promised, and again the promise was carried out in slaughter and slavery. How different a scene did Kalamata witness when, on the following day, twenty-four priests and five thousand armed Greeks sang their first *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for their success, and wept together in the fervour of their patriotism. Two days after, this solemn act was followed by another. Petros Mavromichales, or Petrobey, as commander-in-chief, presided over a meeting of primates, who assumed the title of the Senate of Messenia, and issued a proclamation on the 9th declaring that the Greeks threw off the Ottoman yoke, and soliciting the aid of all Christians in their cause. Meanwhile the murder of Murad Aga by Niketas had sounded the alarm to Bardunia, from which sixty families fled to Monembasia, and the rest by way of Mistra to Tripolitza, carrying further dismay as they went. The Albanians pushed on in safety, the Turks of Mistra tried to follow, but their old men, women, and children who lingered behind were murdered on the road. Of the Mussulman population of Laconia nearly ten thousand perished.

Within two days after the revolt had thus extended to Messenia, it passed northward from Kalabryta again as its central point, to Patras, the most flourishing and populous city of the Peloponnesus. Here, however, the revolution met with its first decided check. Though patriotic feelings were at their height and religious enthusiasm was not wanting, the primates and citizens were without a real military leader. They could neither blockade the citadel that contained the Turkish garrison, nor prevent the Mussulmans of Lalla, who fled thither from the siege of their own town, from joining the garrison and adding to its strength. Thus Patras was lost to the Greek insurgents throughout the whole course of the struggle, a fate that was made still more certain by their fresh discomfiture at the same port on the 15th of April, when Yussuf Pasha landed and drove them from the town. The 11th of the month was another unfortunate day for them at Karitena in Arcadia, even though Kolokotroni was at their head. Summoning all the peasants in the Plain of Leondari to take up arms, he was soon able

to invest the town with six thousand raw, undisciplined recruits. It required but five hundred Turkish cavalry to rout a body so unprepared for fighting, an event which ought not to tell against the courage of the peasantry in general, since it was their self-devotion, assisted by external aid, which really brought the national contest to its successful conclusion.

With the exception of these reverses, the Christian population of the Morea, in its vast numerical preponderance over the Mussulmans, had with cruel effect attacked and murdered in cold blood every individual who had not managed to find safety within the fortresses. A premeditated extermination of life and destruction of property had swept over every place, and, considerably within the space of a single month, a population of twenty thousand souls had altogether disappeared — men, women, infants, the design of the secret society spared none. Three thousand farms at the very least were reduced to ashes, villages lately so flourishing were now but a heap of ruins, and peasants and priests knelt together and united their voices in thanksgiving for so swift and complete a victory. A few Turkish families had indeed escaped by flight the universal carnage, and found protection for a time within the walls of Tripolitza and of different fortresses along the sea-coast; but the Greeks cut each refuge off and surrounded it with patient watch till hunger should stretch out fresh victims before their eyes. Without seeking to palliate such an outburst of furious and relentless cruelty, truth and fairness require that we should ask who are most accountable for the savage acts which it perpetrated? No doubt the insults and oppressions they had suffered from the officials of the Turkish Government had trained them to violence and filled their breasts with hatred. But we believe the incentive proceeded less from the dark and revengeful passions of the country people, than from the doctrines of implacable hostility and utter extermination of the Turk so sedulously inculcated on them by the hetairists. These men, far from being military leaders of any ability, were for the most part civilians, unprincipled as to the means they employed, and regardless of all consequences. Real military leaders were as much wanted to control excesses, as they were to strengthen the hands of the revolution by a united plan of action, and give it any hope of success by its own efforts. Unfortunately the same spirit of lawless vengeance, the same absence of all method or combined action dogged its footsteps to the end.

In continental Greece the character of the struggle was different. We have already explained the circumstances which had drawn from the Morea not only the regular Turkish troops but even the presence and vigilance of the Turkish Governor, Khurshid Pasha. The concentration of the whole Ottoman army available round the walls of Jannina kept it, at the same time, not far distant from any point in Northern Greece at which a revolt might break out. Another deterrent cause was the fact that the *armatoli*, to whom the revolution must naturally look for its chief support, had by no means been won over by the agents of the *hetairia*, whose good faith they in a great measure distrusted. They had other reasons also for delaying to join the cause. If they disowned the Sultan's authority, they must also renounce the high pay they were receiving. Again, Jannina must surely fall before long, and then they would receive abundant payment of all arrears promised them out of Ali Pasha's treasures. Meantime, while they waited, the revolt of the 4th of April planted its foot firmly on the narrow territory of Megaris at Derveni halfway across the isthmus. The example of Megaris encouraged the Albanian peasantry of Attica and Bœotia to join the cause, as though opening a passage for it into the continent itself. Amphissa, just above the bay of Salona in the Gulf of Corinth, was the first town in continental Greece of which the insurgents got possession. There too, as in so many places, the train had been fired from Kalabryta by way of Galaxidi across the Gulf of Corinth. The primates of Amphissa raised the standard of revolt at the bidding of Panourias, though they could not have chosen a more unworthy leader, for Panourias was simply an idle, luxurious, self-interested robber. The Turks in Amphissa retired into the ruins of an old castle, built where the ancient citadel had stood. On the 22nd of April they surrendered, and though promised their lives, were barbarously murdered ere many days were over.

It is a relief to turn to Livadia and follow the news that was carried thither from Amphissa, for there we find a man of real courage and patriotism placing himself at the head of the Greeks who had besieged the Mussulmans in the deserted castle above the town, one who had restrained instead of exciting the depredations of the victors, though men, women, and children were, as usual, put to the sword. We may say that all Eastern Greece was now up in arms, for in the district

of Talanti on the east coast of Phocis eight hundred Moham-medans had been exterminated, and from the Cape of Sunium to the river Sperchius hundreds of Mussulman villages had been destroyed, and the bodies of the men, women, and children once living in them had been burnt. The last place we have to mention is Athens, which had fallen not only below its former self, but below even other towns in Greece, and lived only on its ancient renown. On the first news of the general rising the Turks, who formed about a fifth of the population of Athens, transported their families and movables into the Acropolis, the Greeks of the town were content to blockade them there, and after an obstinate resistance the besieged were relieved by Omar Vrioni on the 1st of August.

We seem to tread on more familiar ground when we approach Missolonghi, which was the first large town in the west to declare itself independent. Lord Byron's ardour in the cause of Greece, his poetry, and death at Missolonghi impart an air of romance to the very sound of the name. In 1824 he found a few women, whose fate as the sole survivors of the Mussulman inhabitants of the place told the tale of the past, while even then he had to defend them against the violence of the Greeks, and send them for safety to Previsa. Vrachori, on the high road between Jannina and Lepanto, was the most important town in West Greece though it was the second to join the revolt. Its Christian and Mussulman occupants were about equally divided in number. It contained about two hundred Jewish residents, and had a garrison of three hundred Albanian Mussulmans. On the 9th of June it was attacked by two thousand *armatoli*, whose numbers were in a few days doubled by the arrival of other leaders of *armatoli* with their bands. In this case we find the Albanian garrison not only making separate treaty for themselves with the Christians, but turning round and despoiling the Turks whom they should have defended, thus leaving them not only defenceless when they themselves passed secretly through the besieging army, but also depriving them of the wealth by which they might have purchased the protection of the captains of the *armatoli*. Perhaps when the unhappy Turks gave themselves up, after being thus abandoned, they placed some reliance on the promise of personal safety so freely made to them; they might have been much more certain that Jews and Mussulmans, men, women and children would be slain. This time the deed was done with particular atrocity,

and it need scarcely surprise us that a very few only of the wealthiest were spared. As we have now passed from the east to the western side of the continent, we see that within the space of three months, not only Southern but Northern Greece had been gained back by the Greeks, including all the country ranging below the points of Actium in the Gulf of Arta and Thermopylæ in the Gulf of Zeitoun, situated a little beneath that of Volo. The only exceptions were the towns of Zeitoun, Lepanto, and Vonitza, on the Gulf of Arta, and the Acropolis of Athens, together with the Castle of Roumelia, on the north shore of the Gulf of Corinth. On its southern coast and within the Morea the Turks still held the Castle of Morea, Patras, Corinth itself, Tripolitza about the centre of the peninsula, Navarino, Modon, Coron in the south of Messenia, Monembasia on the east coast of Laconia, and Nauplia at the head of the Gulf of Argos. In Eubœa, Turkey had not lost Negropont and Karysto, but she was virtually driven out of European Greece.

*On Some Principles of the Harmony of the Gospels.*¹

I FEAR that the study of what is commonly known as the Harmony of the Gospels has yet to win its way to its due place in the estimation of Catholic critics. It presents certain obvious difficulties, from which many turn away. There are many more, who hardly see the advantages that its admirers claim for it. Some have a tacit fear that the apparent discrepancies between the several Gospel accounts may turn out to be irreconcilable, and others see no great good to be gained by their perfect reconciliation. But the time is surely come or coming when it cannot be allowed to Catholic writers to allow the first of these two propositions, at least in its extreme form, which would confess that there are contradictions in the Gospel history which are in themselves, and not merely to our limited knowledge, truly such. As to the other, it ought at least to be noted that the claim which is made for the study of Harmony is not limited to the mere plausible solution of a difficulty. Those who have given themselves to this study profess to find that it adds a fresh light to the history on which its labours are spent, quite apart from the simple refutation of objections which might otherwise be embarrassing. They have indeed to make themselves conversant with many questions of detail, matters of verbal criticism, nice distinctions, and the like. But they profess to find themselves rewarded, not only by the elucidation of difficulties, but by what seems to them to be a clearer intelligence of the whole plan and method and development of the work of our Lord upon the earth. And beyond this, another very interesting subject is opened to them in the gradual formation of the Gospel History as we have it from the hands of the Church. This subject has its own great beauties, and it throws very great light, in its turn, upon many apparent difficulties in the Gospels themselves.

Every work like the present, and especially a work which is mainly occupied with the results and not the processes of critical study, must be based on certain principles, both as to the Gospels themselves and their relation to the general history of our Lord, which principles are not elaborately proved in the work itself. It would be quite out of place here to endeavour to establish the genuineness and authenticity of the

¹ This paper consists of extracts from the Preface to the new work, *The Life of our Life*. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge. Burns and Oates. 2 vols. Quarterly Series.

books of the four Evangelists. We have a right to treat them as the works of the authors whose names they bear, mainly for two reasons, either of which is abundantly and superabundantly sufficient with all men who are prepared to treat the matter seriously and candidly, and not in the spirit of childishness which pervades so much of the literature of our time—even that part of it which professes to treat of matters the most important on which the human mind can be occupied. The four Gospels may be considered and dealt with on the same principles as the works of any other ancient writer, Cicero, Cæsar, Tacitus, or Seneca. But there are no ancient writers whose works come to us with half so much certainty, even on simply critical grounds. But further, that has happened in the case of the Gospels which cannot be said to have happened in the case of any other books, except such as so far are like them in the peculiarity of having been the authoritative books of a society which has been spread either over the whole world or over large portions of the globe. The guarantee of the Church for the Gospels is at all events such a guarantee as might be furnished for the genuineness, let us say, of four paintings, one by each of four great masters, which had been carefully guarded and watched over by a society of artists, who considered them the greatest treasures of the kind which the world possesses, this society formally established and continued by unbroken historical succession from the days of the masters in question to our own. To say that, even putting aside all special providential guardianship over the Gospels, we are far more certain about them than we should be in the case supposed about the four pictures, is greatly to understate the case. The perpetual influence and life, so to speak, of the Gospels, such as we have them, in the Church, establishes the truth that they are what they are called with a force of evidence quite as strong, to say the least, as that by which we know Rome to be Rome, or Athens to be Athens.

On the other hand, such matters as the relations of the Gospel narratives to the Life of our Lord as a whole, the scope and intention with which they were originally compiled, how far they had an existence in the current traditions or the oral teaching of the Church before they assumed their present form, the relations also of the later writers of these books to those who came earlier, and the like, are all subjects which must be ascertained with adequate certainty before such a work as that of a Harmony can be undertaken, and no one can deny that on all these topics there are many questions which are not beyond the region of reasonable and serious debate. To a certain extent it is necessary, in a work no larger than that which is now put forward, to take conclusions on these subjects also for granted, and if they are not here supported by the arguments which belong to them, I trust it will not be supposed that the literature of the subject has either been unknown or cast aside as useless. There are no assumptions which underlie the fabric of this little work which have not been worked out as reasonable conclusions by a series of writers whose works are

in the hands of scholars. It is obvious on the face of the question, that the four Gospels do not profess to give us a complete view, even of that comparatively small part of our Lord's earthly existence to which they refer. It may also be considered as a matter on which scholars are agreed that in a certain sense "the Gospel" existed before it was written. When St. Paul, in his second Epistle to the Corinthians,² spoke of St. Luke, as it is commonly thought—as the 'brother whose praise is in the Gospel throughout all the churches,' he probably wrote before what we now have as the Gospel of St. Luke existed in its present form. Whether or not it was the special office of those whom he speaks of in another Epistle as "evangelists," and of whom the deacon Philip was one, to relate and comment upon the incidents of our Lord's Life and His carefully recorded sayings, it is clear that there must have been some such office and some such teaching from the earliest days, on which the practical system of Christian morality, the imitation of the virtues of our Lord considered as our great Example, and the following out of His peculiar precepts and counsels of perfection, must have been built. The Epistles of the Apostles evidently suppose a large range of practical, we may surely say catechetical, teaching³ of this kind, and the base on which this must have been built must have been the substance of our Gospels. It is not straining conjecture too far to suppose that something of this kind formed a considerable part of that ministry of the word to which, together with prayer,⁴ the Apostles mainly devoted themselves in the infant Church at Jerusalem. But the existence of a foundation of a teaching of this kind, which embodied in so large a measure the acts and sayings of our Blessed Lord during the time which He had spent, more or less, in the company of the Apostles, must of necessity have led in the course of time to the formation of some authentic manuals, as we should call them, on the subject. At first no doubt the Apostles would themselves be the chief instructors, and their memories, aided by the promised assistance of the Holy Ghost,⁵ would secure that faithfulness and uniformity in the relation of what our Lord had said and done and commanded which the importance of the subject-matter required. In process of time, and indeed very shortly, others would have to be employed in the same work.

But further, it would be altogether contrary to the spirit of the Christian system, that this most important sphere should have been left to unauthorized teachers or to the hazards of human minds and memories. It is probable that long before the Apostles separated, as the preaching of the Gospel spread from city to city and from land to land, this teaching concerning our Blessed Lord would have become fixed, regu-

² 2 Cor. viii. 18.

³ Cf. The preface of St. Luke, 'that thou mayest know the truth of those words in which thou hast been instructed'—*ἵνα ἐπιγινῶς περὶ ὧν κατηχήθης λόγων τὴν ἀσφάλειαν*.

⁴ Acts vi. 4.

⁵ St. John xvi. 26.

lated, and recorded. This may be considered as the nucleus of what we now call the Gospel history. Even before it was committed to writing, it would take shape and form and character according to the persons who were its authoritative exponents and the spiritual needs or even the controversial position, or again the national and social peculiarities, of the community to whom it was addressed. It would gradually become a history, or it would assume the character of a series of arguments from the fulfilment of prophecy, or, again, form a chain of evidences of miraculous power by which the teaching and mission of our Lord had been attested, or it would bring into prominence doctrinal truths concerning our Lord's Person, according to circumstances of place or time or person. The Apostles could change the character of their instruction when they changed the sphere of their Evangelical labours. But when the substance of this teaching came to be consigned to writing, it could no longer vary in the mouth of the same teacher as he addressed himself to Jews or Jewish Christians, whose faith would be confirmed by the argument from prophecy, or to Gentile converts, who might be chiefly won by the evidence of miraculous signs. It could no longer take one shape at Jerusalem, another in Antioch, another in Rome, another in Asia Minor. Thus in the nature of things, supposing that there was any Gospel teaching, as we call it, at all, and supposing that that teaching, in course of time, had of necessity to be put into writing, the multiplicity and variety of the records which we call Gospels has its foundation. They would not be memoirs or histories, originally and principally, but as time went on, and one Evangelist succeeded another, especially as the Churches multiplied and the faith became universal, the authentic Gospels that came latest to light would be more historical and more supplementary than those which had gone before them. Thus what had at first been almost a series of heads for instruction, a sort of treatise for the use of teachers, would gradually be filled up by the addition of historical statements which extended over the whole of our Lord's Life, and whole ranges of His doctrine, His conversations with His friends or His disputations with His enemies, would be added to the treasures of the Church. This could only be done by a set of authoritative Gospels.

This is a very short and even crude statement of what is very generally believed as to the origin of the Gospels. Catholics and most who call themselves Christians believe more than this, for they believe that the several Evangelists of the Church were divinely appointed to their work, and that they had that special assistance and guidance of the Holy Ghost which makes them and others the human authors of books of Sacred Scripture. But this Christian belief does not preclude the influence of other more natural elements in the case of the Evangelists. It does not shut out the individual character, or the personal experience, or the acquired knowledge, or the turn of mind, or the habit of thought, or the kind of education or association, or the methods of expression, the peculiar tastes or imagery, the natural and cultivated modesty or

reserve or simplicity or picturesqueness, which might have distinguished the same authors if they had produced books which were merely human in every respect. It does not preclude the careful adaptation of their works to those for whose use they were more immediately composed, and this careful adaptation must of necessity have had its effect not only on what was inserted in each composition, but also on what was omitted in each. The very idea of a Gospel, such as we imagine it, was in the first instance a selection rather than a narrative, the rule of which is that all should be stated that is known. And the same principle would operate, not only in the selection of this or that incident or point of teaching in particular cases, but also in the manner in which it might be related and the prominence given to this or that particular feature.

We must go a step further in the statement of what may be fairly taken for granted in a work like the present, inasmuch as it rests, if not on what is unanimously admitted among critics, at least on what is generally held as supported by proofs which cannot be lightly disregarded. Any Harmony which takes into consideration, as one of its principal guides and securities against error, the characteristic peculiarities and the particular scope and range of the several Evangelists, must be based upon a certain ascertained view with regard to each.

[Here follows in the original a short account of each of the Four Gospels.]

It is out of the materials which are furnished him by the four works of which this very summary account has just been given, that the Harmonist has to construct, as far as may be, the history of our Lord's Life upon earth. It is obvious at the very first sight, that such a construction can only be a very inadequate representation of what that Life truly was. It must leave out very large spaces, and the view which it can make possible to us must be in the main external. It must be external, not merely in the manner in which any human biography must be so, but also in a further degree, because it is quite certain that the Evangelists did not set down all that they or the Apostles knew. Although it can hardly be said that the purpose of practical or catechetical instruction, which had so much to do with the composition of the earliest Gospels, influenced St. Luke and St. John in the same degree with their predecessors, still even the very latest additions to our knowledge as to our Lord's Life must have been made under a certain reserve. In the two first Gospels it is clear that many things were kept back. St. Matthew and St. Mark put down what was abundantly sufficient for the instruction of the faithful, but did not profess to aim at the complete openness of ordinary biographers. It is quite clear, for instance, that our Lord must have given the Apostles a great deal of instruction about the Church, the sacraments, the Hierarchy, and other similar subjects, as to which a silence which we are inclined to consider as extraordinary has been observed in the Gospels. But it is not necessary here to pursue further the question of what the Gospels might have contained. It is obvious that the records which they have pre-

served to us, infinitely precious as they are, and fully adequate to the purpose for which God gave the Gospels to the Church, are yet relatively scanty and, as has been said, external.

But the Harmonist might well be content if this comparative scantiness of his materials, as considered in relation to the whole Life of our Lord, were his only or his chief difficulty. The account which has been given of the origin of the Gospels is sufficient to show the very great independence of the several writers. Although there are in many parts of the Gospel history accounts by two or even by three Evangelists which are evidently descriptions or reports of the same scenes or the same words, and which are so far identical as to show that they must have had a common origin, there are frequently very considerable diversities, and sometimes these diversities appear to amount to discrepancies. Again, the order and connection of what seem to be the same incidents are very often different in the several accounts. Even in discourses and sayings of our Blessed Lord Himself there seem to be these difficulties, and an impatient critic is sometimes tempted to think that the reports in the Gospels cannot be taken as literal and accurate on account of these apparent discrepancies. Then there is often silence in one Evangelist just where we should expect him to speak, and arguments suggest themselves from such silence against the statements elsewhere found on the same subject. Thus it appears a matter of difficulty either to maintain in all cases the perfect faithfulness of all the accounts, or to weave out of the materials which are furnished us by the several authors one consistent narrative. But the difficulties of the Harmonist, such as they are, will be abundantly manifest to any one who puts himself to the trouble of carefully perusing the pages in the following volumes, or in any similar work, which are occupied by the attempt to present the statements of the Evangelists in perfect accord and harmony. A few words may now be said as to the rules which have been followed in endeavouring to obviate these difficulties.

In the first place it is assumed that the most absolute deference is to be paid to all the positive assertions, direct or indirect, of any Evangelist. We are not at liberty to contradict them or correct them in anything that they assert, their words are to be taken in the sense in which they mean them to be taken. German rationalistic critics, who approach the Gospels with their own preconceived notions of what is possible and what is natural, have introduced the practice of cutting up the text of the Evangelists into small portions, and declaring on their own authority whence each portion comes and what amount of credence or of respect is to be attached to each. This extremely childish method of criticism has been adopted by some popular writers in England, whose sole claim to the ear of the public has been a certain cleverness, flippancy, or even brilliancy of style. In this way we have seen, for instance, a passage from one of our Lord's discourses in St. John commented on by one of the sophists of the day—half a verse will be pronounced genuine, as

having the true ring of the words of our Lord, as the writer conceives of them, and the other half will be tossed aside as evidently spurious, perhaps because it seems to refer to the doctrine of the Ever Blessed Trinity, or to the power of miracles which our Lord exercised.

But the temptation to pull the Gospels to pieces, as it were, and rearrange them after a better plan, does not present itself to anti-Catholic writers alone. The work of a very learned Catholic author lies open before me, in which, after relating the incident of the woman taken in adultery, which is related by St. John,⁶ the writer goes on to say that our Lord took occasion after the withdrawal of that poor woman to preach to the people in the words which occur in the Sermon on the Mount, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged," and the rest, down to the verse in which the image of the mote and the beam in the eye occurs. It would not be difficult to adduce a number of instances of the same kind, in which very great violence has been done to the order of the sacred text by authors who were above all others bound to treat it with devout reverence. The idea of the modern infidel writer, that the Gospels are made up of an accumulation of small fragments, anecdotes of our Lord, what He said or did, miracles which He wrought, and the like, and that these were arranged—he does not say how this came to be done uniformly—by the collectors of such treasures, almost as prints in a portfolio, or specimens in a museum, can hardly be set aside as preposterous, if we are to take the liberty of rearranging what the Evangelists have given us without any respect to the order which they have followed. It is true that that order was not always the order of time, and when it is ascertained that another order has been followed in a particular case, and when there is reason for knowing, from the Evangelists themselves, what the order of time really is, then the ascertained order must be adopted, and to do so is in truth to respect the authority of the Evangelists. But nothing arbitrary ought to be permitted on this subject, and the Gospels must be treated, not as a quarry out of which we are to hew our materials, but as books carefully arranged by their authors, in which the connections between one event or incident and another, and the transitions from one to another, have all been made matters of thought and study by those who had the best means of ascertaining the truth and on whom the duty was incumbent of setting it forth faithfully. It will be fully acknowledged by any student of the subject that we here touch on one of the greatest difficulties of the subject-matter. If the Evangelists had been modern writers, they would have added notes of warning when they turned abruptly from one point to another—they would have alluded to former statements on the same subject when there was danger that they might seem to contradict them, they would have broken up their works by headings and marks of division, and in this way they would have precluded nine-tenths of the difficulties and objections which have been raised con-

⁶ St. John viii.

cerning what they have said, because they have not said more, or not spoken in a manner less abrupt and simple. But it does not follow that we have no means, especially by a careful study of the method and character of each particular Gospel, of ascertaining almost all that might have been so easily told us, in respect of these difficulties, by the Evangelists themselves. The work requires great patience, but it is a patience that is amply rewarded.

One remark may be made in general, in reference to difficulties which come from the absence of notes of transition, and the like, in the Gospels, as we have them. The idea of the modern infidel has just now been mentioned in order to be reprobated as absurd. For nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that any number of current anecdotes concerning our Lord could have been combined into the four Gospels, as we have them, by hundreds or thousands of curious collectors at once. At the same time, it is by no means inconsistent either with reverence to the Evangelists or with the probabilities of the case, that the materials out of which the Gospels were framed existed in detached pieces before they were united. In the earliest of the Gospels—that is, as we believe, in that of St. Matthew—we have frequent traces of the separate existence of the several portions which he has arranged with so much care and skill. He usually begins a new paragraph with the word *τοτε*, then, as he would probably have begun the relation of the miracles or the parables or the anecdotes when he was expounding them to his hearers in the Church at Jerusalem. There are traces of the same feature in St. Mark and in St. Luke, and in St. John's Gospel, which is nothing but a succession of fragments, as we might call them, the same principle of division may be observed, though his divisions are fewer and larger than those of the others. The language and style of the several Evangelists are quite sufficiently their own to enable us to feel sure that every word in every Gospel comes straight from the author whose name that Gospel bears, although there are passages—as in the early chapters of St. Luke—where they seem to be clothing in a very transparent veil the information which has come to them from others. But this general principle as to the original form in which a great part of the Gospels may have existed is especially to be kept in mind as an answer to a great number of difficulties which arise as to order and connection. It stands to reason that in books thus composed there will be an apparent abruptness of transition or a want of perfect dovetailing which is no fault of the writers, and by which critics may often be misled.

It follows from this that it is essential to the successful formation of a Harmony on the Gospels that very careful study should in the first instance have been made of each Evangelist separately. It is not uncommon to find in commentators on Scripture, whether Catholic or Protestant, a want of acquaintance with the author with whom they are for the time dealing, which is hardly to be made up for by very great learning in Scriptural knowledge in general. It seems strange to say

it, but it is true, that a Harmonist, even more than a scholar of another kind, has need of a familiarity with the whole method and character and tone of each of the authors whose statements he has to combine. Although his object is to produce out of the works of the four Evangelists a complete history, which cannot have the peculiar characteristics of any one of the four, he will certainly fail if he has not devoted himself in the first instance to St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John, as if his great aim had been to produce a perfect edition of and commentary on the work of each in particular. A Harmony is to be formed, not by neglecting or passing over the peculiarities of each, but by ascertaining them, and using them as guides. This kind of critical study must be allowed to be, as it has lately been said to be, almost in its infancy among us. When it has been pursued with faithful industry and due application of mind, it will produce, perhaps, a sort of instinct which will guide the Harmonist to conclusions, which, if he had to justify them, would require a very elaborate and a very delicate process of argument, but which are quite as sound in their subject-matter as the instinctive conclusions of a theologian. Theology, more perhaps than any other science, suffers daily at the hands of writers and teachers who have never been trained in her schools. Every one conversant with the subject knows how a skilled theologian shrinks up, as if a chill ran through his veins, at the want of proportion and perspective, the exaggerations, the awkwardness, the audacities, the inaccuracies by technical language, the unsuspicious and complacent borderings upon dangerous propositions, of which very well-intentioned writers are too often guilty, who enter the arena of theological dispute without having had a distinctly theological education. Just in the same way, we may fairly claim for the study of which we are speaking, that it has its established rules and conclusions and methods and principles. Not every good theologian is a good commentator on Scripture, and not every admirable commentator on the words of Scripture is a good Harmonist. The questions which belong to this particular study cannot be settled off-hand. We hear sometimes great names invoked as authorities for this or that conclusion which affects the matter of which we are speaking. But they are not great authorities on this subject-matter unless they have given it particular attention and laboured at it on right principles.

The order of the several events which are related to us in the several Evangelists, can never be truly ascertained, even as far as it is ascertainable, unless the principle upon which each Gospel is constructed has been first discerned and then faithfully followed. The first very great authority in the Church who attempted to explain the Harmony would now be generally thought to have made a fatal mistake on this point. The great St. Augustine has written a famous book on the subject, but his plan throughout is to consider St. Matthew's order to be the order of time, and to bring the statements of the other Evangelists into accord with this. It would now be almost universally admitted, as we say,

that this principle is a false principle, and if that is so, its influence effects, more or less, the conclusions of St. Augustine throughout the whole of the work. There cannot be a better argument for the necessity of the careful study of the construction of each Gospel, and as will be seen below, a very large number of difficulties are at once got rid of when it is acknowledged, for instance, that the order in which the events of our Lord's Life are placed in the first Gospel is subordinate to an order of ideas in the mind of the Evangelist, at least in a great part of his work. The construction of St. Mark and of St. John, as has been pointed out above with regard to the latter, is comparatively simple. That of St. Luke is mainly ruled by the historical character of his work, as also by the principle of which we have already spoken, the principle which he has followed of telling the same story in the main as the two who preceded him, but by the insertion of anecdotes and discourses not identical with those which they have given when others like them were at hand. Another matter for attention is the scenery, so to speak—that is, the part of the country in which the incidents occurred which are related by the several Evangelists. As to this, there is little or no difficulty as to three Evangelists. St. Matthew and St. Mark never speak of anything which belongs to the Public Ministry of our Lord which happened elsewhere than in Galilee, or, at a certain later time, in Peræa, until they come to the last few days of our Lord's Life, when He entered Jerusalem in triumph and taught in the Temple. St. John, on the other hand, has made himself the Evangelist of what occurred in Jerusalem on the occasion of our Lord's visits to that city during the time which is allotted to His Public Life. St. Luke's scene is more general, and, if the conclusions which are adopted below are admitted as sound, it will be seen that he has devoted a large part of his Gospel to a period of our Lord's Preaching which was spent mainly in the province of Judæa.

Hardly inferior in importance to a right view of the scope and plan and character of each Evangelist is the due intelligence of the relation in which they stand to each other. It is obvious that as to this point there cannot possibly be any agreement between the writers who hold that each Gospel was compiled separately, and that the author of each was ignorant of the labours of the others, and those who believe, as is assumed in this work, that the later Evangelists were not only aware of what had been done before them, but wrote with a distinct though unexpressed reference to the earlier writers. This last opinion seems to me indisputably true, on account of the very strong internal evidence of the Gospels themselves, and also on account of the easy manner in which it solves, one might say, a thousand difficulties. It seems also evident, *à priori*, and from the nature of the case, that an Evangelist would be anxious to add to the store of Christian knowledge concerning our Lord, and would eagerly select for insertion in his own work what had not been inserted before. No doubt, many reasons of which we are only partially aware, had an influence in producing the great reserve

of the early Evangelists, as we deem it. It may be accounted for in very great measure by the didactic purpose of the first Gospels, but it seems clear that other delicate reasons operated in the same direction. We can easily imagine, for instance, that it might have felt that the intimate discourses between our Lord and the Apostles should not be revealed except by the Apostle of Love, and in a very different way, that the controversies and disputes at Jerusalem had better be omitted in a Gospel written in the first instance for the Christians of that city. But we are speaking rather of the manner in which the later Evangelists fill up the gaps left in the history by their predecessors, whether as to large portions of it, as is the case with St. Luke and St. John, or in matters of detail, as is the case with St. Mark. A due consideration of this important principle will be found, I am convinced, to solve a very large number of the difficulties of a Harmony.

A further safeguard against mistakes which may otherwise be very probably made, lies in the consideration of the kind of life which our Lord led during the time of His Public Ministry. It was of necessity a life of very great sameness. Everywhere He preached the same truths, taught the same doctrines, imposed the same conditions on those who accepted His teaching. Everywhere He was the same in character, condescending, affable, humble, merciful, and, ordinarily speaking, His teaching was attested by the same works of mercy and miraculous cures. And, as He found everywhere the same diseases and afflictions of a bodily and temporal kind to attract His tender compassion, so also did He find everywhere the same diseases and afflictions of the soul, the same difficulties to be overcome, the same temptations rising up to lead people away from the call which He made upon their faith and obedience. One of the most dangerous rocks against which a Harmonist ought to be warned is the supposition that it is at all unlikely that our Lord said and did the same things over and over again in different places during the course of His three years' Ministry. That supposition is in itself obviously and grossly unreasonable. No persons in the world, except perhaps the physicians, are so constantly in the habit of repeating their own words, answering the same questions and difficulties over and over again, giving the same directions, using the same illustrations and enforcing the same maxims, as those whose Apostolical calling lays upon them the happy but most laborious work of following the great Physician of souls in the exercises of His Missionary Life. In this respect our Lord's Life had not even the variety which marks the career of St. Paul or St. Peter. Our Lord was not sent save to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. He never preached out of the Holy Land, and although we find here and there mention of evidences composed of different elements—as is carefully noted for us in the case of the Sermon on the Plain as contrasted with the Sermon on the Mount—the hearers were usually and almost universally the people of one small country. In the case which has just been named we have probably the extreme difference between His audience at one time and at another.

But this difference falls very far short of that which confronted St. Peter when he preached on the Day of Pentecost, and afterwards to Cornelius the centurion at Cæsarea, or of that which existed when St. Paul on two separate occasions preached in the synagogue at Antioch and in the areopagus at Athens. There is every possible reason for thinking that the discourses and actions of our Lord, especially His miracles, were very constantly the same almost in every feature. The same may be said of the opposition with which He was received, the objections made to His teaching, the cavils against His conduct, the calumnies against His Life. The effect of this consideration on the decisions which the Harmonist has to make is easily stated. He must be very much on his guard against the temptation to identify similar actions and anecdotes and sayings, in the face of even slight but decided indications of variety in the external circumstances. Such slight indications are generally the notes by which the Evangelists give us to understand that they are not speaking of the same occurrence.

This principle of not identifying too freely what seem very similar incidents of our Lord's Life, if they are faithfully reported to us, ought to be applied with particular care to the reports which we have of His Divine words. It was His habit to be perpetually using the objects of nature or art around Him, the incidents of daily life, the thousand sights and sounds in the midst of which we move, as the vehicles or illustrations of the truths which He wished to enforce. It was also His habit to speak proverbially, and in parabolic language, to put His lessons into apophthegms which could be easily remembered and carried away. This practice of our Blessed Lord has made it far more easy for us to be certain that the words which are thus reported to us come from Him. It is also very natural that such words should have been repeated over and over again in answer to the same questions or in expression of the same truths. But it also seems to have been habitual to Him to vary His words to some extent when He was putting the same truths forward under somewhat different circumstances or with a slightly different purpose. We have instances of this in some of the parables. As a general rule, it is clear that very great faithfulness and reverence have been observed by the Evangelists in their reports of what He said. We can only be sure that they are perfectly accurate in the sense at which they aimed at accuracy. They do not appear to profess to give us every word that our Lord said. He may have added many developments and illustrations to discourses like the two great Sermons. His words in the long discourse after the Last Supper may have been more abundant than our report of them. His disputations with the priests, which are related by St. John, may have lasted far longer than the time which we spend in reading them, and the arguments, of which we have the heads, may have been clothed in a fulness of language which could not be set down. Still, we have a right to insist on the perfect accuracy of the reports which are given us, whether they are meant or not to be as full as the discourses which they represent.

Here the Harmonist may be in danger of taking liberties. He may think that what appear to be slight discrepancies—sometimes even not slight—may be explained on the principle that the Evangelists have permitted themselves to report generally and vaguely, almost in words of their own, what fell from the lips of their Master. Instead of considering a difference in the reports to be an indication that they refer to two similar discourses, he may be inclined to gloss them over as two different statements of the same set of words. Now, it is not to be denied that the Evangelists have been guided to select the incidents and discourses which are most suitable for their hearers or readers, and that they have often omitted, for example, words that referred to Jewish customs or institutions, or to the particular characteristic faults of Jewish sects, when writing for Gentile Churches. Nor need it be questioned that they have been guided by this principle even so far as to omit such words or sentences in a discourse which they have still reported in general. But it is to take a step further if we are to allow that the Evangelists have taken the liberty of actually altering our Lord's words in order to represent them in such a way as may suit different readers. An instance of the maintenance of this supposition is to be found in the case of those writers, who are neither few in number nor insignificant in authority, who have identified the two great Sermons of which mention has already been made—the Sermon on the Mount and the Sermon on the Plain. In the case of the latter, indeed, the evidences of the intention of St. Luke to distinguish the occasion from that on which the Sermon on the Mount was delivered are plain and numerous. The Sermon on the Plain belongs to a later, though not a much later date, than the other, and the circumstances of place and audience would seem to have been as intentionally varied in St. Luke's account as was possible under the conditions under which he wrote. But we are now speaking of the internal differences, differences which lie in the language of our Lord Himself. It is, perhaps, too much to say that these differences are so great as to force those who maintain the identity of the two discourses upon a theory, which would go far to invalidate the security which we like to feel that we have in each case an accurate report of what our Lord actually said. And yet it is easy to see that such a charge would not be made without plausible grounds. At all events it is clear which of the two theories gives us the greater security as to the reports. In the case of the supposition that the discourses were really two, we have our Lord Himself varying the expressions, and not only the expressions, but in some instances the points of doctrine themselves which He puts forth to two different audiences. In each case we have what He said, and we have the additional lesson which is conveyed in the manner in which, under different circumstances and at a different time, He varied the points which He urged upon His hearers. In the other hypothesis we have the same discourse, but it is applied by the two several Evangelists (though they are still

supposed to consider the audience and the occasion the same in our Lord's Life) to the readers to whom their two several Gospels are addressed. That is, instead of a sermon mainly the same, but preached by our Lord to different people, and varied by His compassionate prudence according to what He knew of the needs of His several audiences, we have in fact two versions or representations of the same words by different Evangelists for the purposes of their own readers. In the one case the words are in both Sermons accurately reported, and come straight from our Lord; in the other they are two different versions of the same words, all the differences in which do not come from Him.

It will at all events be allowed that there should be some very good and urgent reason for our acceptance of a theory as to the reports of our Lord's words which would thus put us, as it were, at a greater distance from Him. And it is certain that the mere desire to identify everything, whether in word or action of His, which appears to admit of identification, can hardly be considered any such reason. What has been said as to this and other principles which, as it seems, ought to regulate the choices which a Harmonist, by the nature of his office, has to make as to the arrangement of the materials before him, may, as I trust, at least serve as evidence for the claim which has been made above, that studies of this sort have as much right to special treatment as any other branch of sacred criticism—chronology, antiquities, language, or the connection between Scriptural events and secular history. We sometimes have contemptuous language hurled at us for remarking that when our Lord said, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect," He did not say the same thing as when He said, "Be ye merciful as your Father is merciful"—or for saying that St. Luke would not have spoken of a place in a plain if he meant a mountain, or for saying that a blind man healed before our Lord entered Jericho is not the same as a blind man healed after our Lord left Jericho. But in such cases the Harmonist does not merely insist on the difference of words. He has studied the manner in which the Evangelists are wont to speak when they intend to point out a difference. He has a view about the different characters of two different discourses, which is expressed in the variation on which he insists, and not in that alone. He has a view of the arrangement of events, founded upon a comparison of the four Evangelists, and his distinction between the two discourses is an important element in the history in harmony with this view. He has come to the conclusion that the Evangelist who mentions "the plain" has not done so without a distinct object, that object being to add another indication of difference between one Sermon and another. He considers the difference between the two blind men as to the place of their cure as just as intentional a note of distinction, as if the later Evangelist had said in so many words that he had designedly chosen to insert a miracle different from that which had before been mentioned.

* * *

Catholic Review.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Wives, Mothers, and Sisters, in the Olden Times.* From French, Italian, and Latin Authors. By Lady Herbert. In two volumes. London: Richard Bentley and Son, 1876. Vol. I. The History of Santa Paula. Translated from her Life by M. l'Abbé F. Lagrange, Vicar-General of Orleans.

ONE of the least encouraging signs of the times is the decay of earnestness, the increase of frivolousness, in that portion of society to which, more than to any other, is intrusted the formation of the future. If young ladies find more to admire and imitate than to despise in the character once so ably satirized as "the Girl of the Period," if they join to a contempt for homely duties and disinclination for everything useful, a misconception of the true position and true sphere of activity of woman as our Lord ordained it, alas, for the mothers of the coming generation, and, alas, for the coming generation which is to have such mothers! Catholic ladies have a very special mission in this time of deterioration. They at least have principles of faith which place them beyond the reach of the miserable delusion of Woman's Rights.

Lady Herbert's translation of the Life of St. Paula will help to make known the admirable example of that noble Roman lady, whose lot was cast in a time for many reasons very like our own, and whose appointed work in a world just emerging from the levity of Paganism, was very much the same as that which now, in a society fast lapsing, with the help of its women, into un-Christian degradation, the Church of Christ seems to demand from Catholic ladies—a courageous and very thorough protest against the waste and luxury, the idleness, the silliness, the littleness of fashionable life. "Of the race of the Gracchi and the Scipios, the heiress of Paulus Æmilius, from whom she derived her name of Paula, the direct descendant of that famous Martia Papyria, the wife of the Persian conqueror and mother of Scipio Africanus," St. Paula, who was born in 347, became, St. Jerome says, even more illustrious by her sanctity than by her noble birth. By the care of her pious mother she received a Christian and learned education, but for some unknown reason she was early married to a Pagan husband, of whom we know very little except that he was of exalted rank and seemed in all but his false religion, worthy of his wife, who loved him intensely. This marriage threw her into the centre of Roman fashionable life, and brought her into contact with nearly all the Paganism which

yet lingered in Rome. She blamed herself afterwards for her condescension to the manners of that proud Roman world, but anxiety to please her husband was in all probability the chief motive of her worldly conduct. What those manners were a short extract will help us to understand—

In the first place, the luxury of their mansions was extraordinary: magnificent courtyards, and galleries lined with statues and marble columns; beautiful and richly painted ceilings; exquisite hangings, the richest furniture of every kind, and priceless articles on every table. Then there were whole troops of slaves: some for the work of the house, some for personal attendance on the owners, some for show only. The toilet of a Roman lady was a *chef d'œuvre* of art. . . . Her slaves are ready with her golden litter; others run before to clear the way; multitudes follow after to show her rank, riches, and importance. The porters are to guard against the least irregularity of steps or roughness of ground, for fear of shaking the fine lady whom they bear.

St. Jerome expressly says of St. Paula that she was in her husband's lifetime one of these fine ladies:—"who dare not put their feet to the ground for fear of the mud, who are carried by their slaves, and find the inequality of the ground a grievance, and a silk dress a heavy weight, and the heat of the sun altogether unendurable."

St. Paula's life was always irreproachably pure, undimmed by a suspicion; but it is from the death of her husband that her sanctity more properly begins. She was left with five beautiful children—Blesilla, Paulina, Eustochium, Rufina, and Toxotius. Her grief was crushing, but amid the kind condolence which poured in upon her there was heavenly counsel from a true friend, who bade her look up through her tears, and listen to the voice that called her to higher things.

Already there existed on the Aventine a company of very holy women, living as nuns in the palace of Albina, whose daughter Marcella had drunk in the inspiration of religious life from the lips of the great Athanasius himself, when in her childhood he had been her mother's guest. A younger widow than even Paula, after only seven months of married life, beautiful, noble, wealthy, highly gifted, she had spurned from her the offer of a princely alliance, and consecrated herself to God for ever. She was soon followed by Marcellina, sister of the great St. Ambrose. Other companions joined them, influenced partly by the wonderful example of the great patrician lady, Melania, who ran away from the highest splendour of a seductive world to bury herself in a monastery on the Mount of Olives. Marcella and her little community were in close intimacy of soul with other saintly women living in seclusion in their own houses, among whom we may name another noble widow, Lea, and the young Asella, and the repentant Fabiola.

It was not the splendour of her innocence, but that of her penitence and charity, which distinguished Fabiola. A stain had once marred her fair life; but it was one of those stains which, when repented of, are changed into a glory. Married, when very young, to a villain, she did not then understand, like St. Monica, how dignified and profitable a part she might draw from this

very sorrow. And so, taking advantage of the permission given by the Roman law, she married a second husband without waiting for the death of the first. *With such a fault as this* [the italics are ours] *the Church has never temporized.* "Other are the laws of Cæsar and of Christ," says St. Jerome. "The decrees of Papinian are one thing, but those of St. Paul are another." Very soon, however, Providence, by one of those severities which are in reality special graces, broke the secret link which bound her. Her second husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, died suddenly. Fabiola, entering into herself and ashamed of her weakness, resolved that the reparation should be equal to the offence; and found in the old blood of the Fabius, and in the earnestness of her Christian soul, the courage to submit to a public expiation for a public fault. . . . Prostrate on the pavement of the Lateran Basilica, in presence of the clergy and all the people, the illustrious patrician, Fabiola, with her hair dishevelled and her eyes full of tears, implored the Bishop's absolution for her sin.

This was in the time of Pope St. Damasus, who did all that in him lay to encourage the efforts of these Christian women. Paula, under Marcella's inspiration, soon gave her heart to Jesus Christ, and with all the ardour of her noble nature she devoted herself to His service without reserve for ever. She surrendered the gentle Eustochium, immortalized by St. Jerome, to the good keeping of the Aventine nuns, but still kept with her Blesilla and the rest. Then she addressed herself to a life of perfection.

This aristocratic lady, accustomed to the softest couch, slept only on a hair-cloth thrown on the bare ground, and her fasts rivalled those of the ascetics in the desert. In this state of fervour, the remembrance of the old and less perfect life she had before led, and the useless concessions she had made to the world, filled her with confusion and sorrow, and drew forth an abundance of tears from her eyes. . . . By this sign Paula was known among all the other widows who were the honour of the Church in Rome. Paula passed among them, pale with fasting and almost blinded by her tears.

St. Paulinus and St. Epiphanius came to Rome upon the summons of Pope Damasus, bringing with them St. Jerome. The life of St. Paula from that time may be said to be merged in the life of St. Jerome. Those who know St. Jerome only from his polemical writings, picture him to themselves as an old lion whom it were wiser not to provoke. There is a positive ferocity about some of his writings which makes us doubt for the moment whether he could be a saint at all, with apparently so little of Christian meekness in his spirit. We do not know him, we do not understand his greatness, the character of his fervid zeal, the depth of his affectionate nature, his faithful heart, his love of Jesus, till we have read his letters to his lady friends, Eustochium, Marcella, Paula, Demetrias. In these we seem to find the key to his fierce denunciations of those who were, or seemed to him to be, the enemies of purity in doctrine or in life. In these we learn to love the old man, so terrible in his anger, and so kind-hearted through it all.

St. Jerome, by desire of Damasus, undertook the direction of Paula and Marcella and their companions, and at their very earnest entreaty began to give them lectures upon the Sacred Scriptures. He complains that they gave him no peace from that time. It was much easier for

them to ask questions than for him to answer, and their questions were so searching that he had to ask for mercy and some respite.

Jerome, with the usual modesty of really great men, would sometimes own that he did not know the explanation of such or such a passage. Then they would press him to push his studies still further, till both he and they were thoroughly penetrated with the meaning of the text. If he had given only a partial solution to their difficulties, a messenger would come from Paula or Marcella with fresh questions and an entreaty for an immediate answer. Jerome, absorbed in his studies, hard at work refuting some heresy, or employed by the Pope in a correspondence with other Churches, had not a moment in which to reply. What did he do in this case? He kept their messenger till night, and then dictated rapidly, by the light of a little lamp the eagerly expected answer.

Once that unlucky Eustochium threw him by one of her learned questions into quite a fever of anxiety. Her objection seemed to upset his whole theory of the interpretation of the Hebrew text, and he paced up and down his room, till his stupendous memory supplied from another part of Scripture the solution he at first almost despaired of finding.

I am going to tell you, writes St. Jerome, a thing which will appear incredible, but which is nevertheless perfectly true. The Hebrew language, which cost me God knows what trouble and labour, even in my youth, and which I go on studying every day for fear of forgetting it, Paula set to work to learn. And she learnt it so quickly and so well, that she always recited the Psalms in Hebrew, and spoke that language with so perfect an accent and so correctly, that she never confused it with any Latin words, as I was apt to do. And Eustochium was an equal proficient in this dry and difficult study.

The spiritual daughters of St. Jerome were under gentle but very strong guidance. They were taught to keep no terms with the world, to set their hearts upon the good things of eternity, and to trample upon human respect and take a holy pride and pleasure in braving public opinion and Pagan tradition. The study of the Scripture was intended to feed their minds with the thoughts of the children of God, but their charity was not to confine itself to thoughts, or to words, or to almsgiving by proxy. A holocaust must be offered to God. They had dedicated their money to His service. Much more remained to be given—themselves. These delicately nurtured ladies were to set the fashion for the first time to that proud race of distributing their alms with their own hands, of searching out the sick poor and not shrinking from repulsive objects. Paula took these lessons to heart, and was no longer afraid of soiling her feet in the muddy lanes. She overcame all repugnance, often doing heroic violence to her sensitive nature. Her example, perpetuated in the lives of the saints, has made these deeds of Christian heroism more familiar now, but they seemed to the stately patrician dames of Rome, in those Imperial days, an extravagance of folly.

Paula's eldest daughter Blesilla gave her mother great anxiety. She was richly endowed with all graces of body and mind, but was, when

St. Jerome first became acquainted with the family, a worldly-minded young widow. Like Marcella, she had lost her husband after a few months of married life, but unlike Marcella, when the first grief had passed, she returned to all the dissipation of high life in Rome, thinking much more about dressing her hair than saying her prayers, and being passionately fond of dancing. The worst was that from disliking St. Jerome's preaching, she came to dislike the preacher. St. Paula's prayers and tears, like St. Monica's, could not go unheard. The child of such a mother could not perish. But the conversion was the work of God Himself.

Blesilla, always delicate, was struck down by a malignant fever, and for a month was in the greatest danger. She felt herself dying, and unfit to die, and she opened her heart at last to admit the entrance of grace, and the eyes of her soul to see the utter vanity of a life in which dancing formed the chief occupation. St. Jerome shall describe the change.

For thirty days consecutively we saw Blesilla devoured by a burning fever. She was almost lifeless, struggling breathlessly in the arms of death and trembling at the thought of God's judgments. Where then was the help of her worldly relations, with their vain and purposeless words? What could they do to save her from death, although they could prevent her living for Jesus Christ? But our Lord, seeing her faults were those of youth, of luxury, and of the century in which her lot had been cast, came to her Himself, touched her hand, and with a heart-felt sigh cried to her, as to Lazarus: "Come forth!" And at this call she rose and understood at once that she owed her life to Him Who had given it her back.

Blesilla was a perfect convert. She never again looked back to the Egypt from which God had led her forth with His own strong hand. She was from that moment fervent among the fervent. All her vanity of dress and ornament was turned into money for the poor, and she too must needs learn Hebrew. She seemed to know it by intuition. St. Jerome says: "What all the East had admired in the great Origen, was seen in a young girl of twenty: not many months, but a week or two sufficed for her to master the difficulties of that language, and to sing and understand the Psalms in the Hebrew text as easily as Paula, her mother."

Eustochium before Blesilla's illness had solemnly received the veil from Pope Damasus. Her consecrated virginity and Blesilla's renunciation of her former self, raised a storm of indignation against both St. Paula and St. Jerome. The Pagan relations were naturally exasperated. St. Jerome was not easily frightened, and he gave his own strength to those whom he directed. The hateful Helvidius on this occasion published his attack upon virginity and Mary: and St. Jerome smote the blasphemer.

There was in old times a miserable wretch, who being unable to make himself notorious, determined for that purpose to set fire to the Temple of Diana; and as no one, unhappily, saw him commit the act, he ran on the public square with a torch in his hand, crying out, "I did it!" Seized and

questioned by the magistrates as to the motive of his proceeding, he replied : "Not being able to attain to any distinction by well-doing, I hoped to make my name illustrious by a crime." So thou, Helvidius, more impious than Erostratus, hast dared to attack the Temple of the Lord and profane the sanctuary of the Holy Ghost.

Little Toxotius was in the hands of his Pagan uncle, and he had been roused to hatred of St. Jerome for making his sisters lead such dull lives. St. Paula was full of anxiety for the boy, but St. Jerome only laughed at her fears, and said confidently that poor Toxotius would be a good Christian after all.

Blesilla had seemed perfectly restored to health, but it was only a short respite granted for accumulating merit. Four months of fervent love of God, of deep contrition and eager reparation, had made her ripe for heaven. Her death was happiness itself. For a moment she was frightened, when she thought of her past worldly life and the short time that had been granted her for doing penance, but St. Jerome by a word set her mind at rest. She had no cause to fear, for her conversion had been, he told her, full and generous. "Casting from it the trammels of flesh, her soul flew back to its Maker, and from its long detention on a foreign shore, returned to its ancient home."

Paula would have a grand funeral. St. Jerome acceded. The poor mother fairly succumbed to her grief, and the people held St. Jerome responsible for the death of Blesilla. He never flinched from his purpose.

Is not this what we have always said? This poor lady is broken-hearted at the death of her daughter, whom they have killed with fasts and austerities, and who leaves no grandchildren, because they prevented her re-marrying. Let us drive these miserable monks out of the town! Let us stone them! throw them into the Tiber! It is they who have bewitched this poor matron. One sees very well that they have done it in spite of her: for no Pagan mother ever so bewailed the death of her child."

St. Paula's life well deserves the deep study of Christian ladies. She was raised up by Christ to help His Church in a time of great danger, when it seemed as if Paganism might yet re-absorb the Roman world, or at least by its luxurious living, cherished and practised in the first patrician families, might wage a doubtful war against the stern code of Christian discipline. The bright example of Paula and her daughters, of Marcella and her friends, did more than much preaching to win souls to the beauty of holiness; and so it will ever be, and not less now than then. Example of womanly purity and Christian charity will save, if anything can save, our great patrician families from the paganism which once again threatens to absorb them: and in saving them will save society, which their ruin would consign to hopeless anarchy.

Cf Lady Herbert's translation, all the first volume and half the second are consecrated to St. Paula. Short Lives of St. Olympias and St. Marcellina complete the work.

2. *The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, related by themselves.* Third Series. Edited by John Morris, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns and Oates.

Father Morris offers to us a rather gloomy and painful subject for our Christmas reading, but those heroic Catholics of wellnigh three hundred years ago bore their troubles or met their deaths so courageously and joyfully that they seem to call upon us only to rejoice along with them. Their calm and submissive triumph over suffering reminds us, especially at this season, of the shadow of the Cross that darkened the subdued glories of the Nativity, and yet made the death of the saints to be their new-birth into the ever brightening glory of heaven. The Third Series of the *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers* will be found fully as interesting as any which has preceded. Father Morris in his preface tells us that his present book, though not a consecutive narrative, has another kind of unity from this, that "it relates all but exclusively to one time and place," namely, the concluding years of Elizabeth's reign, and the county of York. To this recommendation we may add that it has the advantage of great variety. The first division of its contents is headed "An Editor's Note-book," of which each chapter gives a brief summary of the different modes in which the Catholics of the north of England were searched out, robbed, imprisoned, and persecuted to death immediately preceding the year 1592. The second section of the book contains "A Yorkshire Recusant's Relation," written in 1586, and detailing the *modus operandi* followed out by those to whom the duty of searching, examining, and convicting was committed. After this we have a consecutive narrative from the pen of Father Richard Holtby, endorsed by Father Grene as containing "Relations of many executions in Yorkshire and Durham during the years 1793—1795. These memoirs are full, graphic, and very interesting, and appended to them is a fragment written by the same Father, "The Account of Three Martyrs," in which facts are given respecting Joseph Lampton and Edward Waterson not to be found elsewhere. "The Notes by a Prisoner in Ousebridge Kidcote," are placed next to Father Holtby's account, because in them William Hutton describes persecutions carried out in the same part of England, and at the same period. A large share of the volume is occupied by Mr. John Mush's "Life of Margaret Clitherow," and though frequent allusion is made to her examination and martyrdom in the preceding narrative, her life deserves a distinct place and a fuller development. The chapters devoted to a study of her character and virtues present to us one who corresponded to the graces of God in an heroic degree, and who was in turn richly endowed by Him in preparation for the martyr's crown. We believe that few Catholics know much more of Margaret Clitherow than that amongst the many martyrs she was one to be singled out chiefly by reason of her having suffered the terrible agony and humiliation of being pressed to death. They will find by the perusal of this account that her whole life was one of great sanctity, and of rare prudence and charity.

"Father Pollard's Recollections of the Yorkshire Mission" fitly closes in this series of Catholic troubles. This Father's real name was James Thorpe, he was a native of Yorkshire, and laboured in his own county both as a secular priest and as a religious, where he was also a confessor for the faith, being imprisoned and watched day and night in his own home by his Protestant parents. His recollections written during his noviceship at Louvain are short, but carefully and succinctly put together.

Father Morris justly remarks: "This volume contains harder words than its predecessors." Grief and indignation are certainly expressed in no nicely measured terms, but we must remember that the writers were narrating not their own sufferings, but the cruelties practised upon others. They described not only what was passing around them, but they were eye-witnesses often of the persecutions which they have narrated, and could themselves watch the game of treachery that was being played upon those they knew and esteemed, as well as the evil passions at work in the breasts of those who made persecution and fraud a trade. It may easily be that we of the present day are less open and plain-spoken than we should be, and are apt to be ashamed of and to make excuses for what we feel we ought to justify in others, and act upon ourselves. A little indignation is useful to harden us against temporising compliance.

Father Morris' First and Second Series on the same subject have met with considerable notice and approbation, not only from Catholics, but also from Protestants. We sincerely hope this volume also will find its way into their hands. Catholics, in these and other books written with a similar object, will be glad to read of the noble fortitude and fidelity under every degree of privation and suffering manifested by their forefathers in the faith. They will rejoice in their victories, they will feel that they are called to follow their example by being as constant under the trials and persecutions to which they themselves may be exposed, and they will desire to gather strength from them to think less of their comparatively lighter difficulties and contradictions. It is a peculiar feature which this, quite as much as the other volumes, places before us that, though in the history of Catholic troubles several names of families as familiar to our ears now, as they must have been to Protestant judges and examiners then, are repeatedly and prominently brought before our notice, yet torture, fines, imprisonment, and death, were, it is evident, constantly being faced by the poor of every degree, whose names recur merely in a list with others of the like and are, therefore, easily forgotten.

To the Protestant reader these pages also will be interesting. The student of history and the antiquarian profess now to be anxious and willing to know all that is real matter of history. But surely the facts there recorded possess a deeper interest than that of mere historical research, they have a meaning for him reaching further in its consequences. If facts, how are they to be disposed of, how do they

affect the question of the two religions, what witness do they bear to the rights and truth of the two conflicting causes of the persecutor and the persecuted. From this point of view we consider that the most important part of Father Morris' book by far is that part which gives us the fruits of his researches amongst the ecclesiastical and civil records which are so faithfully and copiously preserved at York. These, at all events, can be neither garbled, nor onesided, nor exaggerated, nor explained away; and the confessions, as we may call them, which they make are a confirmation in every respect and detail of all that our Catholic narratives have asserted of the minute and relentless cruelty with which the Catholics of those days were persecuted, and at the same the unworthy, unprincipled artifices with which they were searched out and convicted through the agency of men known to be of the lowest life and character, actuated solely and made reckless by bribes and pay.

We can conceive only one way in which noblemen of education, filling positions of trust and responsibility, could have tried to justify their acts to their own consciences or to the Protestant State, and that was a most extreme stretch of the false principle that "the end justifies the means;" unless indeed they acted upon another principle of frequent modern use, that of ignoring truth and justice when dealing with Catholics or Catholic questions. One thing most evident was that they thought no trick of misinterpretation of expressions, no deceit practised upon a suspected Catholic, no direct employment of false testimony, no bribery of spies or tracherous informers as means beneath them for securing the condemnation of the innocent. Thus Lord Hunsdon and the Bishop of Durham accused Mrs. Anne Killingale of calling the Queen an infidel when she quoted the words of Scripture in her answer, "I give to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and to God that which is God's." And then afterwards sent to her prison "a false brother under pretence of being a Catholic, who then made outward show of great piety purposely to creep into some familiarity with her, and so to have taken her at some advantage, whereby they might have taken her life from her." Similar is the testimony of Father Holtby, "They have suborned such a number of secret spies, who, under colour of Catholic religion, do insinuate themselves into our company and familiarity, and that with pretence of such zeal, sincerity and friendship, that it seemeth a thing almost impossible either to decipher or avoid them. . . . To conclude, all the favours they offer are no otherwise to be esteemed of, than as most dangerous snares laid in our ways to entrap us unawares, or as so many poisoned baits, craftily invented to feed themselves with our destruction." No instance was perhaps more nefarious than the suborning and hiring of Francis Eglesfield by the Lord President to find some opportunity to betray Mr. Boast. This fellow, being otherwise of notorious life, pretended that he was a Catholic, and insinuated himself into the friendship of William Clapton and his wife, whose house Mr. Boast sometimes visited. On the pretext of their poverty he lent

them money and did other acts of kindness, which blinded them to his designs and obtained their esteem and confidence. The Lord President approving of and using all this baseness, on a fixed day Eglesfield came to the house to entrap his victim, when "Mr. Boast, being ready to ride away, came to answer the door, and was saluted by the traitor, by kneeling down and asking a priest's blessing, and so returned back to his company."

Mr. Boast had time to re-enter the house before it was searched, and to betake himself to the usual hiding-place. This escaped the notice of the searchers till "Eglesfield, who would not come into the house with the rest, lest he were discovered as a traitor, cometh to the outside of the house, demandeth if they found him, assuring them he was within, and assigned them to break about the chimney and they should have him; for, not mistrusting any treachery, they had made him privy to their secrets." The news of all this delighted the President, so treacherous and unprincipled are those who purposely use treacherous and unprincipled tools to gain their ends.

Passing by instances of the evasion or perversion of justice, the book before us shows how strangely matters of conscience were dealt with. It may appear uncalled for to refer here to the Englishman's supposed birthright of private judgment on points of Divine revelation to man, since we ourselves know too well how far, or rather how little this liberty of conscience is willingly conceded in our own day to the individual Catholic. But while we hear so much of "liberty of conscience," as the real charter of true religion introduced for the first time into this country by the self-devotion of our *Protestant* forefathers, it does strike us as curious when we read of the very peculiar method which their self-devotion adopted to induce our *Catholic* forefathers to embrace a religion claiming to be founded on liberty of conscience, and their selection of an absolute refusal of all liberty of conscience to others as the especial means of introducing and spreading a religion founded upon it. Again, in our own individual actions no one dares to deny the grievous sin either of acting against the dictates of our own conscience, or of trying to force, and still worse to persuade, others to violate their consciences. And yet, most confessedly and unblushingly, the whole art and labour of judges, examiners, and would-be friends was to lead their prisoners to act against conscience. This wickedness became all the more gross and shameless when it tempted to a guilty compliance by promises of pardon and liberty which it never intended to keep, except with the hope of turning the apostate into a traitor and a spy. And it had this still darker shade upon it that its very temptation lacked all sincerity, when it professed to be satisfied with a single and merely external act of compliance, the sincere conversion to Protestantism of even one individual being a question wholly out of court. To give an instance, Judge Manwood is stated to have seemed unwilling that a certain prisoner should die whom he had condemned, and therefore made him the offer that if he would but say he would go to church he

should have his pardon. An offer which he further pressed upon him through his friends and kindred, and the officers and preachers that attended him to the place of execution.

It is well also to observe that especial attack upon liberty of conscience which the present question of education has made familiar to us. The honourable members of the Council of the North in the name of the Queen were particularly urgent to insist upon the education of all children in the sound faith of the Protestant religion, upon the cutting off therefore from every Catholic parent all means of having their children instructed in their own religion, and if any sons have been sent abroad, bonds must be taken in good sums of money for their personal appearance before my lords by a certain day. For all the other points of persecution and restriction as to the rights of parents over their children we must refer to the book itself.

We draw attention, in the last place, to the most important conclusion to be drawn from the study of the trials of Catholics in the reign of Elizabeth as narrated in this Third Series, that they were condemned to death and executed simply on religious grounds and for their faith, and not for their conviction of any treasonable acts, intentions, or motives. The reader will not only deduce this from their examinations and their answers, he will, in the face of constant attempts to deny this truth on the part of Protestants, and on the part of some Catholics to question it, find it virtually acknowledged by the examiners themselves. The poor glover, whom Judge Manwood so cruelly pressed to sin against his conscience, suffered martyrdom simply and avowedly "for persuading some of his kin to the Catholic religion." The Rev. John Ingram argued this very point with the President asserting that he died for religion only. "*President*: 'Thou liest most falsely.' *Ingram*: 'My lord, I die only for religion, and for the same religion by the which and no other, your lordship and this whole bench must be saved, if ever you will be saved.' *Beaumont*: 'Thou art impudent and knowest not what thou sayest, the law telleth thee that thou diest for high treason. Take him away from the bar.' *Ingram*: 'There is no Christian law in the world that can make the saying and sacrifice of the Mass treason, and as well might the celebrating the Maundy of Christ's disciples be made treason.' *Beaumont*: 'Away with him, he will seduce the ignorant people.'" This conversation took place after Mr. Ingram had shown that the statute of 25th of Edward the Third alleged against him and others for being ordained abroad and then entering this country referred to matters of benefices, and that the merely being a priest was never before Elizabeth's time against any statute in England. It was but the refuge of a guilty conscience and a desire to save appearances that made those officially present at Margaret Clitherow's death urge her so frequently to make confession of treason against the Queen. "No, no, Mr. Sheriff," exclaimed the martyr, whose beautiful prayer for her Majesty they had just heard, "I die for the love of my Lord Jesus."

We cannot refrain from concluding our notice of Father Morris'

interesting and useful book without giving the following beautiful picture of a Catholic family in the midst of imminent dangers greatly increased by the calm fearlessness of its daily routine of life.

In the house where I lived we were continually two priests, one to serve and order the house at home, the other to help those who are abroad, who especially in any sickness or fear of death would continually send to us for help, that they might die in the estate of God's Church. Our house I might rather count is a religious house than otherwise, for though there lived together in it three knights and their ladies with their families, yet we had all our servants Catholic. On the Sundays we locked up the doors, and all came to Mass, had our sermons, catechisms, and spiritual lessons every Sunday and holy day. On the work days we had for the most part two Masses, and of them the one for the servants at six of the clock in the morning, at which the gentlemen every one of them without fail, and the ladies if they were not sick, would even in the midst of winter of their own accord be present; and the other we had at eight of the clock for those who were absent from the first. In the afternoon at four o'clock we had evensong, and after that matins, at which all the knights and their ladies, except extraordinary occasions did hinder them, would be present and stay at their prayers all the time the priests were at evensong and matins. The most of them used daily some meditation and mental prayer, and all at the least every fourteen days and great feast did confess and communicate; and after supper every night at nine of the clock we had all together Litanies, and so immediately to bed.

-
3. *Dissertationes selecte in Primam Aetatem Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ, auctore P. Carolo De Smedt, S.J., Ex-Professore Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ, nunc Socio Bollandiano.* Ghent: Poelman, 1876.

Not long since we had the pleasure of making known to our readers the appearance of a volume published in Latin by Père De Smedt as a General Introduction to the critical treatment of Ecclesiastical History. We showed then at some length the singular utility of the volume, and by examining its component parts we saw that it was compiled with a patience and labour that rendered it worthy to be ranked with the painstaking works of earlier times. Diligence and care were the characteristics that marked that volume; but besides the information laboriously collected, and certainly not to be found gathered together elsewhere, the volume also contained some preliminary dissertations which bore the marks of the best qualities necessary for an historian.

The volume in question has been speedily followed by another, which contains seven dissertations on subjects relating to the primitive times of the Christian era. We desire earnestly to draw our readers' attention to them, for we are sure that, the more widely they are known, the more highly they will be valued. Their interest will be best gathered from the following list.

The great question of St. Peter's Episcopate at Rome occupies forty pages. It is divided into three chapters. The first gives the authorities extant for the assertion that St. Peter preached the Gospel at Rome and was Bishop of that city till his death. The second inquires how long St. Peter was Bishop of Rome. The third asks whether St. Peter was

sole Bishop, or whether St. Paul governed the local Church of Rome together with him.

The next thirty-three pages are devoted to the subject of the controversy respecting the celebration of Easter at the end of the second century; and the previous controversies respecting the Easter festival; the prudence of the conduct of Pope St. Victor; whether that Pope excommunicated the Asiatics; what the issue of the controversy was; and the objection drawn from this controversy against the infallibility and primacy of the Pope are successively examined.

More than one hundred pages, without including the copious and indeed complete quotation of authorities, which are relegated to a well arranged appendix, are occupied with the famous question of the authorship of the *Philosophumena*; and Origen, Hippolytus, Caius, Tertullian, and Novatian are one by one called up and their respective claims subjected to a judicial investigation. To our mind this and the subsequent dissertation, which forms part of the same subject, are the most masterly in this masterly book; and we cannot help thinking that the verdict of the learned will be that Père De Smedt has set at rest this question which has been so much controverted since the discovery of the book under discussion, and on which writers have been so singularly divided.

The fourth dissertation examines the accusations brought by the writer of the *Philosophumena* against Pope St. Callistus, and the conclusions to which we are brought are so interesting that we propose on some subsequent occasion to place them before our readers.

There is less novelty, but hardly less interest in the controversy between Pope St. Stephen and St. Cyprian on the subject of the re-baptism of heretics. The four chapters of this dissertation deal with the following questions: (1) Whether St. Stephen excommunicated St. Cyprian and Firmilian. (2) Whether St. Cyprian and the bishops who sided with him regarded the controversy as relating to faith. (3) Whether St. Stephen, while refuting the error of St. Cyprian, fell into other errors himself. (4) Whether St. Cyprian and Firmilian rejected the authority of tradition or the infallibility of the Church and the Pope. These sub-divisions are sufficient of themselves to show how systematically our author goes to work. Nothing but the study of the book will show how carefully and thoroughly the work is done.

The next dissertation is on the question whether the Council of Antioch, which was held in the year 269, rejected the word *Consubstantial*, which was afterwards adopted by the Church in the first General Council; and if so, in what sense it was rejected. The interest of the question will be understood by the readers of Father Newman's Ecclesiastical Essays.

The last dissertation in the volume is on the chronological succession of the Popes of the first three centuries. We may transfer to our pages in the shape of a short table the conclusions to which our learned author comes. For the authorities on which his conclusions rest we

must refer our readers to his pages. We give the year in which each Pope began to reign. The period of each Pontificate can be roughly gathered by comparing that date with the accession of his successor.

A.D. 42 Peter.	A.D. 223 Urbanus.
67 Linus.	230 Pontianus.
79 Anencletus.	235 Anterus.
91 Clemens.	236 Fabianus.
100 Evaristus.	251 Cornelius.
108 Alexander.	253 Lucius.
117 Xystus I.	254 Stephanus.
127 Telesphorus.	257 Xystus II.
139 Hyginus.	259 Dionysius.
142 Pius.	269 Felix.
157 Anicetus.	275 Eutychianus.
168 Soter.	283 Caius.
176 Eleutherus.	296 Marcellinus.
190 Victor.	308 Marcellus.
200 Zephyrinus.	310 Eusebius.
218 Callistus.	

On his title-page Père De Smedt informs us that he has ceased to be Professor of Ecclesiastical History and has become one of the Bollandist Fathers. We had lately occasion to mention the loss they had sustained in the death of Père Victor de Buck. We now heartily congratulate the Fathers who bear the famous name of Bollandist on the accession of Père De Smedt to a share in their colossal undertaking. We trust, however, most sincerely that these fresh labours in a somewhat new field may not hinder or delay the completion of this admirable series of historical dissertations. We take the prompt appearance of the second volume as a good omen.

-
4. *La Sainte Vierge.* Par l'Abbé U. Maynard, Chanoine de Poitiers. Ouvrage illustré de quatorze chromolithographies trois photogravures et deux cents gravures par Huyot dont vingt-quatre hors texte. Paris: Librairie de Firmin-Didot et Cie. 1877.

This beautiful volume belongs to the superb series in which we have already had Veuillot's *Jésus-Christ* and Dom Guéranger's *Sainte Cécile*. Though it sometimes happens that a costly dress does not indicate real worth, and that books profusely illustrated are chiefly commendable for what is ornamental in their pages, in this Life of our Lady there is no temptation to believe that the written part is chiefly for the sake of the engravings. Without chromolithograph, or engraving, or morocco binding with gilt edges, the book would still be worth reading and would still be an elegant tribute of affection to our Blessed Lady.

The Abbé Maynard divides his work into three parts: "Préparation," "Vie," "Culte de la Sainte Vierge." He studiously avoids all display of critical erudition, but hopes that his learned readers will

agree with him in the main. Instead of discarding the Apocrypha and the legends, he tries to glean some additional truths from those often highly respectable writings, which the Church by not solemnly sanctioning did not at all necessarily mean to condemn. The work is devotional not polemical, and the purpose is rather to exalt our Blessed Lady, to make her more present to our minds, and more dear to our hearts, than to settle any vexed questions about her.

The opening chapter gives a rapid but eloquent exposition of the eternal predestination of the Mother of the Word, starting from a beautiful passage of Bossuet, in which the attempt is made to trace out the leading thought, to use human language, which connects in unity of design the whole sequence of the dealings of the Creator with His creatures from Creation, through Redemption, to Personal Communication, the object first proposed and last attained. Man is the representative of all creation, for in him spirit and matter coalesce. God would therefore assume human nature, but human nature such as He had created it, the human nature of Adam's race, not an independent, but an inherited nature, derived through a human mother. Therefore that Mother was a part of the great "leading thought" which runs through God's creation, of that object first proposed and last attained—proposed in the beginning of God's ways, attained in the fulness of time.

The whole work may be considered as the development of this thought. The Lord possessed Mary in the beginning of His ways. Her image is found in prophecies, in types, in emblems, even in the corrupt traditions and perverse mythology of Egypt, Greece, and all the nations.

The plan of the work covers a large field of interesting research, and widely distant records of human thought are brought together to render witness to the glories of Mary, and to afford delightful matter of meditation to her faithful children. Any one who is reluctant to pay her honour, and will not acknowledge one claim which is not proved on the spot must go elsewhere for references and disputations. One thing at least is proved—one thing he who runs may read—and it is that the Church of God has always "found the Child Jesus with Mary His Mother."¹

¹ Yet Dr. Farrar fails to perceive a truth so glaring. In a Life of Christ, which "is avowedly and unconditionally the work of a believer," the Annunciation finds no place! It is surely a portentous fact, revealing the whole soul of Protestant antipathy to Mary, that in a learned note we should be told that her ever-virginity is of no importance. "The imagined necessity of the *ἀνταρραβία* is no argument whatever, since it is abundantly clear that, had the Evangelists believed in the importance of such a view, or held the superior sacredness of celibacy over marriage, they would either have stated their belief, or would at any rate have abstained from language which, in its obvious and only natural significance conveys the reverse notion" (i. p. 97). Surely even a Protestant believer in "Jesus the Son of Mary" might be supposed to require a more cogent argument than this before he consented to think it possible that, when the Son of God had by a miracle, solitary in its kind, preserved to] His Blessed Mother, whom He loved with an unimaginable love, the grace of virginity in maternity, He should afterwards have permitted her to forfeit that prerogative. The

Messrs. Firmin-Didot and Company modestly say that they have done their best to make the edition worthy of the subject and the author, and the art-student will appreciate the judgment and taste with which they have made their selection from the vast multitude of works of every school composed to celebrate the greatest theme of Christian inspiration. In speaking of a series of excellent engravings expressly intended to put before us all the best known and most meritorious pictures, it seems useless to mention names. Among the chromolithographs are to be found—The Holy Family by Raphael, in the Louvre, the Madonna of Saint Sixtus by Raphael, the Immaculate Conception by Murillo, in the Louvre, the Nativity of the Holy Virgin by Andrea del Sarto, the Marriage of the Virgin by Luini.

-
5. *The Christians of Turkey: Their Condition under Mussulman Rule.* By Rev. W. Denton, M.A. Author of *Servia and the Servians*, &c., &c. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co., 1876.

Views upon the Eastern Question are plentiful as blackberries, but competent acquaintance with the facts upon which to found them is by no means so common. The ordinary occurrences in the provinces under Turkish rule are sufficiently withdrawn from European inspection without any additional effort to involve them in darkness, but unfortunately there can be now no doubt that English consuls, acting under "instructions," have too often suppressed unwelcome truth. Even such simple and experimental facts as the position of towns, mountains, and rivers, and the relative proportions of Christian and Turkish population, seem till very lately to have been little studied. A traveller a few years since vainly sought near the Danube places marked in the maps, and Russian engineers have proved that a well-known town, Sophia, is a day's journey from its reputed site.

The relative strength of the governing and the governed races is a cardinal consideration for all who would fain divine, or devise, a future for Turkey in Europe; and yet it is not at all generally known yet that the Christians are at present to the Turks as five to one,¹ and that in spite of the numerous assassins, who in Turkey remove the surplus population as freely and successfully as railway companies do in England, the Christians are rapidly increasing, while the Turks are decreasing at a rate which, if continued, will before very long reduce to zero their share of the Eastern Question.

Mr. Denton, in his Introduction, makes a strange revelation, which is already before the public, but which must not be forgotten. Prince Gortschakoff's Circular to the Great Powers in 1860 had induced the

question here is not precisely whether virginity or marriage is more sacred, but whether a virgin mother is or is not higher in the esteem of God than an ordinary mother, and upon this point we think the Evangelists have made it "abundantly clear" that our Blessed Lord did not share Dr. Farrar's views.

¹ P. 33.

English Government to make official inquiry into the Turkish administration of the provinces. Sir Henry Bulwer drew up a list of questions which he submitted to the consuls severally. Under the same cover with the questions, he sent a letter of instructions, in which he said as plainly as diplomatic language would lend itself to plain speaking, that he wished the questions to be answered in a particular way. Mr. Denton tells us how one unfortunate consul received the Questions without the instructions, and sent an artless account of the state of things as it had fallen under his observation. A few days later the missing paper of instructions came to hand, and seeing his mistake, he wrote a second account in confutation of the first.

On the 4th instant I had the honour of forwarding my replies to the queries contained in your Excellency's circular of June 11, which had reached me only a few days previously, and yesterday I received the other circular bearing the same date. I thus furnished what information I could *without being aware of the motives dictating the questions and without being in possession of the valuable instructions conveyed by the other circular.* I shall, therefore, endeavour now to supply the deficiencies of my replies.

Where diplomatic action of this kind is possible, confidence in official returns is not possible, and we are under the melancholy necessity of supposing that what has actually transpired is considerably less than what ought to have transpired. Unfortunately what has transpired is already too horrible. Upon isolated horrors it would be unjust to lay much stress. They occur in every ill-regulated country. But horrors such as make our blood run cold, not taking the form of an exceptional tragedy, here and there, now and again, but fully known to British consuls as the ordinary state of things, really ought never to have received, as they too truly have received, substantial support from British diplomacy.

Of these *systematic horrors*, Mr. Denton's book leaves no room for honest doubt. He is careful to cite only English witnesses.

English authorities, though they may not be more truthful than non-English ones, are deservedly of greater weight, inasmuch as they can be tested and examined—confronted with other witnesses, and rejected if their evidence should be undeserving of attention. Men who knew Mr. Senior will place reliance on his statements. Those who have met Dr. Sandwith in society will acknowledge the truthfulness of his character and the opportunities which five years of travel in that country have given him of forming a judgment on matters connected with Turkey. Men cannot well doubt about Lord Carlisle's assertions or his power of describing accurately what he had observed. Mr. Cyril Graham has had more abundant means of judging as to the effect of British policy in Syria than all the members of all the cabinets which have directed the affairs of England during the last half century. And the testimony of these men is uniform. I have related only one incident upon the authority of a lady who is not English. I have cited the testimony of only one Englishman, who is not alive to answer the interrogations of those who are still sceptical as to the condition of the Christians of Turkey.² My chief authorities, however, are the reports of the various consuls throughout Turkey.

² This was true in the year 1863.

We give a few words of Mr. Denton's *resumé*, which do not seem to exaggerate the evils of Turkish rule.

We see throughout the length and breadth of that land, from the Danube to the Persian Gulf—from Kars to Albania, millions of men subjected to every wrong which jealous governors can devise, or the envy of their neighbours can suggest, whilst they are deprived by law of the power to make themselves heard against the violation of law. Living in perpetual fear, without any reasonable security for life, without one safeguard for the honour of their family, unarmed, by the forethought of their rulers, in the midst of a people armed with every weapon of offence, and easily moved to fanaticism, they are daily, hourly, exposed to every outrage which envy, cupidity, lust, or anger can urge, and they are exposed to the effects of these passions without possibility of defence. In such cases, if, goaded by the sense of wrong, the sufferer should make use of the rudest weapons of defence—a stone, a club—he is guilty in the eyes of his masters of a crime; and many a boy has been executed within the last few years for no other sin than the generous impulse which led him thus too fatally to guard the honour of his sister, to avenge an outrage upon his mother. . . . And only two years ago, the Grand Vizier, in his tour to Bulgaria, ordered to instant execution a poor lad who, in defence of a companion from the foulest assault which is heard of in the laws of any civilized country, struck and killed one of the assailants. And what the Grand Vizier then did is—I will not say law, for this is too noble a term to be used to palliate such atrocities—but the practice throughout Turkey.

It is the universal practice of nameless impurities which makes the speciality of the tyranny of the Turk. There may be more bloodshed in Christian countries in times of public perturbation than we meet in Turkey in time of peace; but possessions, dearer to him than life, no Christian peasant in Turkey can, even in time of peace, securely call his own. His children are never safe. A united family may be broken up at any moment by the most cruel and irreparable invasion. Englishmen, to whom "home" is a sacred word, cannot, except in their ignorance of facts, make common cause with the systematic violators of the sanctities of home.

Mr. Denton is very careful to exclude offensive details, yet he says more than we dare to repeat. Those whose duty it may be to pursue the matter farther are referred by him to the consular reports.

The grievous sufferings of the Christian peasant might be borne with for a time if redress were within reach or within hope, but the practical consequence of Turkish weakness (say rather malice) is that the evenhanded "justice" which is liberally promised is understood to mean in practice that Turks are always to be considered right and Christians invariably wrong.

Now, so long as this is the case—so long as Christian evidence is wholly refused, or is not allowed to have any weight in the determination of a civil suit, whilst it is utterly rejected in all criminal causes, it is obvious there can be no security for life, limb, nor property for the great mass of the Christian subjects of the Sultan. Murder, attended by the most revolting circumstances, and perpetrated in the midst of a crowded Christian village, and in the sight of a hundred witnesses, is never punished, because the evidence of all these people is inadmissible in the courts of Turkey. . . . Officers of regiments convicted of extortion and peculation are only removed from one station to another. *Pashas (with but one exception that I have*

known) are always promoted, when dismissed on the complaints of consuls; and throughout my experience I have never known a robbery or other such offence punished as a crime. When burglars or highway robbers are discovered and convicted, it is always considered an ample retribution if a sum almost amounting to the loss is levied upon the guilty. The Government congratulates itself and the plaintiff on the success obtained, but the criminality is never punished. When this is the case with reference to all crime, except in rare and exceptional cases, it is not surprising that crimes against Christians are committed with total impunity.³

One horrible fact must be detailed, not for its sensational character, but because it shows more than many moral reflections the character of a rule under which such *municipal action* and such *magisterial proceedings* are possible.

A short time since the inhabitants of a little village in Roumelia were called upon to pay the taxes, at which they had been assessed by the authorities of the district in which the village is situated. When the principal inhabitants had assembled, they did what probably many others would have done in like circumstances, they rather discussed the means by which the tax might be evaded than the mode of paying it. After many schemes had been suggested, the only means which appeared satisfactory to those who were present, was to compel some inhabitant who was not present to pay the whole assessment. In the outskirts of the village resided a Christian peasant, who owned a small strip of ground, which he cultivated for his maintenance. He was industrious, and was supposed to possess a hoard of money. Indeed, as he had only one child—a son who assisted him in the cultivation of his rood of land—how could he spend all his earnings? It was evident, so his Mussulman neighbours argued, there must be a store somewhere, and it was resolved that he should be compelled to pay the whole amount at which the village was assessed. By this means it was clear that the claim of the Porte would be satisfied, and the rest of the villagers would be lightened from the burden about to be imposed upon them. The discussion took place in the presence of the *cadi*. He assured the assembly that it was a matter of indifference how the money was procured, provided that it was duly paid to him. After some deliberation as to the best means of wringing the whole sum from one peasant, the following plan was suggested, matured, and finally carried out. It was agreed that the rest of the villagers should seize his only child, a lad of some sixteen years, and imprison him until his father should ransom him for the sum at which the whole village was assessed; and that the *cadi* should suspend the collection of the tax until this means had been tried. In order that this functionary should not, however, pocket the ransom himself, and then levy the tax upon the villagers, a deed was drawn up, and witnessed according to the forms of Turkish law, by which the *cadi* covenanted to accept the money thus to be wrung from the parent in lieu of all claim upon the rest of the villagers; to hold the boy in his custody until the ransom should be paid, and to release him as soon as this should be done. It was seed-time, and the lad, wholly unconscious of the plot, was employed with his parents in ploughing and sowing their little piece of ground, when he was seized, carried off to the *cadi*, and, amidst the cries of his mother and the entreaties of his father, thrown into prison, with the intimation that he should be released when the money was paid. The village was but ill-supplied with prison buildings, and the boy was thrust into the small dome, of some six feet square, which covered an unused well. Day by day the parents came, but could not weary the patience of the unjust but impassive judge. The only answer which they received was that when the money was brought the boy should be released. The parents were not wealthy; they had no hoard; the supposition of their fellow-villagers was unfounded; they had nothing save the small strip of land

³ Pp. 129, 130.

which they cultivated for their daily needs. The last thing which a peasant will give up in Turkey is the privilege of being a landed proprietor. The father, who loved his son, clung, however, to his bit of garden ground, and exhausted all other means of raising the required sum before selling his land. He appealed to the authorities of the district. He was referred by them for redress to the *cadi*, by whom the wrong was done. Despairing of any other means of delivering his child, the wretched parents now endeavoured to collect the money which the *cadi* required. Their furniture was first sold, then their tools and implements of husbandry were parted with. The sum thus obtained fell so far short of the amount required, that it was at length evident that the rood of ground, the family estate, must be parted with. This also was sold, and still there lacked a portion of the total sum required. The *cadi* was inexorable, and rigidly upright. The Government expected so much from the village, and so much must be brought before the lad could be released. At length the last *piastre* was procured, and the wretched parents hastened joyfully to the *cadi* with the whole amount. All this had taken upwards of ten months to collect, and for so long a time the poor lad had been subjected to the horrors of solitary confinement, in total darkness, and in a dungeon only a few feet in extent, in which it was impossible to stand upright. The floor, partly of rough stones and partly of mud, was equally cold and damp, and on this he had sat and lain and lain and sat for more than ten months. On receiving the money, the *cadi* assembled the villagers; the deed was recited; the money exhibited, and the legal instrument duly cancelled with all the mocking formalities of law. And now the prison door, or what served for a door, was unbarred to the parents, and they were permitted to look again upon their child. For a time nothing moved within the narrow limits of the cell; the call of his mother could elicit no signs of life in the poor prisoner. At length a bundle of humanity was dragged out; it breathed; it stirred: but these were the only tokens of life which could be seen. Signs of humanity there were none. The limbs had been contracted by cold, wet, rheumatism, and by the crouching posture which the poor lad had been compelled to assume, and he could only crawl on all-fours like a beast. His face resembled a skull covered with dirty parchment, and he was hopelessly an idiot. How long since reason had given way his gaolers could not tell. He was now a slobbering, jabbering idiot. The light, and joy, and hope of his parents' cottage was not merely quenched, it had become a palpable and noisome blackness. Amidst the wails of the parents, and the "God is great!" of the persecutors, the crowd dispersed, some cursing more deeply than ever the despotism which rendered them liable to atrocities such as these. It needs no "Russian intrigues" to make these poor peasants believe that deeds like these are unjust, and to inspire them with a longing for an opportunity to break such an intolerable yoke from their necks. For this incident is but a specimen of what the Christians throughout Bosnia, Roumelia, and Bulgaria are now enduring. I could narrate acts of atrocious cruelty and wrong which would go far beyond this; but I have selected this anecdote because I can tell it on other authority than that of a Servian or a Dalmatian. I did not hear it from a suffering, and therefore a "prejudiced, Bosniac" or a "lying Greek." Amongst the crowd which witnessed this horror, amongst the many who saw the shattered remains of this poor and innocent lad dragged forth from his cell, and handed to his parents by the *cadi*, were the British consul and his wife, and from their lips I heard this tale of barbarity.⁴

If the Turks are only a small portion of the inhabitants of Turkey, and are dwindling hopelessly by inherent decay, and if they cannot be taught to treat Christians with justice or decency, England may have interests of her own to consider, but Turks as Turks are not worthy of her regard and protection. On the other hand, some

⁴ P. 107 seq.

at least of the Christians under Turkish government are emphatically worthy of both, for if we may pass for once to Turkey in Asia, we read of the massacres in the Lebanon :—

Sir Henry Bulwer knew, on the evidence of Lord Dufferin and Mr. Cyril Graham, that thousands of those who then perished died martyrs for Christianity. That the alternative of death or accepting the Mahometan creed was presented not only to men, but to women, and even to girls of tender age, and that thousands deliberately preferred the cruellest martyrdoms to abandoning their religion. When we talk of the imperfect faith of our brethren in the East—when we are told of their low morality, be this remembered to their everlasting honour, that in the middle of the nineteenth century between five and six thousand, at the least, on that occasion, accepted death rather than deny their belief in Christ !

Mr. Denton's *Christians in Turkey* is in great part a reproduction of an account published in 1863, and is not liable to the charge of drawing its first inspiration from the Bulgarian Atrocities movement. One of the most significant facts and urgent motives for strong repression is that the story told in 1863 is in 1876 not only reproducible, but below the truth. Promises have not been kept, and England cannot shirk the responsibilities of her protectorate. She saved Turkey on condition of a reformation, and Turkey must be with strong hand compelled to reform, or must be protected no longer.

6. *Dr. Fr. Kaulen, Einleitung in die heilige Schrift Alten und Neuen Testaments.*
Frieberg : Herdeische Verlagshandlung, 1876.

Nowhere in these later days, we may safely say, among Catholics or Protestants, have so many writings of superior merit on the Introduction to the Study of Holy Scripture made their appearance as in Germany, and nowhere is biblical research more active. The work by Dr. Kaulen, to which we direct the attention of our readers, gives briefly, clearly, and forcibly, the results arrived at. The author is thoroughly competent to deal with the subject which is of vast extent. In the compass of a few pages he presents a larger mass of important and deeply interesting information than can be met with in any other Introduction, though of greater size. He dwells upon the latest conclusions without for a moment neglecting the great Catholic exegetists and critics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is pleasant to find in our author such deep learning and keen critical power associated with devotional feeling and Catholic instinct not less remarkable. Only the first half of the projected work has appeared. The short introduction treats of (1) Inspiration and the Canon ; (2) the Critical and Doctrinal Integrity of the Bible ; (3) the history of the Text and of the Versions. We shall eagerly await the remainder of the work.

ST. JOSEPH'S
CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY,

50, South Street, Grosvenor Square.

OPEN DAILY FROM HALF-PAST TEN TO FIVE O'CLOCK.

NEW BOOKS FOR JANUARY.

- The Life of our Life.* Two vols.
The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers. Part III.
Oliphant's Makers of Florence.
New Lands within the Arctic Circle.
Denton's Christians in Turkey.
Islam under the Saracens.
Life of Saur Natalie. By Mrs. Craven.
Campbell's Handy Book on the Eastern Question.
Schuyler's Turkistan.
Life of Frederic Ozanam.
Ticknor's Memoirs.
Schuyler's Turkistan.
Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers. Third Series.
Picturesque Holland.
The Ateliers des Lys.
Osborn's Islam under the Arabs.
Life of the Prince Consort.
Freeman's History of the Saracens.
Laufrey's History of Napoleon I. (Vol. III.).
Lady Herbert's Wives, Mothers, and Sisters.
Voyage Sentimental dans les Pays Slaves.
Life and Labours of Albert the Great.
Les Villes Mortes du Golfe de Lyon.
An English Carmelite. The Life of Catharine Burton.
Life, Death, and Works of Southwell.
Lescœur's L'Eglise Catholique en Pologne sous le Gouvernement Russe.
Bannard's Vie de Madame Barat.
Lourdes en 1876.
Linked Lives. By Lady G. Douglas.
St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Aubrey de Vera.
Histoire de la Persécution Religieuse dans le Jura Bernois (1873-76).
Seguin's Histoire du P. de la Colombière.
The Public Life of our Lord. Vol. III. *The Sermon on the Mount.*
Mivart's Lessons from Nature.
Lettres du Père de Smedt.
Villefranche's Pie IX., sa vie, son histoire, son siècle.
Life of Pope Pius the Seventh. By M. Allies (*Quarterly Series*).
Chronicle of St. Antony of Padua.
The Preaching of the Beatitudes. (*Public Life of our Lord, Vol. II.*)
Janinet's Les Etats-Unis Contemporains.

CONTENTS.

JANUARY, 1877.

ARTICLES, &c. :—

1. Hints on Mental Cultivation. *By the Marquis of Ripon.*
2. Highways and Byways. Chapter II. Nuremberg. *By H. Balford, Esq.*
3. "Let the Dead bury their Dead." *By Lady Catharine Petre.*
4. Christopher Columbus. Part the Fourth. *By the Rev. A. Knight.*
5. The Notary's Daughter. *By Lady Georgiana Fullerton.*
Chapter VI. *Misé Médé.*
" VII. *An Accident.*
6. The Explanation of Miracles by Unknown Natural Forces. *By the Rev. John Rickaby.*
7. The Greek Revolution. Part I. Its Causes and Outbreak. *By the Rev. J. G. Macdon.*
8. On some Principles of the Harmony of the Gospels. *By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge.*

CATHOLIC REVIEW.

*** Vol. XXVIII. is now ready. Cases for Binding can be had at the Publishers.*

All Advertisements to be sent to Mr. J. STANLEY, Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W.

JOHN HARDMAN AND COMPANY,
BIRMINGHAM,
Mediæval Metal Workers in Silver, Brass & Wrought Iron,
MAKERS OF MEMORIAL BRASSES AND COFFIN FURNITURE,
ARTISTS IN STAINED GLASS,
Ecclesiastical Decorators, Carvers in Wood and Stone,
MEDALLISTS AND LITHOGRAPHERS.

JOHN HARDMAN AND CO. beg to draw attention to the WROUGHT IRON CHANCEL SCREENS they have erected in the Churches at Stone, Rugeley, and Rugby, which, while separating the Sanctuary from the Body of the Church, do not impede the view of the Altar; to the ROODS IN CARVED WOOD, either suspended from the Chancel Arch, as at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, and Great Harwood, Lancashire, or supported by the Screen, as at Rugby; to their MEDALS made to special design, in silver, bronze, brass, and tin; and to their MORTUARY PAPERS, which bear special reference to the deceased.

J. H. and Co. are also Workers in the Mediæval Style of Furniture and Articles for Domestic use.

LITHOGRAPHED FIRST COMMUNION CARDS, 10s. per Hundred.

LONDON AGENTS :
BURNS AND OATES, 17, PORTMAN STREET, W.

ROEHAMPTON : PRINTED BY JAMES STANLEY.

